CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY
DOMESTIC HISTORY

By

THOMAS D. HOWARD

SOPHIA W. HOWARD

SALLY B. HAYWARD

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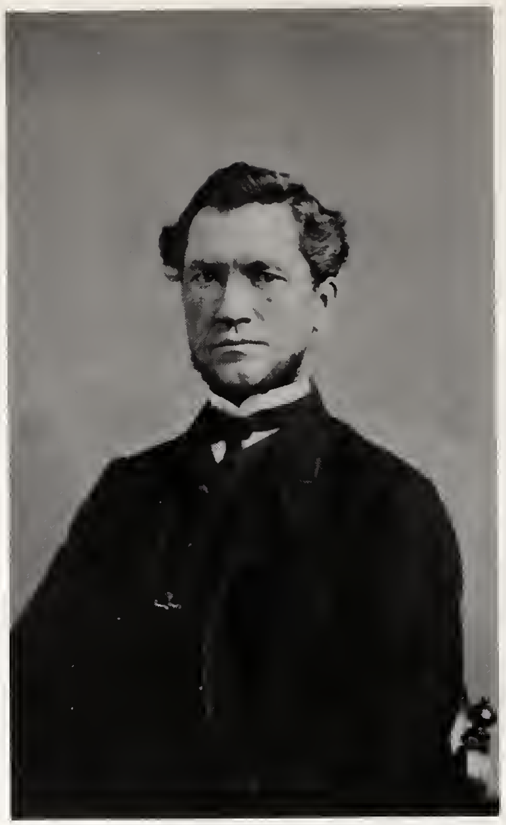
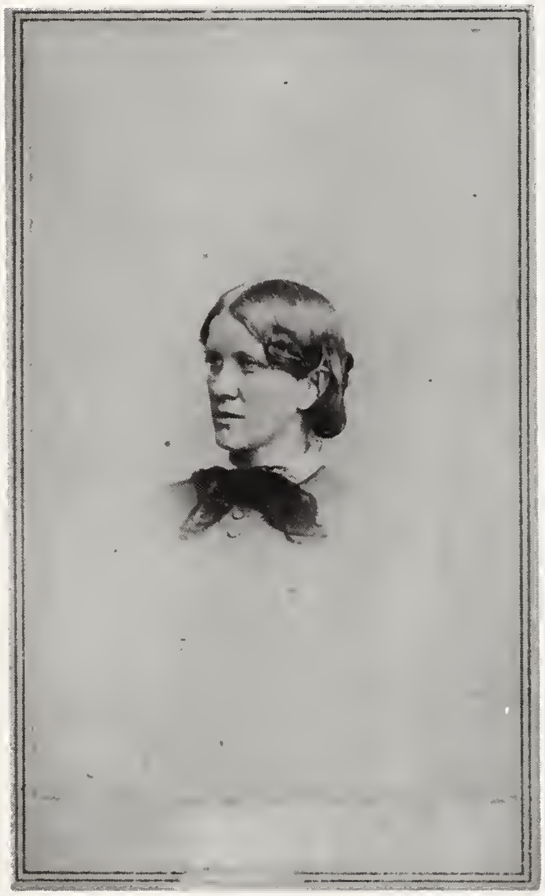
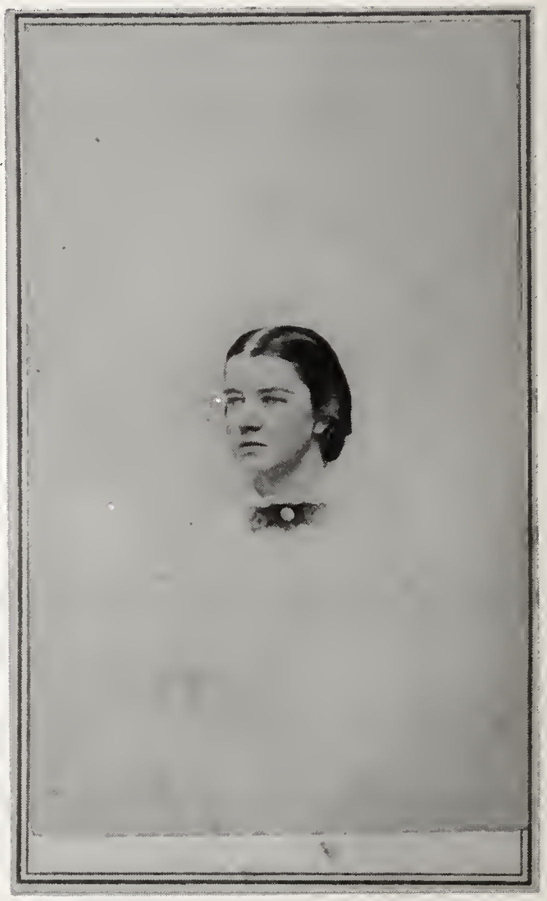


Thomas Dwight Howard
As a young man



Sophia Worthington Howard
Called Sophy
As a young woman



Sarah Bancroft (Howard) Hayward
Called Sally
As a young woman

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

By

THOMAS D. HOWARD

SOPHIA W. HOWARD

SALLY B. HAYWARD

Edited by

Elizabeth H. Andrews

Cambridge

1956

ILLUSTRATIONS

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INTRODUCTION BY ELIZABETH H. ANDREWS, 1955

This Domestic History was written in longhand in 1910 by my Great Uncle Thomas Dwight Howard.[1] His sister Sophia Worthington Howard[2] and my grandmother, Sarah B. (Howard) Hayward, called Sally[3] wrote additions for him. This work was written for his nieces and nephews which were my mother, Margaret G. Andrews[4] her sister, Emily[5], and her brother, Nathan Hayward[6], besides my father, Edward A. Andrews[7], his sister, Helen A. Hopkinson[8], and two brothers, Charles H.[9] and James[10] H. Andrews, Mother and Father being first cousins to each other. Also Lizzie's[19] son, Charles Howard Tiffany.[19]

Uncle Tom[1] was a very beautiful character, and everybody loved him. He married Sarah[11] Eaton, daughter of Daniel Eaton, of Eastport, Maine. They had no children.

Edward Everett Hale wrote to Uncle Tom:

Boston, Massachusetts
January 17, 1902

"Dear Howard,

Thank you for your note. I wonder if I ever told you of the criticism which Edward Pierce[12] made upon you after you went down to the Sea Islands.

He was up here on some business and I happened to see him. Pierce said, "Do you know that man Howard you sent me, who came after the others?" I said I did. He said, "That man is without spot or blemish or any such thing." I

INTRODUCTION (Continued)

said I know it. You might leave this in your will to be cut upon your tombstone.

Truly and always yours,
E. E. Hale

Thomas[1] (called Tom) born December 25, 1826, the son of Charles[13] and Elizabeth[14] B. (Dwight) Howard* of Springfield, Mass. He died September 6, 1910. His grandfather[15], referred to many times in this book, was Bezaleel[15] Howard, and Bezaleel's wife was Prudence Williams[16] of Wethersfield, Connecticut called grandmother. Bezaleel's father was Nathan[17] Howard of Bridgewater. The old family house is shown in the book. The first settler was John Howard of Bridgewater.

Thomas[1] had seven sisters.

A group picture is shown. They are mentioned, through the book; they were Lucinda[18], Lizzie[19], Sophia[2], (called Sophy) Catharine[20], (called Katie), Mary[21] (my grandmother), Sarah[3], (my other grandmother), (called Sally) and Emily[22] (called Emmie) (or Emmy).

Both an Index and Notes will help to find the relatives. Numbers represent each member of the family shown in the notes. Tom is 1, Sophia is 2.

The Letters of Catharine[20] L. Howard compiled by Sophia[2] W. Howard tell more about the family and the Andrews-Hayward genealogies give the family tree. The Genealogical Table in the front cover shows the families mentioned in the book.

---

*Called Father and Mother in Text.

THOMAS D. HOWARD
WRITES

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Family, College, Beginning Ministry in Perry, Maine
(September 29, 1852-February 1, 1862.)......... 30-68

WAYMARKS

Springfield, Massachusetts, is understood if not otherwise mentioned.

Housekeeping began June 21, 1824--Charles Howard married Elizabeth B. Dwight.

Grandmother Dwight died July 10, 1833--Widow of Thomas Dwight.

Uncle John W. died February 12, 1836--Brother of E. B. (D.) Howard, unmarried.

We moved to the Hill September 1835--The Armory Grounds.

Aunt Mary died July 20, 1836--Sister of E. B. D. She married John Howard.

We moved to Union Street September, 1841--later used for Howard School.

Lucinda went to Worcester, Miss Stearns School 1842--Daughter of Charles Howard.

My six months in Braintree on farm 1843--Thomas D., son of Charles Howard.

Entered College September 1844--Thomas went to Harvard.

Failure of Howard & Lathrop 1846--Charles Howard.

Year at Springfield, 1848-49--Thomas D. Howard.

Lucinda at Lowell 1848-49--Daughter of Charles Howard and E. B. (D.)

I went to Perry December 1851--T. D. Howard as minister.

Mary spent Summer in Perry 1852--Mary Dwight Howard, daughter of Charles.

Kate spent winter at Perry 1852-53--Daughter of Charles and E. B. (D.) Howard.

Mother died October 7, 1855--Elizabeth B. (Dwight) Howard,

Mary married October 31, 1860--Daughter of Charles Howard, married Alexander Andrews.

WAYMARKS (Continued)

Sally at Cambridge 1856-57 Agassiz School--Boards at Mrs. Howe's.

Sophia went to Fort Laramie Spring of 1860--Daughter of Charles Howard.

School began 1863--Catharine Howard School.

I left for Hilton Head April 1862--Thomas Dwight Howard, son of Charles.

I left for New Orleans December 1864--T. D. H.

Went to Berlin, Wisconsin 1866-- T. D. H.

Settled at Petersham May 1870--T. D. H., minister.

Settled in Charlestown, New Hampshire 1880--T. D. H., minister.

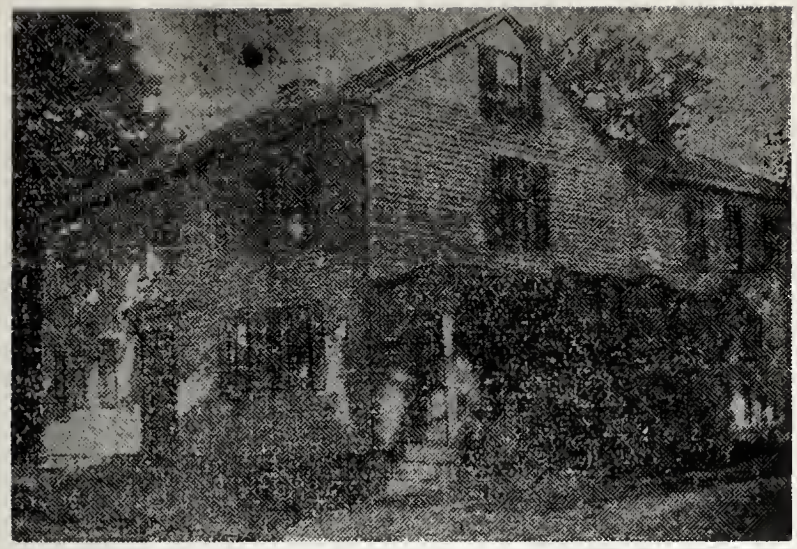
School opened 1863--Catharine Howard School.

School closed 1890--Catharine Howard School.

House on School Street finished 1892--Sophia, Lucinda and Kate lived there, Emily some of the time.

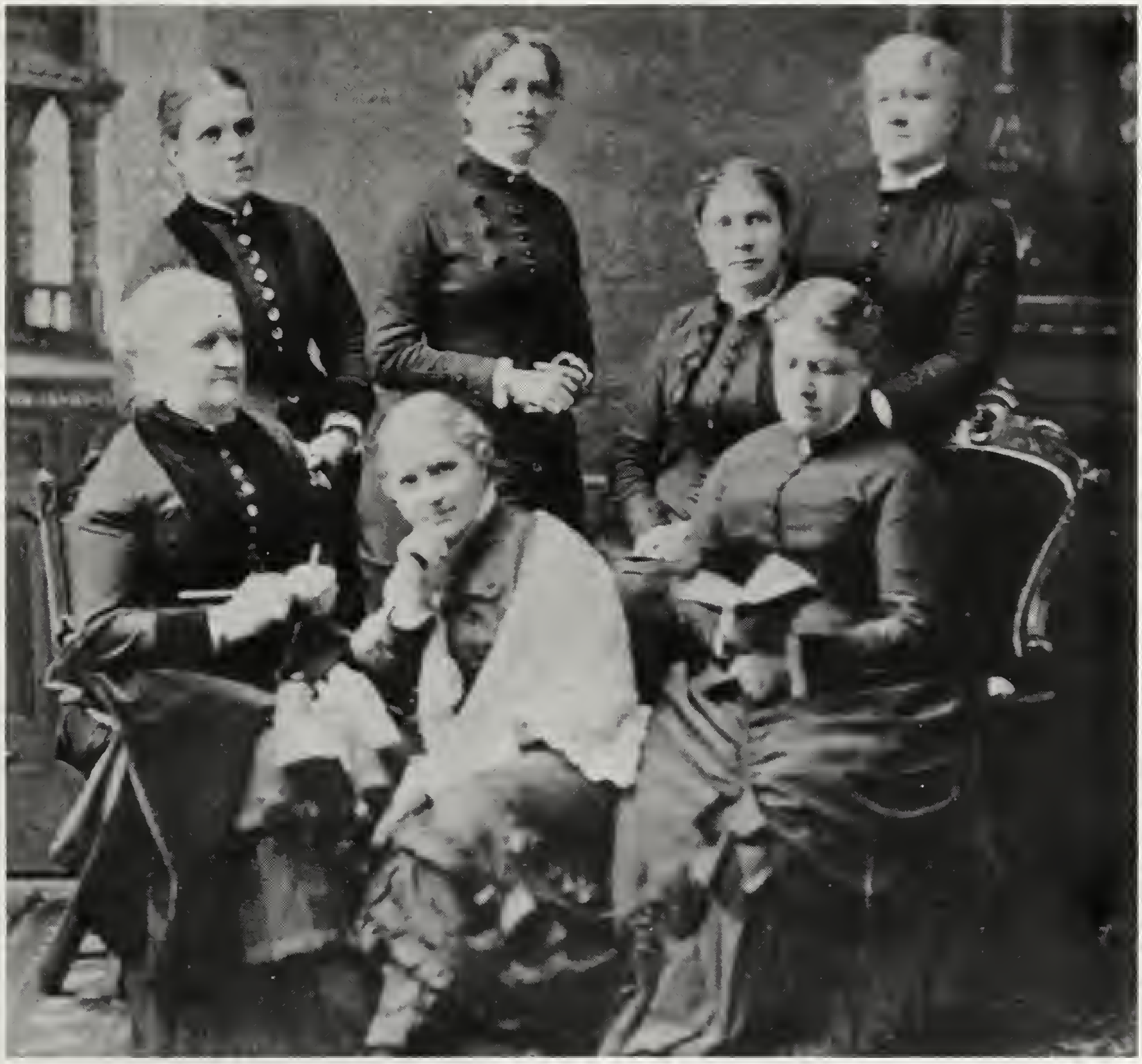
Lucinda died January 25, 1899.

I came to Springfield November 3, 1901--T. D. H. after death of wife, Sarah, and less activity as minister.

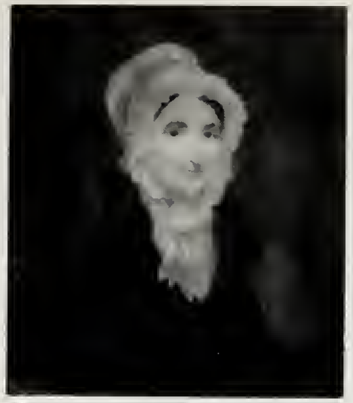


Charles Howard House on Maple St.

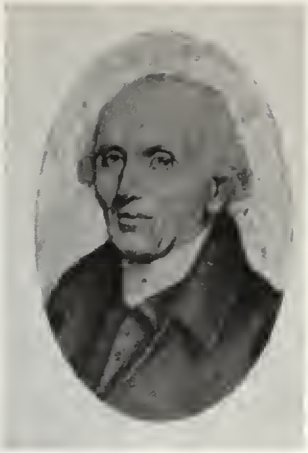
Son Thomas
Dwight Howard



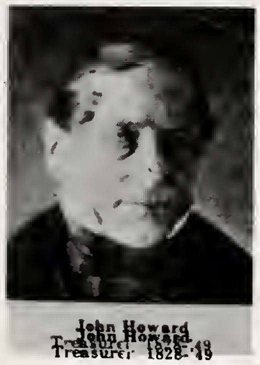
Howard daughters
FR: Lucinda, Sarah, Lizzie
BR: Kate, Emily, Mary, Sophia



Prudence (Williams)
By Chester Harding



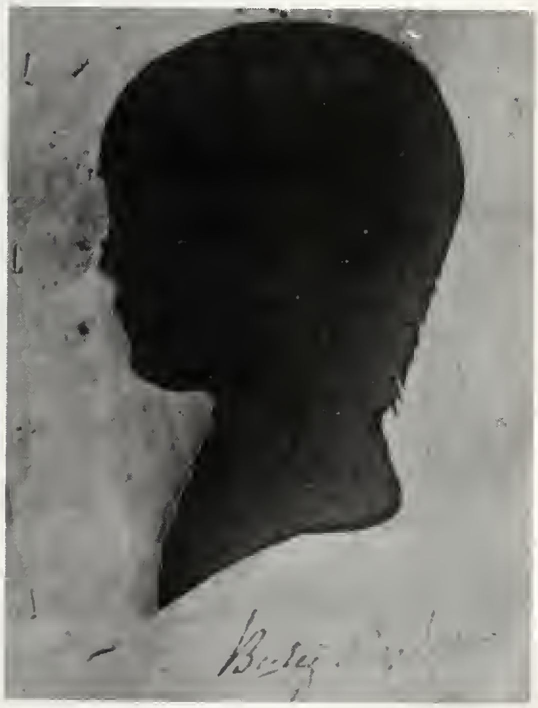
Her Husband
Bezaleel Howard's Portrait



John Howard
Son of Bezaleel
Married Mary Stoddard Dwight
Children:
Margaret, Frances,
Hannah, and Eliza

Brother of Charles

House on 24 Elm St., Springfield
Bought 1808 by Bezaleel



Wife of Charles Howard
as a child.
Elizabeth (Dwight)

Charles Howard House
Bought 1841

99 School Street, Springfield

Built in 1893 for Lucinda, Kate and Sophy Howard after they sold the Union Street House. Tom came to live with Sophy in 1901. Emmie stayed there off and on. After Tom died in 1910 she was there much more until Sophy died in 1920, when the house was sold. Then Emmie went to live at 7 Brown Street, Cambridge, until she died in 1923.

PHOTO BY W. W. BOLTON, SO. EASTON, MASS.

NATHAN HOWARD HOUSE

Where Bezaleel was born. Built about 1700.

Later Nathan's son, Jonathan, owned this house at River St., West Bridgewater, Mass.

CHAPTER I

FATHER AT ORNE'S - MAPLE STREET HOUSE

In father's[13] widowhood[23] he lived at the Orne's.[24] There seems to have been a warm friendship between Lucinda Orne[24] and her half brother Charles.[13] There is a tradition that on the day when his engagement with mother[14] was announced, Miss Nancy Gay slipped out from the dinner and clipped off the crepe from father's[13] hat, and that no explanation was offered or asked. Mother[14] was then living at Uncle John Howard's[25] where she had been since shortly after her father's[26] death.

The Maple Street house had been sold to Father[13] by Samuel Orne[24] in 1817, eight years after the latter was married. His second house was completed in 1818. It is my impression that he occupied the Maple Street house until his own was finished. The deed to Father[13] conveyed "one acre of land with buildings thereon." Elisha Edwards was tenant in the interim before 1824. Caroline and Sophia E. were born there. Charlotte Warner says that their Maple Street house had to be hurried up because of the Howard's expected occupation. The house stood where High St. leaves Maple. On the north was the Galen Ames' house which occupied part of the site of the South Church. North of the Ames' house was Simon Sanborn's, now Dr. Correigh Cuel's with unchanged front. The south line was as now that

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY (MAPLE STREET HOUSE) - COW

which bounds the lot on which Mrs. James Dwight's house was afterwards built, and which stands unchanged. Very large apple trees stood there. I recall the pomme royal.

Eastward the lot extended to School St., but before my memory Father[13] had sold to Mr. Cutler and his house stood on the School Street part. A fence south of the house divided a narrow yard (which was a driveway to the barn) from the garden which extended with the corn and potato patch halfway to School Street. The barn which was far from the house, say ten rods, and in which was always a good cow/(I remember a brindle which gave a brimming pailful). Between the front yard of the barn and the woodhouse door there was room for 30 or 40 cords of wood hauled in sled length and chopped and piled. Loads of chips were there. A fence separated this long space from the garden.

Of the house, the main building contained only the north and south parlors with the narrow entry between to which the straight stairs descended, the door into the kitchen at the further end. The fire buckets, hung in the right hand corner. In a visit I paid to the house some three years ago, the thing that looked most natural was the bannister that guards the rather steep stairway. It was perfectly unchanged, as was the whole entry. This seems to have been the reminder of a romance which has come within my own in point of time. Almon Parker

was the first owner and the lifelong occupant of the house when it became 35 High Street. Mrs. Rice told me that Mrs. Weeks, née Bailey, had recently called for the purpose of reminiscing and that she recalled the stairway she came down on her way to their east parlor (our north, the house having been turned half round) for her marriage. At the head of the stairs, there was a corresponding entry. Mother's[14] was the south and the north the spare chamber. I think there was a window over the front door.

The extension eastward was of the same height as, and considerably larger than, the main part. It contained the long kitchen, and by its side the dining room entered from the kitchen, long and octagonal. At the end of the kitchen opposite the big fireplace was the stairway to the back chambers, and on the south side of it was a wash room and on the north, the pantry.

Above was a narrow entry and two chambers on either side. Of the two low-studded back chambers, one was opposite the head of the back stairs and had one window. The other was reached through a narrow entry and was the full width of what I think a narrow ell with windows on the other side. On the north side of the entry was a narrow window, one pane in width through which Sophy[2] remembers showing the new house into which we were to move. The entry ended with the door into the boys' room described above. The structure was completed by a long woodhouse in which were high piles of two foot wood.

CHAPTER II

1829

SAMUEL ORNE HOUSE - UNCLE ORNE

Preparatory to the narrative of my first remembered experience must be an exposition of the relative situation of our house to the mansion opposite.

Directly across the road from the front door of our house was the main (square) building of the Orne[24] house. This stood in the turn of the road, the outlook from the front face reaching State Street. (From its site on the brow of the hill looking west and the south the view was extensive and beautiful.) The ample two-story ell extended eastward, while to this was appended the woodhouse, which stood flush on the street. At the end of the woodhouse was a gate opening, from the street into the large garden. I distinctly remember a morning when I found a board nailed across the aperture at the bottom of the gate. I sat outside in silent reflection. I have no recollection of having crawled through the aperture in previous times, but I do remember the thoughtful mood in which I must have looked back upon such intrusions. My maturer reasoning too points from the precaution taken to the high probability of same. I do not remember telling of this incident but doubtless I narrated it at home. There is connected with it the pale face and the medium stature of Uncle Orne.[24]

CHAPTER III

1833

GRANDMOTHER DWIGHT - MAPLE STREET HOUSE

Grandmother Dwight[27] died July 10 of the above-named year. She died about sunset after having taken tea at Grandfather Howard's,[15] and so suddenly that she said to Dosia Stebbins, "I do not feel well," and died at once. All that is distinct in memory of the event is, the hearing that a little bird had flown into the house that day which is a sure sign of the approach of death.

I have a shadowy memory of her form clothed in black and of her dignified appearance. This is connected with a plate of toast which I seem to see now carried through the kitchen for her breakfast. Her home was at Uncle John's,[25] but she was doubtless visiting at our house. I was then, supposing it to have been a year before her death, five years old and I fix upon it as the time when I began to have some knowledge of the internal economy of the house.

The center to my apprehension was the ample kitchen and Huldah Williams comes to view. It must have been in the last part of her living with us and the remembrance is somewhat hazy. But I distinctly remember an incident somewhat later which will serve to introduce the matter of house-warming for the first ten years or so. When about six years old I caught the itch at the town school. Preparatory to

C. HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

MAPLE STREET HOUSE - TIN KITCHEN - RAILROAD CAR

going to bed, I was anointed from head to foot with brimstone or sulphur and stood up before a brisk fire in the kitchen fireplace to dry. An effectual cure was wrought.

There was, of course, the tin kitchen for roasting with its spit that could be turned from the outside and its dripping pan below, also, the tin baker, though bread in loaves was baked in the brick oven. On hooks which hung from the crane were suspended pots and kettles.

There were fireplaces in the north and south parlors, and in the chambers above them, also one in the many-sided dining room. This last I think entered the same chimney with that in the north parlor.

The south parlor seemed to be never without a fire either glowing or securely raked up. It was the centre in winter and especially enjoyable in summer. I recall Katie[20] toddling to meet Mr. Eaton in the early days of the Eaton School when he was on his way to his room over the Springfield Bank, and his leading her home.

One evening after his return from Boston part of the journey was taken on the Boston and Worcester railroad, Uncle John[25] described a railroad car. "It is like a room," he said, "with chairs for seats placed on the sides of an aisle running through the middle."

T. D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

MAPLE STREET HOUSE - FIRST STOVE, 1836 - BRICK OVEN

The evening before moving, I seem to have been sitting up unusually late, and a man passed by singing, "home, sweet home," and Cousin Hannah[33] said, "we shall wish we could be singing that tomorrow night."

The stove introduced into the kitchen about 1836 was "Wilson's patent." It was nearly square, the entire lower part which opened on the side was occupied by the fire. Directly above in the center was the oven. This may have served for roasting but for baking it must have been a bother; this last, however, was still done in the brick oven. On the righthand side of the top was a hole for the tea kettle which was very long in order that the bottom might reach the flame: on the other side, was a kettle for boiling of similar length.

CHAPTER IV

DOMESTIC ACCOUNT BOOK

In this chapter I will interrupt the ordinary course, in order to sketch the help employed during a period of several years.

There is preserved an account book which would seem to have served for debt and credit dealings with help from the beginning. Some of the first leaves, however, are lacking. In later years it has been connotated by comments on the parties named.

Up to about 1840 the entries are in Mother's[14] handwriting, though in Father's[13] frequently in the settlement. For a year or so, I was set at it for practice in bookkeeping.

I copy the entries in the order of time:

1. "Sophia Stebbins worked for me sewing eleven weeks at 5/6 a week:" (pencilled comment) "She's a dressmaker now."

About seven years ago, I called on the sisters Sophia and Mrs. Foster in the double house second east from 297 Union Street.[*] Sophia told me that she lived at our house when I was a baby. I recall her, doubtless from seeing her at Uncle John's[25] with her sister Theodosia, when she was taller and pleasanter looking. She survives, and is with Mrs. Churchill

---

[*] Address of Catharine Howard School.

but is very feeble.

2. Huldah Williams, Sept. 19, 1826. [pencilled note] "The best girl that ever lived."

3. Electa Prescott came May 1, 1828, worked 13 weeks. Returned July 4.

[Last payment Aug. 4, 1829.]

4. Huldah Williams came to live with us a second time the 3d of October, 1829.

She had lived meantime with Cousin Sophia, and had become acquainted with Mr. Crosby, a prosperous farmer. Mr. Peabody* had given Huldah the promise that he would marry her for nothing, which in effect he did, placing the $5.00 which Mr. Crosby gave him, in her hands. Lucinda[18] called on them at B. Red hair prevailed among the children. Eliza Williams lived many years at the David Ames's and died there.

5. "Leonard Lamphere (in father's hand) came to work seven months."

"A real good man." He went to work in the armory, I think, from our house. He was night watchman, always friendly and helpful, and devoted to father.[13] He drove to South Wilbraham to buy a cow for us and I went with him.

---

*Wm.B.O.Peobody .

C. HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

DOMESTIC ACCOUNT BOOK

6. Sarah Ann Clapp,--1831-32

7. Caroline Hosmer, 1835

8. Miss Mary Dicman. She seems to have been a helper to mother[14] in the care of the children and sewing. I remember her walking with us older children at Longmeadow. She was the daughter of Thomas D., editor of the Sp'gd paper.

Her younger brother Thomas was the brilliant editor of a newspaper in South Carolina, where he died. His beautiful widow was afterwards Mrs. Freeman.

1836 & 7. In these years John S. Beebe lived with us. As he had no wages and worked for his board and went to school, he does not appear in the acc't book. He was somewhat of a bungler in the use of the English language but had a generous nature and a warm heart. When I was about eleven years old I went with him on one of his visits to his home in South Wilbraham.

This beautiful village which lies in the valley of the Scantic river and on the hills which rise round it, became the romance of my youth. I made many visits there, going out with in-comers who had a seat to spare, (looking them up in the stores on the hill), and later with the mail-carrier who came in three days each week; fare 25 cts. [1] never lost my love and interest in the town and people.

C. HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

DOMESTIC ACCOUNT BOOK

The last entry in the book is dated Oct. 28, 1884--

"Anne Dulgood came here to live."

There follow successive payments made to her, each signed L.O.H.,[18] and finally,

"Paid in full April 14" 1855. C.L.H."[20]

CHAPTER V

REMOVAL TO NEW HOUSE ON ARMORY GROUNDS

1836*

Preliminary to moving was Kate's[20] journey, I think on a wheelbarrow, to see the house. It was then that she proclaimed her democratic indifference to the claims of rank and wealth. She saw the Mr. Jonathan Dwight, who was reputed to be worth a million, though he wasn't, with dragging feet supported by Mr. Whipple, and said, "I see a nobleman, but I don't care."

The great day when every article of furniture was upturned and bestowed on wagons, was full of pleasurable excitement for me. I seem in the afternoon to have been at the new house. Edmund Chapin was in the back chamber with Wm Lee cording the bedstead on which I was to sleep. The Springfield Light Infantry was to parade on the following day, and father[13] had given him the day provided he would get help for settling. Aunt Mary[28] drove up in the midst.

Our house faced the roadway which runs in front of the present arsenal. This driveway was the entrance to the Armory grounds. It left State St. by a sharp curve on a steep pitch (there was no grading as now), and I saw a wagon in which two women were driving down upset there. On this road and at about the centre of the arsenal stood the large square house of the superintendent, north of this the master armorer's house and

---

*Catharine L. Howard letters say Kate was nearly 3 when they moved to the Armory grounds. Kate was born Feb. 24, 1833. Should be 1835.

south our house. Its side was toward State St, and between it and the street was a large enclosure in which the cow sometimes ranged, though for regular pasture she was driven abroad. The master armorer's house stood on the corner, the intersecting street forming a second boundary to the square, in the centre of which stood the liberty pole.

On this street stood first four clerks' houses, built shortly after ours. The first was Mr. Wolcott's, afterwards Roderick Shurtleff's, another Wm. Lee's. These remain unchanged. Next was a large yellow tenement house and east of this the long one-story brick forging shop.

On the third side of the square in the centre was what was called the chapel. It having originally a hall above and had been used for worship, but which before my time had been changed into offices for the superintendent and his clerks. In the lower part was the paymaster's office. Little Kate[20] quoting father[13] marched forth from our front door, saying "I am going to the office."

To return to our house; between it and the Robb's was a grass-grown way which led to a street or road shortly to be described, on the corner of which and occupying for its site a corner of the large grounds of the Supt.'s mansion was our barnyard and barn. Of the latter the cow had her apartment enclosed. All the rest was a palace of delight on Saturdays. It was also a schoolroom for Sophy,[2] with congress water

bottles for scholars.

The street above mentioned was a block above the present Byers St. It was the limit of the public grounds. No houses stood on the east side. The corner house was Mr. Starkey's, next Mr. Sexton's. At the end were the houses of Rev. Mr. Russells and Mr. Stebbins, father of the teacher. These houses faced on the road eastward and joined it: they were both moved to Spring St. One gave way to the woman's club house, the other still stands.

Frost Street runs through what was in our time a broad waste space overgrown with bushes, steep and impracticable for wheels. We called it the precipice. From the corner looking to the northwest extended a kind of moor on which dwarf and pinched blueberries grew.

The east side of the street along the wooden fence and the Robb's garden was a bank three or four feet high and thickly covered with bushes, choke-cherries predominating, a playground unspoiled by art. On the whole, the five years in the brick house was somewhat of a holiday time. I remember Elizabeth Chapin's visit, also Howard's. Back of that was Miss Helen Davis's and longer Miss Freeman's. She was a lovely invalid. I saw Rev. Mr. Peabody carry her upstairs as easily

child, after having taken her for a drive. Mother[14] greatly enjoyed the wide view from our house. She said it changed every day. I saw the change in the four seasons of the year, but mother[14] perceived the atmospheric changes and the effect of light and shade.

CHAPTER VI

FEBRUARY 1836 - UNCLE JOHN W.

Uncle John W.,[29] as he was called to distinguish him from Uncle John[25] Howard, died Feb. 12, 1836. I remember him as a hale and vigorous man. He wore on his long walks a spencer, an overcoat without skirts, and I think never an ordinary greatcoat. I think he came to our house every afternoon. Mother[14] said he would take a child in his arms when she was afraid he would drop it. He was cheery bright and generous with brilliant social gifts. In his sick room at Warner's we children used to visit him and he brought out figs for our delectation. I fancy he was very nice in his dress. I heard him say he would rather see a man with a dirty shirt and collar than with unpolished boots. He died Feb. 12, 1836, I think in the evening. In the night father[13] and Uncle John[25] brought the body to our north parlor.

Of the funeral I seem to remember Mr. Bowles calling from a list the mourners to take their places in the carriages. Mother[14] asked father[13] afterwards if Mr. Bowles was paid for doing it. "Yes," he said,"he has fifty cents for each funeral." I suppose each church had its superintendent of funerals whose duty it was to be present, prepare a list and call out the mourners in the order of their consanguinity.

We rode to the burying ground in an ample stage sleigh

with four seats. On our return I asked if I could get out at Grandfather's[15] and spend the night and received permission. The date of the funeral I select as a point of time which stands in the middle of the period of my happy intercourse with Grandfather Howard,[15] say, a year before and nearly a year after, Grandfather[15] dying Jan. 12, 1837. I cherish the precious memory.

It should be said here that during the same period of about two years, there was the bevy of dinners at Grandfather's,[15] attendants being those who went to school kept in the State St. schoolhouse adjoining. These are named in Grandfather's[15] lines,

"Tommy[1] and Lizzy[19] are both very busy.
And Fanny[30] is reading for life; Lucindy[18] and Lizzy[31] are both half crazy.
An in perpetual strife."

This, however, belongs to the next chapter on Schools. My delight was in the quiet of the late afternoon only broken by the solemn sounding of the hours by the bell overhead on the church steeple.

If I arrived early enough I helped grandfather[15] bring up wood. The hard wood, by the way, was piled in ample quantity in the cellar, the soft wood for the kitchen in the

woodhouse, which with the chaise house extended to the Lombards line. I remember his first putting on buckskin gloves and our bringing up armfulls until the wood-box in the entry overflowed. After this, door and windows, there was no walking through the entry. Perhaps then I heard the only poetry he quoted, "Not a drum was heard."

Before coming to the evening I will attempt a sketch of the make-up of the family. From the front door one passed through an entry of which the stairs were somewhat of an ornament being broad and generous, to the second door which opened into the living room with windows to the south and west admitting sunshine through almost the entire day. There was always a good fire in winter and, especially in grandmother's[16] time, a smouldering fire in summer. Here were grandfather[15] and grandmother.[16]

Opposite was the kitchen door. Here was Clarissa Babcock. She came from the part of New York State where hop-growing was the chief industry. How she landed here I never knew. She was, I should say, 35 years of age, a Methodist, a wise and efficient woman. If there was any change in this department (there seemed never to have been a vacuum), it was to a successor of the same general character, who, I think, was installed and instructed by the incumbent.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

BEZALEEL HOWARD HOUSE - BRIDGEWATER HOUSE

Then Eleazer Beebe, who worked for his board and went to school. He continued his studies in Wilbraham Academy and the Pittsfield Medical School, settled in East Longmeadow and practiced for 30 or 40 years. His widow and daughter still live there. I slept with him in the chamber over the kitchen in which the back stairs landed.

But the evenings were spent in hearing stories. Though I should say here that I frequently went at twilight to the Lombard's kitchen for the milk, and Horatio Stebbins was pleased in later years to tell my early politeness, standing hat in hand.

In the stories there was a commingling of those suitable for a child, and those which seemed to recognize a certain companionship. He had some Indian narratives, but I presume saw my eyes dilate and closed with "Tom! The Indians have all gone west now," and told of a Sunday spent in Albany and of the number of churches he by great diligence visited, and, of the escape from freezing when driving, and becoming sleepy jumped out and ran behind the wagon.

BRIDGEWATER HOUSE

But the standard theme, about which considerable sentiment would seem to have gathered, was the old home in Bridgewater, and I seemed to see the river before the house and

orchard in the rear. And I will say here (though a fuller study of grandfather[15] is intended in connection with my recent visits to Bridgewater), that in my first visit I landed at the identical house, then Jonathan Howard's,[32] and told of what was vivid in my memory; the reply was "the river still runs before the house, the orchard in back of it, and you will sleep in the room in which your grandfather was born."

I think it was about the middle of December (1836) that grandfather[15] was taken sick in Springfield. There seemed to be no severe pain or discomfort, but he gradually failed. A little later father[13] was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism which lasted well into the winter. It was appointed to me to go down each morning (I went most of the way on my sled, the State St. sidewalk being thickly covered with ice), staid to breakfast and returned. One afternoon also I called to see him. He was alone, not requiring constant attention. He said, "Read the fourth chapter of Second Corinthians and the first verse of the fifth." I read the passage without bungling, as far as I remember. He then said, "Read the first verse of the fifth chapter again" which I did:

"For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens."

When I went down as usual Jan. 20, 1837, the family

were at breakfast and I went in to see him. Something impelled me to tarry, and I stood holding open, I fear, the door into the cold entry. He said, "Tom,[1] go out to breakfast." He died at eleven o'clock that forenoon. The funeral services were in the church. The hymn, "I would not live alway" was sung as he had requested. Later I found inscribed on his headstone the twice-read verse.

CHAPTER VII

AUNT MARY (DWIGHT) HOWARD

1836

In the Dwight book Aunt Mary's[28] death is "July 20, 1836,"* but as before mentioned, she drove up to our house on moving day in Sept. of that year. In a late afternoon of the following winter, when the wind was blowing as it could through the portico at our front door, and the knocker resounded through the house, Aunt Mary[28] said, "Hurry to the door, don't keep anybody standing outside this cold night."

My first memory of her is a lesson of instruction received in dexterity.

"Tom,[1] which is your right hand." I suppose my ignorance was apparent, for she asked, "Which hand do you blow your nose with? - where is your pocket?" I felt at once for the latter, - I had but one which was in the right trouser, - and my handkerchief in it, - and have ever since when in doubt.

Later I remember her cleaning my nails with very blunt scissors taken from her pocket.

But her commanding presence comes most fully to mind as I recall a Sunday School she kept one summer in the upper room

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*This is correct as Catharine L. Howard letters say Kate was nearly 3 when they moved to the armory grounds. She was born Feb. 24, 1833. Tom made a mistake as they really moved in 1835.

in the old church through which the bell-rope ran. (This was before Miss Margaret Emery gave the chapel which was built on the east side of the church.) As she stood before the gathered youngkits she said in her impressive manner, "I want you to give me your undivided attention." The partially understood adjective emphasized the injunction and no thoughts were allowed to wander. Impressiveness remains as my chief memory of Aunt Mary.[28]

About sunset of the day she died, mother[14] gathered us children into the parlor and said, "We want to be alone."

Cousin Hannah Williams[33] was in charge at Uncle John's[25] for a little while. Then there were other caretakers, until Hannah[33A] returned from school at Brookline and took charge. Eliza[31] rendered her special devotion, and I heard Hannah[33A] say that she was especially osculatory immediately after eating buckwheat cakes.

The kitchen was under constant charge of Mrs. McDonough (with Caroline Clapp and Abby Plummer during their respective minorities; the barn, garden and mowing land (with some hired help at haying time), in charge successively of Mr. Goodell, Daniel Belden, George Colton, and finally of George Reynolds, who came from a town in Worcester county, and was far and away the best. He was as good as gold.

CHAPTER VIII

SCHOOLS

The first school I attended was an infant school kept by Miss Mary S. Foot, afterwards Mrs. Geo. Dwight, in the one-story building afterwards Allis Dye House, on State St. near the southwest corner of the old jail grounds. A little bed was provided for a sleeper. Counting was taught by balls moved on wires set in a frame.

Where Lucinda[18] went at this time I do not know, but think it was at Misses Holland's school in the upper room of the High School house, now 47 School St., for I afterwards went with her there though the school was designed for girls only. I fancy the two sisters inspired affection, for I remember disputes in regard to our preference. My next teacher was Mrs. Ranney in the two-story brick building in the rear of the town-hall. In later years I visited it with Wm. F. Wilcox, in whose possession it then was and used for a store house. Mrs. Ranney was faithful but severe. She was afterwards Mrs. Avery. I remember Mother's[14] indignation when I told of James Law, the only colored boy who was seated on a board laid across the iron andirons which had been displaced by a box stove.

Meanwhile the school-house on West State St. was built and we five already mentioned went there, I suppose the

others to various grades, I to Miss Putnam, who was to my apprehension a lovely contrast to Mrs. Ranney. I also admired Ann Palmer, and used to ask if I might sit by her. Assent was given by the teacher and I left my seat and took the place by her side. No objection was offered on her part. I told her, however, in later years that while it gave me great satisfaction at the time, my maturer recollection was of a certain indifference on her part which was not encouraging.

From the hill, Lucinda[18] and I went to Mr. Eaton's school in the seminary, L.[18] until she went to Miss Sterns's in Worcester, and I, with the exception of one quarter at Mr. Lawton's, West State St., next building in the rear of G. & G. Merriam's, third story, until I went to college. For those younger than us two Sophy[2] supplies the account.

SOPHY WRITES:

Tom[1] has asked me to tell of the schools we children attended. I know that I went to school when I was very young. Mother[14] seemed to think whether she expressed it or not, "If Sophy[2] went to school, Lizzie[19] and Kate[20] would do very well at home." The first school that I can remember was Miss Mary Merriam's on State St. over Mr. Merriam's store. I can remember Mr. George Merriam's visiting the school and singing with us "Little children love each other.
Tis the blessed saviour's rule."

SOPHIA W. HOWARD NOW WRITES
SCHOOLS

I know I went to that school when mother[14] was burned. At that time I was taken to Mrs. George Bliss's to stay. I suppose I was terribly homesick, for I ran away from there. I do not know how my little mind could plan it, but I did. After school I went back to Mrs. Bliss's and returned a pencil that had been lent me by George. I did not go into the house, but gave George who was playing in the lot opposite, the slate and pencil. He put the pencil into his pocket and told me to put the slate on the piazza. Then I started for home. I do not think I stopped running till I reached the house. I remember how delighted I was to see mother[14] and them all, and how pleased they were to see me. I was not sent back again, though Sarah Bliss came up after me.

The next school I remember was Miss Eliza Lee's on the Armory grounds. Kate[20] went there with me but I do not remember whether Lizzie[19] went. Then we all went to Miss Catlin's in the Seminary, and afterwards to Mrs. William Bliss, at least Lizzie[19] and I went to Mrs. Bliss.

Then there seems a gap. I remember going for a few days to a Miss Eastman's. Why I was allowed to go on trial and then leave I cannot imagine, but strange to say, we were a good deal indulged. Then I went to Mrs. Nichols behind the old court house for one quarter, and when she left Miss_______ took it.

Then Miss Campbell followed and I was with her for a good many years. After father[13] failed I was assistant pupil,

and for a time took the place of Miss Smith, one of the teachers. I think Lizzie[19] went there nearly all of the time I did, but Katy[20] did not go till the very last part of the time, as she went to Miss Maravetta Harding's and then to Miss Minot who took Miss Harding's school. (S.W.H.)[2]

Sophy[2] has brought the school narrative down to the years of the youngest children, and I will add a reminiscence of my own that will bring them in. In the Spring of 1845, my sophomore year at College, I was sent for to come home on account of Katie's[20] dangerous illness. It must have been in the last half of May, for the one thing that I remember in driving from the station is the perfection of the green of the foliage as I saw it at the corner of Maple and Union Sts. The illness was an extreme form of erysipelas with fearfully swollen head. The mathematics at school was the subject on which she dwelt in her delirium. I think she went to Mr. Barro's School immediately on our coming to Union St. in 1841 (Sept.) or perhaps to another grade first, Sally[3] to another room in the same building, and Emmie,[22] who was only five years old at the time of Katie's[20] illness, to Miss ____________ somewhat later.

CHAPTER IX

1842-43

LUCINDA AT WORCESTER - TOM AT BRAINTREE

An episode in the early life of each of the two oldest members of our family is worthy of mention because of the lasting effect produced.

The first was Lucinda's[18] year or two at Worcester. Her earnest desire to go to this school prevailed, and I think she went in Sept. 1842. The influence and instruction furnished by Miss Hannah Sterns and her sister were of the very best kind and was apparent in the quality of those who had been placed in their care. Then there was friendly association with a circle of high-minded and cultivated friends. The school friendships were lasting and greatly enriched her life. A character was developed in which the rendering of service was the ruling principle. "I came not to be ministered unto but to minister." I would record for us all the grateful remembrance of her constant and effective helpfulness. She was always at hand when there was need with ready aid. It was continuous to the end. Sarah[11] died November 13th, 1898. (Tom's wife) Lucinda[18] came to Charlestown, N.H. in the beginning of her illness seemed to divine everything that was needed and promptly supplied them. The journey to attend the funeral was, I think, the last she undertook: her own death was January 25, 1899.

C. HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

THOMAS D. HOWARD GOES TO BRAINTREE

In the year 1843 there was an interruption of my school days by six months at Braintree. Early in the spring I seemed to be possessed with a very earnest desire to spend a summer on a farm. I unfolded my longing to father.[13] He said in reply, "You are preparing for college examinations next fall and by this you would put it off for another year," and expressed his disapproval, but finally to my surprise said, he would ask Mr. French if he would take me.

Mr. F. was a member of the Governor's Council, and when father[13] went to the next monthly meeting the request was made, and met with a decided objection. "I have a good many hired men and I don't want to treat your boy as I do them," and, he did not want to undertake it. But he ended with inviting father[13] to drive home with him to talk it over. The conclusion was reached by leaving the matter to Mrs. French to decide. She said, "He shall come, and he shan't sleep with the men." Mrs. French's father had died the winter before and his bedroom which led out of the dining room was to be mine.

On the morning of May 3d I left for Boston, dined at the United States Hotel where father[13] had boarded during the previous winter, and took the Plymouth stage for Braintree, the railroad then being in process of construction. From the last named date to November 3d I was out of doors and at work

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

SUNDAY IN BRAINTREE - MILKING - HAYING

every day except for a few excursions which Mr. French took me on to Boston for Election Day with a sermon in Dr. Frothingham's church, and the delivering of commissions to the officers of the A. & H. artillery Company, to the State Prison when officially visited by the Governor's Council, and once to Nantasket Beach, the only buildings on which at that time were the houses furnished by the Humane Society for sheltering shipwrecked sailors. I joined in the milking; there was a large herd of cows, milk hands being scarce. One night at a time of sickness I shall later mention, I milked nine (Mr. French owned a milk route in Boston and sent forty-two gallons of milk there daily); drove a team to the Beach and picked up a load of seaweed for the compost heap, when green corn-fodder was ready went to the field and cut a horse cart full for the cows' supper. But central of all was the long haying season, the grass being all cut with hand scythes. And it has been my pleasure in later years when in the hay field, to be complimented on my dexterity with rake and fork.

Sunday at Braintree

I had recently joined the church, and grandmother,[16] I suppose surmising that rigidity prevailed in the church at Braintre inasmuch as Dr. Storrs, son of the Longmeadow 50 year pastor at Longmeadow, was the minister, gave me instructions

as to my procedure. "If the invitation to the communion is to members of other churches then stay. If it is to sister churches, go out." Only the latter strangers present were invited. Mother's[14] general directions to us when away from home were to go to church with the people we were visiting. I did more, went to the Sunday School which was held in the Village Hall adjoining the church before the morning service. I was put into a class of children of my size, but younger. One of the nice Miss Thayers, daughters of Jackonias Thayer, whose house with high pillars I pointed out to James[35A] on a recent visit as about the only landmark of that time remaining, told the superintendent that, though little, I knew enough to go into a higher class. So I was put into Squire Fogg's class (a magistrate, he became, when the railroad was completed, station agent). I remember a question and answer. In a verse of the Chapter of the Proverbs which was the lesson the fool is described as blatant of whatever comes into his head.

Q. "What does the wise man do?"

Ans. "Keepeth the rest till afterwards."

Many years after, Sally[3] met this Miss Thayer somewhere on the North Shore and she talked of my summer at Braintree, then she was Mrs. Hollinsworth.

Church service followed the Sunday School. I sat with

1304332

Mrs. French in one of the choice pews suitable to the wealth and high position of its owner, fourth from the pulpit.

Dr. Storrs was a survivor of the line of New England clergy that had ruled in the towns of Massachusetts. Most of them had disappeared or their grip had been loosened. Dr. Storrs was favorably situated for holding sway. This parish was the original centre of the historic and originally extensive town of Braintree. Meanwhile Quincy, Randolph, etc., had become separate municipalities, and South Braintree, which still was in my time part of B. were flourishing business centres. But the old first parish was left in the rear, high and dry. Here was the ancient burying ground and here the church, which last Dr. Storrs held as a fortress against all comers. No Methodist or Baptist ever attempted to effect an entrance. He was strong intellectually and had an iron will. When the survey was made for the Plymouth railroad he used all his power to divert it from Braintree, realizing doubtless that a radical change would be effected; but he failed. But this did not occur until after my time there, and I saw a bit of old New England. The three Drs. Richard Salter Storrs spanned a period of 150 years, the third being the accomplished Brooklyn preacher.

There was an interval of one hour between the morning and afternoon services. Part of this time was spent in

T. D. HOWARD FIVE FEET TEN 1/2 INCHES WHEN HE LEFT BRAINTREE

practice by the choir. It is noticeable that in communities where business is slack great interest is taken in music. Certainly "The spacious firmament on high" could hardly be rendered more to my liking. When it is told that Lowell Mason of Boston had taught a singing school in Braintree the winter before, there can be no question of the training which had been received.

In August a dreadful sickness prevailed in the household. It was called typhus fever, but seemed more like typhoid. Four of the hired men were severely attacked, but recovered. Mrs. French died. Her kindness to me had been unfailing, and I keep her in grateful memory.

My half year at Braintree was interesting and I think very wholesome. Certainly in one regard it was important. After a long period of status quo in size I grew in that time and the following winter nearly to my full height afterwards attained, which was, when measurement was taken in the army for my description, five feet and ten and one half inches,-somewhat less now.

CHAPTER X

COUSIN HANNAH WILLIAMS

From my earliest recollection Cousin Hannah Williams,[33] whose home was the beautiful south-east chamber in the Wethersfield house, came to Springfield in the early summer and stayed until late autumn. She was almost exactly four years younger than mother[14] both being born in February, in 1801 and 1805 respectively, but the intimacy between them seemed to be complete. They were almost opposites in temperament. Mother[14] enjoyed her religion. Cousin Hannah[33] doubted if she had any, and according to the Wethersfield standard, I suppose she had none. Mother[14] used to advise her to join a church, ours if she preferred as I think she did, or at Wethersfield, but she never did. This I did not know at the time and we all knew her as a cheerful and bright companion. Always nearsighted, she rather late was fitted to spectacles and said a new world was revealed to her.

On her return to Wethersfield, which was on the day before Thanksgiving, one of the oldest children always went with her and the boat, carryall, and week's visit were eventful.

Her illness began in Springfield in the late autumn of 1845. The hopefulness which seems an accompaniment of her condition was apparent during her illness. Mother[14] said she

would talk of what she would do the next summer when it was evident to all others that she could not live through the winter. She died February 26, 1846. Father[13] went to Wethersfield with the remains.

CHAPTER XI

1844

T. D. HOWARD AT COLLEGE

In September I went to Cambridge for my examination to enter the Freshman class at Harvard. I entered, I fancy, at the foot. If any other passed with four conditions I never heard of it. But I had the satisfaction of being promoted from the first to the 2nd division of the three in Latin during the first term, and early in the sophomore year the delight of receiving from Prof. Channing[*] 44 & 46 for two consecutive themes, 48 being the maximum. In the English studies I also made gains and was assigned a part with the third eight in the Junior Exhibition.

Early in the Junior year Howard & Lathrop failed. Chester Harding, when I told him of it said father[13] was reckoned as worth $80,000. By economizing and with the pay received as theme-bearer to which office I was elected by the class, each member paying a dollar a year (the duty being to deliver to the writers their themes after they had been examined and marked by Dr. Channing), and the allowance from beneficiary funds, and with money received for school-keeping, I got through without being in debt. I was absent, in addition to the six weeks' winter vacation six weeks in 1846 - 7 at Boston, and eight in 1847-8 in North Chelsea, now Revere.

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[*] Edward Tyrrell Channing taught English 1819-51.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

HARVARD COLLEGE

Class Day in 1848 was a romance in the loveliness of weather and in the beauty of the sentiment that invested it.

Fair Harvard! a leaf of sad poplar we twine
In our chaplet of flowerets to-day,
As with filial devotion we wait at thy shrine
Our final fond tribute to pay.
Thou hast guided us long with a fond mother's care
Through the devious pathway of youth
And with loving -- hast bidden us share
Sweet draughts from thy chalice of truth.

(First two verses of Class Ode by Charles E. Huse).

Tune, "Fair Harvard." Sung by the class led by Brigade Band. Quoted from memory.)

Commencement was a day of deep significance.

CHAPTER XII

1848-1849

T. D. HOWARD IN SPRINGFIELD

The year following my graduation was spent in Springfield. A course of study was, at my request, laid out for me by Ex-Professor Andrews Norton. It was a study of the four gospels with the standard Greek Testament as a text book. Mr. Norton gave me some books as assistant. I asked if it would be sufficient to occupy my time for a year. He said in reply, "I have spent my life in its pursuit."

The year was a very happy one, although it was during a period of narrow means. The only privation I remember to have really felt was the want of the Springfield Daily Republican then in its youth. O happy they who could pay $6. and have it left daily at their door!

The only extravagance I recall was paying my share for a carriage in which Ephraim Bond and three of us went to Westfield for the wedding of the beautiful Lucy Fowler and Mr. Critlett. Julia Clapp was general promoter of sociability and the cotillion on that occasion.

My study was in the China closet, and Mary[21] came daily for a recitation in Latin. During some weeks Uncle John[25] gave me a job signing railroad tickets, "H. Gray," so my study was not continuously uninterrupted.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

FATHER AT BOSTON CUSTOM HOUSE

I should add that, my eyes being weak at that time, mother[14] read to me Tacitus - History of Germany. She also arranged a simple evening entertainment that the fascinating Miss Phelps, who was spending the winter with her brother Ansel, might be with us. She sang, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Father[13] was at that time in the Boston Custom House, head of the department of Measurers of Salt and Coal.

CHAPTER XIII

1849-1851

HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL

In September, 1849 I entered the Theological School, joining the class of the Middle year. My classmates were Ayer, Cudworth, Lowe and Stebbins. During the first of the two terms I roomed in Divinity Hall No. 30. In the second, having been appointed Proctor, my rooms were in the west entry of Stoughton in the College Yard. During the last term of this year I occupied the luxurious rooms of Tutor Josiah P. Cooke, who was absent in Europe preparatory to entering on a professorship. These were in the south entry of Holworthy.

My duties were the preservation of order in the entry, in the College yard, and the supervision of a section of assemblies in the chapel for morning and evening prayers and Sunday services. The remuneration was $100. a year and free quarters. With this and the aid from beneficiary funds I graduated in June 1851 free from debt. One important item which is gratefully remembered was Miss Ann Pomeroy's invitation to her beautifully appointed table where I took meals for over a year.

My health had not been good during the final term; at the close I was a good deal run down and set forth on a foot-journey to Cape Cod, which lasted about three weeks.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

WEST BRIDGEWATER - GRANDFATHER'S BIRTHPLACE

Of this outing, which seems to have brought me around all right, the most pleasingly remembered event took place in the course of my return when, deviating from the direct route, I found myself in West Bridgewater, and in the house which was Grandfather's[15] birthplace. This visit, mentioned in Chapter VI, I propose to write with those subsequent, to form a sort of frame for a study of Grandfather's[15] life, which will be attempted in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV

GRANDFATHER HOWARD - BIRTHPLACE

On my arrival at the ancestral home I was warmly welcomed by the family of Jonathan Howard the present owner. Aunt Jennette soon came in; being very deaf I was announced in a loud tone as Berzeely's[15] grandson,[1] and her kindly face beamed on me. It came out that she was the only living cousin of father's.[13] Father[13] being then only 57 years old this seemed almost unaccountable, that out of the large families of brothers & sisters only one should be left. In comparing dates, however, I found that grandfather[15] was 37 years old when he married grandmother.[16] This survivor, the maiden Aunt in the family, born in 1783, was sixty-eight years old at this time of my visit, the daughter of Jonathan[32] who was as grandmother[16] used to tell us helped Bezaleel[15] in getting his education, and also that his father[17] in his Will, having given equal parts to his sons devised a field without a word of explanation to Jonathan.[32] So I landed in the right place.

The stories told in the evening related largely to the eight children in great-grandfather Nathan's[17] family, but the centre of interest was on intellectually the feeblest. One son remained at home during his entire life, dying at the age of 51 doing chores, a supply of kindling and oven wood being his specialty. This was Artemas known as "Arty." As if in

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

MARY RHYME WRITER - FAMILY HOMESTEAD AT WEST BRIDGEWATER

compensation for other deficiencies he had a special gift for extemporaneous rhyming. This was exercised in bringing out for ridicule the peculiarities of individuals. He generally responded to the call "Make a rhyme on such an one," the production calling out general laughter at the expense of the subject. This talent seems to have had place in Grandfather's[15] make-up. It appeared also in fuller degree in Mary[21] Andrews.

Arty kept what he called a diary. The entries seem to have been made on Sundays, and recorded somewhat of the officiating, regular or exchange minister. He also indulged in rather caustic remarks to the family in regard to the sermon.-- When grandfather[15] preached his first sermon at home the family awaited with some curiosity for his comment, which was, "That's what I call preaching."

The next morning after this interesting evening Jonathan carried me some six miles on my way Boston-ward. The large square house which I left has been excellently kept. It stands with its lines true, its appearance being that of a much more modern building. I intend to insert on the 4th page engraving of same taken from Heman Howard's book, "Descendants of John Howard," I have also a recent photograph which will be placed in Emily's[5] collection. (This is preserved.)

CHAPTER XIV

PART A

1851 - LAST QUARTER

TOM RESIGNS AS OFFICER AT HARVARD - GOES TO PERRY

Chapter XIV left me on my returning way toward Cambridge. I had severed my connection with the College (I will record here a compliment paid me by president Jared Sparks, and told me by Tutor Thomas Chase, when he announced my resignation, ("Mr. Howard[1] is a good officer, wont he stay with us?"), and consequently I had no longer free quarters. But David A. Wells, who had a room at Divinity Hall and was absent, gave me the use of his which I occupied until I left for Perry.

Then came my rather belated candidating. In December I was invited into the office of the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, Rev. Calvin Lincoln to receive a proposition. He said, "Last Summer I preached in Eastport and was invited by some one from Perry, seven miles distant, to have service in that town, where I preached in the central schoolhouse to an audience of about fifty." He afterwards conferred with a few Unitarians who told him the situation there,--that the Church building was owned by a union of pew holders full half of whom held liberal views, although only Orthodox preachers had held pastorates;--that the pulpit was supplied from another town on an engagement that would close

in the Autumn. If a preacher could be sent they were confident that a considerable part of his support could be raised there. It was decided that if the conditions should be as was expected they would write Mr. Lincoln.

A letter had been received by Mr. L. recently that all was as they had expected. "Would I go." "Yes." "When can you start?" "Next week." Mr. L. told me afterwards how surprised he was at my reply. I heard afterwards that at West Bridgewater where I had preached as a candidate they had decided to give me a dall, but I never regretted that Perry came first.

I took the train for Portland connecting with the steamer "Maid of Erin" for Easport the last boat of the season.

Rev. Henry F. Edes was my fellow passenger bound for Eastport. We became intimate companions during his pastorate at Eastport. Benjamin L. Chadbourne, younger brother of Geo. W. met me at the wharf. This young man, by the way was the most active in the business, and as I heard afterwards drove six miles to Mr. Dana's on a Sunday, spent the day where he wrote the letter to Mr. Lincoln above mentioned. He was determined to get the thing started before navigation should close. He took me to his father's in Eastport where I was refreshed, and then drove me, eight miles, to his brother's house with whom he lived, and where I was to be kept through the winter. (This was to be Mr. C's first

contribution to the work.) We drove through woods the trees laden by a light snow -- which made good sleighing. I was somewhat embarrassed by the announcement made to persons met, that the minister had arrived.

The next day was a bright one and a good audience assembled in the church with a delightful choir, which Mr. Edes on his first exchange highly enjoyed and warmly complimented me.

I ventured the request that the walls be suitably trimmed for the Christmas service on the following Sunday. Good work was put in during the week, and such greens of spruce and fir as appeared in the form of letters and wreaths, I never saw before.

Meanwhile I was domesticated at Mr. Chadbourne's with Mrs. Emma Cooper Chadbourne the long-time friend of all of us at the head. There followed three very interesting months. The winter was one of comparatively even sleighing, not piled up in fearful drifts as often happened. There was a January thaw. The mention of this rain gives me an opportunity to include in my narrative a brief original poem. The ladies whose kind act it records were from Machias, Miss Porter and Miss Hattie Holway who afterwards became Mrs. Alexander Chadbourne.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

POEM BY LADIES OF PERRY CHURCH - FOUR WEEKS AT HOME

A rainy day, a rainy day
How welcome are its showers,
Which bring a furlough to the stay
Of these dear guests of ours.
My outside coat for most a year
I'd been ashamed to wear it.
But said those girls, "just bring it here,
We'll take it and repair it."
O shall I ever don that coat
Which those fair hands have mended,
Nor think of them however remote
With joy and sorrow blended?

In April I went to Springfield for a vacation of four weeks.

CHAPTER XIVB

1852

BOARD AT THE DANA'S IN PERRY

On my return to Perry I went as had been arranged to Mr. William D. Dana's, board $2. per week. I had a large front chamber for bedroom and study. The family consisted of Mr. & Mrs. D., John, Mary, Charles, Kate and Jennie, with most of these, our family in Springfield became well acquainted. There were in the grounds the headstones at the graves of two children. Hannah, colored, was the efficient general houseworker. Mr. and Mrs. Dana, both of Eastport families, came to the farm at the time of their marriage, some twenty years previous, where the large square house and immense barn had been built by Mr. D. for their reception. I ought to add to the above "Nig," a big, most intelligent, black horse, born on the premises, broken to work, what little of breaking was needed, by Mr. Dana, and with whom for a year and a half I had much to do both in care and driving.

Mr. and Mrs. Dana were from their youth members of the Unitarian church at Eastport, long-time subscribers to the Christian Register, and when in Boston boarded at the house of David Reed, publisher of same. But, recognizing the importance of a church in the town with which he was identified had a pew in the church and the family regularly

attended. He became, however, the recognized head of the new movement.

The change from my winter home at the Chadbournes in May was in one respect a transformation. Mr. C's house was a mile from the shore and shut in by hills. Mr. Dana's at the head of Louis Cove which opens out of St. Andrews Bay. This grand expanse of water extends from the Passamaquoddy north to Robbinston, 18 miles, and is from thirteen to five miles in width. At Robbinston it is joined by the St. Croix River. This flows from Calais twelve miles farther north and is the head of navigation.

A few days after my arrival I drove to Robbinston, four miles distant, over the shore road which here furnishes full view of the bay and river, Robbinston itself being a picturesque village on a ridge rising from the water, and opposite with a ferriage of two miles to the city of St. Andrews, New Brunswick, with the range of Cobscook mountains of bare rock to the north. I was led to reflect on the Providence which had so changed my environment from that to which I had been accustomed, to this which was to be my home and the scene of my chosen work. I wrote to mother[14] my thoughts, and heard afterwards that she was full of interest in the letter.

My ministry in Perry was now fully inaugurated. A

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

HALL COSY MEETING PLACE - PART OF DUTIES PAROCHIAL

Sunday school was soon organized and an interesting Summer followed. In September a missionary came, sent I suppose by the Home Society. We all attended ~~on~~ of his services in the church, which we had thus far occupied, the first Sunday we all attended his services morning and afternoon. It had been decided, however, on our part to raise no question in regard to the use of the church building especially as Warren Hall, the upper story of the central brick schoolhouse, and owned by two men interested in our enterprise, was tendered for our use. This room was soon furnished with settees, bought in Boston and paid for out of the proceeds of a very successful fair. The missionary, who was a kind elderly man, stayed only about two months, but the Orthodox sustained reading meetings in the church during the winter. The hall remained our cosy meeting place for the following ten years, during which time I was for the greater part of the years the only minister resident in the town.

The greater part of my duties were therefore parochial. In a territory extending about ten miles of shore front and as many miles eastward in the indenting bays, these were largely visiting in which Sarah[11] after our marriage (1854) most helpfully joined me and was officiating at funerals to which I was called from by and large.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

BURIAL PLACES ON HOME FARMS

Of one feature of the burials I was recently reminded, when I witnessed the play of "Shore Acres," the scene of which was a Maine farm. Mr. Hearn, the author of the play who was something of a philosopher and scholar, had the principal part, that of the bachelor brother, whose interests were centred in the family and who finally brought them out of all their troubles. In sorrow because his brother has decided to sell the farm, he appeals to him with what he thought a decisive argument, -- "What are we going to do with mother." To the petulant reply, "What about mother" he says, "She lies buried here." It carried me back to Perry. There is at Little River a small public burial ground, but I do not remember in all processions from house to grave in which I joined, more than four burials there. The distance and inaccessibility had caused burial places to be selected on home farms, or if this was inconvenient, a neighbor would give the invitation. "Bury with us." Sarah's[11] father and mother were buried in Mr. Leland's enclosure.

CHAPTER XIV C

SOJOURNERS AND VISITORS

MARY SPENT SUMMER, KATE THE WINTER

The shore road on the route from Eastport to Calais begins about a mile east of Little River, where is the Post Office, church and Warren Hall, and where the bridge crosses the river. That part of this much travelled highway that ends at the Robbinston line is to each one of our Springfield family more or less familiar, Mr. Dana's house situated on it being five miles north from the centre and the parsonage and Stickney houses in which we lived for the next years, two.

The summer of 1852 Mary[21] spent at the Dana's. I remember her and Abby D. Once walking to Little River, we three drove over it many times. I gave them lessons in driving. A fixed rule was that if either interfered with the other I should take the reins. Strict non-interference was thus secured.

The winter of 1852-3 Kate[20] spent at the Dana's . In the school house adjoining the Dana farm a singing school was maintained twelve evenings. Kate[20] was a regular attendant. With her usual thoroughness she learned the notes, rests &c. Andrew Gibson, a beautiful tenor singer scarcely more than a youth, a born gentleman was the teacher. In him and his younger brother Lucius she was interested to bring forward

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

ROCKS - SOPHY AT DANA'S - TOM MARRIES - MARY - MOTHER

their good but meagerly instructed minds into the rich fields of useful knowledge. "What's them?" was the question asked when "boulders" was spoken in their hearing. The inquiry gave an opportunity for a lesson on the rocks brought hither in the ice-flow from the north-east. Lucius became a judge in the far west.

In the Spring of 1853 Sophy[2] spent a month at the Danas, the doctor having recommended a visit to the seashore. I was absent nearly all that time on a three-Sunday exchange with Rev. Mr. Bridge[*] of Hampton Falls, N.H. whom the family at Perry greatly enjoyed on account of his wide knowledge and cultivation. The summer after our marriage,[1] May 8, 1854, Mary[21] spent with us. She entered fully into the social life of Perry and was I think the most popular person in town. In the early Autumn, Abby Dana returned with her to Springfield.

In the early morning of October 7, 1855 Mother[14] died. In the July previous, accompanied by Lucinda[18] and Lizzie,[19] she came to Perry. It must have been with much misgiving on the part of the family that the journey was undertaken. In the remembrance of her love which impelled her to see me in my home there is indeed pathos. And yet there was a

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[*] Asardah Morse Bridge 1810-1865.

cheerfulness pervading the visit. It seems that at this time she had the expectation of recovery, and thought that the change might be beneficial. Certainly cheerfulness was pervasive of the entire visit.

The journey from Springfield was first to Boston, where I think the travellers stayedat Capt. Charles Emery's in Harrison Square. They left Boston at 9 a.m. for the voyage of 24 hours and more via Portland for Eastport. I think the summer passage was smooth. At Eastport Mr. Daniel Kilby, Collector of Customs, took them in charge.

I pause here to say something of this early and fast friend. "A red-hot Unitarian," as Lucinda[18] called Miss Sterns. He took me up from the beginning and never let go of me. In the winter that Kate[20] spent in Perry she visited them at Eastport and was there for Thanksgiving; she told of the superabundant help of pudding rejected by others and the direction, "pass it to Isaac" who, though a young man was living at home. Another story she told was of his intense denominational interest. She mentioned the church at Medfield and the name of the minister. "There," said he, (in evident self-reproach), "if any one had asked me who was settled in Medfield I couldn't have told them." Mr. Kilby brought the party to Mrs. Mabee, the Landlady of the hotel, and told her

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

MRS. DAVIS - MOTHER'S REMARK - FATHER JOINS THEM

who they were. Dinner was over, but she set a bountiful supply before them and I believe charged them 25 cents.

They were then driven from Eastport to the parsonage, nine miles away. During her visit I remember mother's[14] perfect naturalness. She was strong enough to drive out in the forenoon, after which she would lie down and come to dinner where she entered into conversation with the volunteer haymakers. She entered into everything that belonged to our life, enjoyed the Pattersons, our best beloved neighbors, and suggested improvements for their home. I recall an expression which sounded like her old self. Mrs. Davis, wife of the Post Master, had been especially kind to us. There was talk of her being two-faced, insincere. Mother[14] said, "I believe in speaking well of the bridge that carries you safe over."

Father[13] joined them and spent a week, returning with them. I remember his remark about the hay that was put into the barn not sufficiently dry as he thought, that there would be musty hay to feed out to the horse and cow. I will add, however, that it was well treated with layers of salt as a corrective. After driving alone in the woods the only reflection to which he gave voice, having seen the decaying logs, was "What a waste of fuel!" He drove Billy to Robbinstown, and while he had a chat with Mr. O'Brien who kept the

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

MOTHER'S ILLNESS - HER BEAUTIFUL CHARACTER

Hotel had the horse treated to six quarts of oats. The daughters of Mr. O'Brien still keep & run very nicely the Hotel. (1910) Mother's[14] delight was in the beautiful scenery furnished by the bay and the New Brunswick shore.

On their return journey, Fanny Black reminds me, I write this at Glencroft, Sept. 1909, that mother[14] and the sisters went to her father's house in Eastport to await the hour of the boat's leaving, which was about one o'clock. I asked her in turn if she remembers singing to Lucinda,[18] for I have often heard L. say that she kept her singing, and how much she admired her rich and cultivated voice.

This visit which it is pathetic to remember, I look upon as the crowning act of mother's[14] love for me. Her sympathetic affection had kept even pace with every period of my previous life, but more especially in my college days, and when preparing for the ministry, and especially the patience and apparent enjoyment with which she read to me when my eyes were weak.

It would not seem that the journey had been injurious to her, though Sophy[2] recalls the yearning delight with which she reached home. But there followed a period in which there was manifest a certain discontent so foreign to her nature. She seemed to pass thro' a time in which the hope of recovery

was given up and she looked forward to the approaching end. Thereafter a beautiful calm prevailed redolent of trustfulness. In regard to her own future there was entire confidence in the Father's full and forgiving love (I remember Mr. Tiffany's asking on a visit what he should read, and she said, "the parable of the Prodigal son"), but her thoughts turned on the welfare of her children, for which she would fain provide. Sarah[11] and I were at home during the last week of her life, and it was a week of rare beauty. Mother[14] lay as if patiently waiting. There seemed to be no disturbing pain, only exhaustion, while her mind was perfectly calm and her voice clear. At her request each of us singly went to her bedside and she said, in no set terms, ; the words that seemed to have taken form in her heart to each one. Here, as in all the previous years of our home life perfect impartiality guided the outflow of a mother's love, and I can think of no higher tribute of praise rendered to a parent.[14]

CHAPTER XV

1856

EMMIE AND KATE VISIT AT PERRY

I cannot recall any visitors from Springfield in the summer of this year. Indeed I am quite sure that Sarah^{11} and I spent part of the Autumn at Springfield and returned to Perry in the late Autumn.

Of the years following I was in doubt until Emmie^{22} helped me out by recalling the visit and the time fixed by documentary evidence (page 38 "Memorial and Letters") of C. L. Howard, when she^{22} and Kate^{20} came to Perry, whose visit was shortened by word received of Kate's^{20} appointment as assistant teacher in Mr. Agassiz's School.

CHAPTER XVI

1857

LUCINDA VISITS PERRY

What proved an interesting outing for Lucinda[18] and ourselves as engineered by Kate[20] who writes, "Springfield July 9, 1859," to Mrs. Wheelright:-- "I believe I had begun to argue with Lucinda,[18] before you went away, on the importance of her going away for a nice long visit to get set-up again. I think you will be as much surprised as I am, that I have already accomplished my object, and that she and Sophy[2] left us yesterday, Sophy[2] for Jamaica Plain and Lue[18] for Hingham, where she will stay for about ten days, and then go to Perry."

The central event of Lou's[18] visit must have been in August after haying, for no such force could have been put forth before, as was the three days' cranberry excursion. We had during our residence on the shore, looked across the Bay to Deer Island which extends from Eastport to close approach to St. Andrews, but had not set foot on same. When the hay was stored in barns, arrangements were begun for crossing the Bay. Capt. Bibber, a grizzled skipper, was engaged with a schooner rigged boat, of a size for freighting along the islands at $2. a day, man and boat, and came from Eastport to Louis Cove to receive freight and passengers. The

freight was a large chest containing provisions which had been prepared by roasting and baking, and a bag of potatoes which, with coffee were to depend on fire en route.

The passengers, Mr. & Mrs. Dana, invaluable, Mr. D. for his long-headed far-seeing of every necessary detail and providing for same, and Mrs. for her unfailing optimism, Lucinda,^{18} Sarah^{11} and I, Mrs. Clara Jones, the hardiest woman of the party. Mrs. Leonice Knight (the husbands of these two were absent on voyages), their younger brother Jerre, Mr. Moore and two of his boys and Adelaide Vickery, who was visiting us. We crossed the Bay, about eight miles, but did not land after all, on Deer Island, but after some cruising, on Bliss Island. As it was about one o'clock when we started, it was then time to prepare for supper and to make ready a camp for the night. A four square plot was selected. Of this, the rear was protected by a canvas from which a hood projected. The other four sides were open, but opposite the canvas, logs were placed and a blazing fire lighted. The evening prayer was sung to the tune of Hebron.

"Thus far the Lord hath led me on"

(4 verses)

Then sleep was in order.

Tired with the preparations, I think it was the

ECHO BRINGS CAPTAIN - | ALL AWAKE BUT MR. MOORE

general expectation that the sweet restorer would speedily come. But all were disappointed except Mr. Moore. He, being an old stager, after giving some good advice about arranging for one's couch when lying on one's back, which was to dig a hole to receive one's hips, dropped promptly off, and was not disturbed by the irregularities about to be mentioned.

For the rest of us, after courting sleep in vain, conversation ensued, at first between near neighbors, but it soon became general. When this was objected to, even lying down became irksome, we walked forth and soon a considerable party was abroad. A remarkable echo had been discovered in the afternoon. An island opposite rose sheer from the water, and returned shouts with wonderful accuracy. On the vantage ground the deserters from the camp gathered. It was in the full of the moon and the echo again resounded. "Captain Bibber" was called and returned, but with no thought of the owner of the name being within hearing. But his boat was anchored and sheltered between the two islands. After a while he appeared from the cabin with, "What do you want?" Explanations were in order, and that amusement came to an end. On the whole, the night as a season of refreshing sleep was not a success. It should be added that after supper on the following night there was no inclination to postpone bedtime.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

KATE RIDES HORSEBACK - SALLY ROWS BOAT - SAIL BOAT

Altogether, it was a memorable outing, and perhaps the best outcome was that Lucinda[18] thought it a complete cure of her dyspepsia.

"Letters" p. 34. of C. L. Howard.

In the year 1858 Kate[20] and Sally[3] were with us. We were then living in the Stickney house. After three years in the parsonage (orthodox) which I had at $50 a year including farm of 50 acres part of it uninclosed, in the common, and with mowing in front and a pasture in the rear, but the house was a ramshackle; Capt. Stickney rented us this house at the same price and we gladly accepted. The large lot in which it stood reached the water. A wagon road led to the beach. This last gave Kate[20] much enjoyment, who gathered what she called fagots and the driftwood which had been brought in by the tide and laid up high and dry and ready for burning in the big fireplace. It seemed like clear gain, as Mrs. Ripley felt about the fuel she gathered on the grounds of the Old Manse. Kate[20] read to us Aurora Leigh which we much enjoyed. She did some riding on Jerry on a side saddle which we contrived to borrow. We had the use of a boat in which Sally[2] became quite proficient in handling one of the two oars.

During this visit our party of six crossed the Bay in a sail boat to St. Andrews. I write this at Cambridge and

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

ASCEND A CHAMCOOK HILL - LODGINGS 12-1/2 CENTS

Sally[3] refreshes my memory. There was quite a high wind and the friends on the Perry shore were in fear for us. But Jere Loring, our boatman, managed well, and we landed our boat on the beach by the lighthouse. The anxious watchers had the satisfaction of seeing us safe in smooth water. Our chief object was the ascent of the highest of the three Chamcook hills which rise from the shore of the St. Croix River about two miles above St. Andrews, there being three in the range and almost bare rock. We inquired for a place where we could get a conveyance for our party, and were directed to a house which, as the event proved, had also accommodations for lodging.

A lumber wagon was carpeted with hay instead of springs and we were driven to the top. Here an extensive view was obtained, with Robbinston opposite and an area of New Brunswick to the east, with the river and bay to the north and south. The wind continuing, we decided to spend the night and, as we had brought provisions only for that day, we took breakfast at the house. The lodgings cost 12 1/2 cts apiece and I presume the breakfast charges were in proportion. The next morning was calm and fine and we were safe at home before noon.

CHAPTER XVII

1858-1859

OUTINGS - CANADA

Up to and including the year 1859 Sarah's[11] and my chief outings were journeys taken, in our wagon in the first years with Billy, and the later years with Jerry. The route for the first part of each journey was the same, viz: 21 miles to Calais where was the nearest bridge for crossing the St. Croix, and then 85 miles to St. John, New Brunswick, where we visited the George Eaton family, Maria, Hattie and Annie, and, also, the Cutts's while they lived there. The longest and most interesting excursion was in 1859. After a brief visit at St. John, we drove, in the general direction east, slightly north following the Kennebecasis River through Sussex, a rich and beautiful agricultural country, a distance from St. John to Moncton of 95 miles. Dr. Black was in practice here and our visit was to him and Fanny. As a further outing, Dr. Black harnessed his fine horse with Jerry, and we four drove still further east through Sackville and Dorchester, nearly to the Nova Scotia line, a two-day trip. Our return to Perry was by the military road across to Fredericton, then down by the river St. John to St. John, and home, over 400 miles in all. In M. Billy was exchanged for Jerry.

CHAPTER XVIII

1860

FORT LARAMIE

[To the home at 297 Union Street the Spring of this year was of absorbing interest. Sophy^2 was preparing for a journey to Fort Laramie and for a long absence - three years as it proved to be. It is difficult to realize the changed conditions of the Great Plains, as they were then from the rail-road-traversed region it is now. Sophy^2 speaks of becoming accustomed to the buffalo from frequently seeing droves of them.

Col. Blunt recently gave an address to the Mens' Club of our church, covering the same tract of country in record times. I asked him if he saw any buffalo. He said, "Plenty of their whitened bones," but added that the animals in their wild state are practically extinct.] By T. D. H.

SOPHIA W. HOWARD
WRITES

Her experiences at Fort Laramie as Teacher for Col. Alexander's Children..Pages 69-82

School in her Childhood............................Pages 28-30

FORT LARAMIE

FORT
LARAMIE

By Sophia W. Howard

1860

FORT LARAMIE

Tom[1] wishes me to add to his family annals my experience in teaching at the West. I was still at Miss Campbell's school when Father[13] failed and I knew then that I must do something for my own support. I was made by Miss Campbell's kindness, assistant pupil and afterwards took the place for a short time, of an assistant teacher who was ill. As soon as I left school, I tried to find a situation and went first, through the kindness of our cousin, Mrs. Ellen Dwight of Boston, to Mrs. Henry Tiffany's in Baltimore where I stayed six months. It was a place of a good deal of trial. I boarded in town and went out to Rose Hill every day & lunched there with the children. There were three children, one girl and two boys. I could not regret going there for I made most delightful friends - especially Dr. and Mrs. Burnap, who were so kind to me. I think it was after I came home from there that I had a little school at home and taught Mary[21] and Sally[3] with a few others. The next time I left home was the winter of 1854-55 when I went to Montreal to teach in Hon. John Young's family. I was recommended by Mr. Angier,[*] a Unitarian minister, who was in Springfield for a short time.

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[*] Joseph Angier 1808-71

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

ANTISLAVERY FAIR - NEVER ANYBODY LIKE MOTHER

Mrs. Loring had six children there and four were under my care. I had a delightful winter there. Jane Inglis, Mrs. Loring's niece, lived there and was near my age, and Mrs. Loring was always most kind. I was there eight months. Mother's[14] health had been failing for some time. Lucinda[18] & Lizzie[19] went with her to Perry, where Tom[1] lived, but she was too ill to have any benefit from the change. Father[13] went there to bring her home. It was a terrible shock to see her when she came home. Uncle Lewis Bliss[48] was there at the time and it all seemed so ghastly to have anything going on when our hearts were aching so over Mother's[14] condition. I can never forget my going up to Mr. Henry Sterns' to tea with Uncle Lewis[48] because Mother[14] wanted me to. It stands out in my memory as a great piece of martyrdom. Then in September she insisted on my going to Worcester with Lucinda[18] to an Anti-Slavery Fair which was a kind of society. I think she thought she was going to get well. But after she really gave up, she was much happier & that time was one of the greatest exaltations we all of us ever experienced in the world. It was a glimpse of heaven on earth. All of us children and the "other housegirls," as we called our cousins[30 &31] were with her all of the time. I remember one day, when she was sleeping,

SOPHIA W. HOWARD NOW WRITES

ABRAHAM LINCOLN NOMINATED - COLONEL AND MRS. ALEXANDER

Lizzie[19] & Fanny[30] covered her bed with beautiful Autumn leaves. When she waked, she seemed almost startled and said, "Why, I felt as if I were really in Heaven."

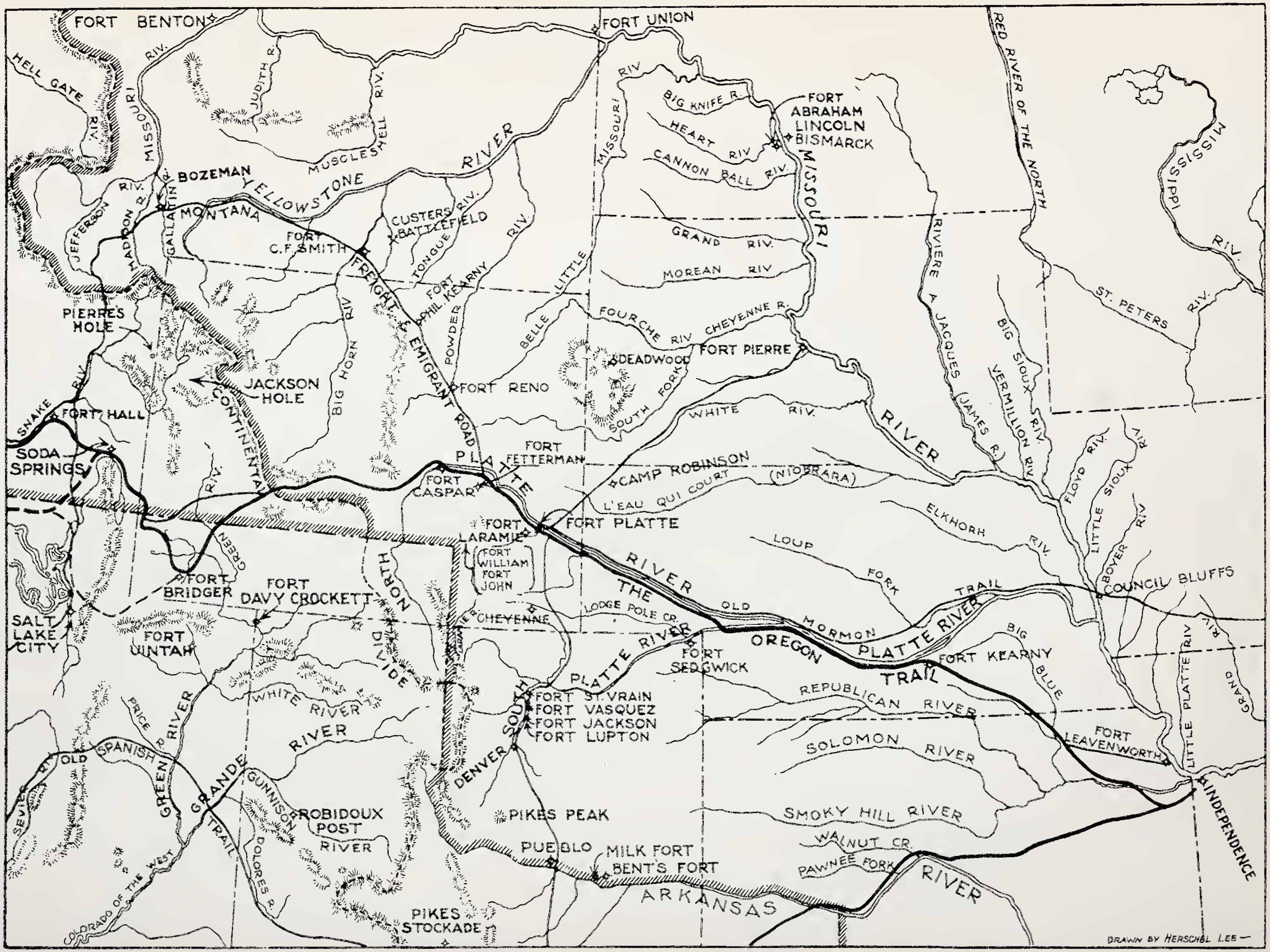
This is not writing about my teaching, but how I wish you children could have known our Mother![14] There was never anybody like her - how she would have loved you all!

My greatest experience in teaching away from home was in the year 1860, when through my friends, Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Bainbridge, I was asked to go out to Fort Laramie, Nebraska* to teach in an officers' family. I was delighted to go. The salary was good & the experience seemed novel and interesting. I left home in May, 1860 - pretty homesick. I stopped in Chicago for a few days and Mrs. Merriam insisted on my going right to Hannah Olmsted's there. It must have been horribly inconvenient for it was right in the midst of the Republican Convention for the nomination of a President and her house was full. There were no limits to her hospitality. I slept with one of the children.

We went to the great wigwam where the Convention was held and I should have been present when Lincoln was nominated, if my feelings had not been so strongly in favor of Seward. We saw what was coming and I burst out crying and begged Hannah to leave, for we could not stay and witness such a disgrace. There were many in the house, that felt the same way. Mr.

---

*Now Wyoming - the Fort is now a National Monument found southeast of Casper.


FORT BENTON
HELL GATE RIV.
MISSOURI RIV.
JUDITH R.
MUSCLESHELL RIV.
FORT UNION
MISSOURI RIV.
BIG KNIFE R.
HEART RIV
CANNON BALL RIV.
FORT ABRAHAM LINCOLN
BISMARCK
MISSOURI
RED RIVER OF THE NORTH
MISSISSIPPI RIV.
ST. PETERS RIV.
BOZEMAN
YELLOWSTONE RIVER
JEFFERSON
MADISON R.
GALLATIN RIV.
MONTANA
FORT C.F. SMITH
CUSTERS BATTLEFIELD
TONGUE RIV.
FORT PHIL KEARNY
POWDER RIV.
BELLE LITTLE
GRAND RIV.
MOREAN RIV
FOURCHE RIV
CHEYENNE R.
FORT PIERRE
RIVIERE A JACQUES (JAMES R.)
BIG SIOUX RIV.
VERMILLION RIV.
PIERRES HOLE
FREIGHT & EMIGRANT ROAD
BIG HORN RIV
DEADWOOD
SOUTH FORK
JACKSON HOLE
CONTINENTAL
FORT RENO
WHITE RIV.
RIVER
SNAKE RIV.
FORT HALL
SODA SPRINGS
PLATTE
FORT FETTERMAN
FORT CASPAR
CAMP ROBINSON
L'EAU QUI COURT (NIOBRARA)
FLOYD RIV.
LITTLE SIOUX RIV.
BOYER RIV
ELKHORN RIV.
FORT LARAMIE
FORT PLATTE
FORT WILLIAM FORT JOHN
LOUP FORK
RIVER
THE
OLD MORMON TRAIL
PLATTE RIVER
COUNCIL BLUFFS
GREEN RIV.
FORT BRIDGER
FORT DAVY CROCKETT
NORTH
SALT LAKE CITY
FORT UINTAH
DIVIDE
CHEYENNE
LODGE POLE CR.
OREGON TRAIL
FORT KEARNY
BIG BLUE
PLATTE RIVER
FORT SEDGWICK
LITTLE PLATTE RIV
GRAND RIV.
SOUTH
FORT ST. VRAIN
FORT VASQUEZ
FORT JACKSON
FORT LUPTON
REPUBLICAN RIVER
WHITE RIVER
RIVER
PRICE R
GREEN RIVER
SPANISH
OLD
SEVIER R.
DENVER
FORT LEAVENWORTH
SOLOMON RIVER
GRANDE
TRAIL
GUNNISON
ROBIDOUX POST
RIVER
PIKES PEAK
SMOKY HILL RIVER
INDEPENDENCE
COLORADO OF THE WEST
DOLORES R.
PUEBLO
MILK FORT
BENT'S FORT
WALNUT CR.
PAWNEE FORK
RIVER
ARKANSAS
PIKES STOCKADE
DRAWN BY HERSCHEL LEE

MAP OF THE FORT LARAMIE REGION

This Map is used by permission of The Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale 4, California.

Sophy went by boat from St. Louis down the Missouri to Fort Leavenworth, then followed the Oregon Trail to Fort Laramie.

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

ST. LOUIS - SAIL UP THE MISSOURI - FORT LEAVENWORTH

Edward Fisk, uncle of Hannah Olmsted, retired to his room at three o'clock and was not seen till evening. He left for New York, early the next morning. I believe Mr. & Mrs.Olmsted did not at all object to Lincoln's nomination. It showed how short-sighted I was.--I went to St. Louis by the night train and I well remember my home-sickness. I went to the Planters Hotel in St. Louis where I met Col. & Mrs. E.B. Alexander. There were many officers & their wives there ready to go in our company to the different posts in the West. I remember very little of St. Louis or how long we stayed there. But I do remember the sail up the Missouri River to Fort Leavenworth. I think we were six days & nights on the boat. I remember one of the officer's wives, Mrs. Gardner, who was going to Fort Bridger,* made a gingham dress for herself on the voyage and I believe Mrs. Alexander did the same. I do not seem to recall much of that voyage. I was a good deal frightened. Fort Leavenworth is the great military depot of the West, and it was full of officers, and, I suppose, their wives. They were greeting each other & inquiring where they were bound. I saw an artillery review there and I remember Capt. Bre saying to me, "There, Miss Howard,[2] you see the smoke of battle." We went into vacant quarters in Leavenworth, for I discovered

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*Now a state park found in S. W. Wyoming, East of Evanston and on Blacks Forks of Green River.

SOPHIA W. HOWARD NOW WRITES

ALKALI REGIONS - RODE IN AMBULANCE -

the Army Officers live on the Government as much as they possibly can. There must have been beds, but I do not know what other furniture, nor do I remember our meals, but I think we were well fed. Col. Alexander had servants with him. I remember going with Mrs. Alexander one night to watch with an officer's wife, who was very ill. She died, I think, before we left Leavenworth. She seemed to have very little care. She was a bride -- I cannot recall much of our starting on the march.

We had recruits almost altogether for infantry so that we could not go over 25 miles per day. It took us six weeks to reach Fort Laramie. The day's march had to depend upon water & grass. Sometimes we did not go but four of five miles. When we came to the alkali regions we had to make long marches to get away from them. I used to see this lovely green grass & think what a beautiful place to camp. We had comfortable walled tents and Col. Alexander's tent & ours were pitched opposite each other's with a fly between which made a pleasant place for our meals. We rode in an ambulance - not like any you have seen. It was a carriage so arranged that the three seats could be pushed together to make a good bed. Will Alexander slept in it every night. He always rode on his pony & Betty generally did too or came into the carriage with us. Kate was always with us. Col. Alexander drove

himself a fine pair of mules. We got up soon after reveille and were ready to start long before the rest were ready. There was so much packing to do. There was a large number of officers and their families in proportion to the soldiers. You may remember it was in the administration of Buchanan and Secretary Floyd had the reputation of trying to get all of the army as much out of the way as he possibly could, in anticipation of secession in case a Republican was elected President. And nothing could have been much more out of the way than Nebraska - not even Texas where many were sent.

There were no railroads - no telegraphs and only rather a poor stage-road. The way was filled with emigrants settling new homes in the West - large covered wagons in which often were families of women and children with their goods. It was my first experience of prairies and I was so often deceived by what is called looming - not quite a mirage. I would see something a long way ahead of us and think it was a covered wagon and when we came up to it, it was nothing but a white flower. Cactus grew most plentifully and is a terrible weed. We were six weeks on the plains. Scott's Bluffs was the most interesting place we visited, a wonderful rocky formation with something of a canyon. It was beautiful to me. When we arrived at Fort Laramie, we were met by officers already there and were entertained in one of their

SOPHIA W. HOWARD NOW WRITES

MRS. ALEXANDER - ADOBE HOUSE - MORMONS - BUFFALO

quarters by a nice dinner. It will sound very unromantic to you when I tell you all that I can remember of the occasion is my enjoyment of the bread and butter. We had not had a particle of light bread since we left Fort Leavenworth, and even to this day I can remember how delicious it was. We had to part with many agreeable officers and their families, who were going on to Fort Bridger and Camp Floyd - two posts each side of Salt Lake City, established there partly on account of the Indians and partly on account of the Mormons, with whom there had been some trouble and quite a serious fight a few years before. We saw a great many buffalo on our journey. We grew to be much accustomed to the droves of them, also quantities of antelope. We had very comfortable quarters in Laramie. It was a large double adobe house, covered with timbers & painted white, with four quarters for officers. Col. Alexander took two quarters, an upper and lower. They were only connected by an outside staircase but soon an inside one was built. Mrs. Alexander had been so accustomed to frontier life, that she knew well how to make everybody comfortable, and we soon had a very pleasant home -- the post carpenter supplying a good deal of the furniture. Betty and I always roomed together. There were open fires in the parlor and in Mrs. Alexander's room over the parlor. In our room was

a large box stove. In the open fires were burned beautiful pine wood, you could light a large log with a match. In the stoves we used the most fragrant cedar which came from the Black Hills (spurs of the Rockies). The climate was mild & lovely. The only drawback was winds which were terrible. We did not see snow at all till March and then only a slight fall. I had a beautiful view of Laramie peak from my window - a fine peak. It was forty miles distant. We began school at once with Betty and Will. Kate was too young.[*] We had bought some schoolbooks in St. Louis. I had to send Col. Alexander's orderly sergeant after Will at school-time. We used to walk a little, but I never dared go out of reach of the sentinels, there were so many Indians. They had been allowed great privileges in the Post but Col. Alexander made them remove their tepees farther off, but that did not prevent them from swarming into the Garrison. There were a few Oglalas[**], a sort of defunct tribe -- but the Sioux were in the greatest numbers. They are very fierce and terrible enemies of the Pawnees. My first experience of them was most trying, for they were having

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[*] Kate later went to the Howard School in Springfield.

[**] Oglalas part of the Sioux Tribe and under the division of the Tetons.

the most tremendous pow-wow & rejoicing when we first arrived in Laramie over the scalp of a Pawnee squaw, whom they had just killed. The poor creature was probably trying to get into the Post for protection. I got quite used to Indians after a little while, but I hated them. They were the most unattractive creatures. If we went to the Sutler's[*] store for anything, they would swarm around us, looking us all over and talk to each other, apparently about us. These were squaws. Old Smoke, one of the Oglalas, seemed quite decent. Col. Alexander gave him a garden & seeds and tried to make him work, but he came to the Colonel and said, "My hands are soft, I can't work, Government must give me some niggers." So it was pretty discouraging. The dress of these creatures was very funny. You would often see an Indian with an officer's old coat on, with a large piece of buckskin let in the back to make it large enough and an officer's sash on. Fort Laramie is a very picturesque place. The Laramie River was a very small stream, runs along by the side. It is really on the North branch of the Platte - a very wide stream but extremely shallow, but this was a short distance from the Garrison. The quarters were all very mean, built of adobe around the parade

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[*] Sutler, one who follows an army, sells to the troops provisions, liquors and the like. (Webster)

SOPHIA W. HOWARD NOW WRITES

THE GARRISON - BUGLE CALLS - SCHOOL - RIDE HORSEBACK

ground. There was one white house that had been used in former times in Indian war-fare. This was a trading-post originally and bought by the United States. There was a delightful garrison there that first year.

Captain Bre, whose wife was Mrs. Alexander's niece, was a most delightful man. I saw a great deal of them. Captain Marshall, whose wife was in the States, was also a delightful companion. He was a great wit. Then Lieut. Hill, Mrs. Alexander's nephew & brother of Mrs. Bre, was adjutant, and we saw much of him. There were only five companies of the tenth Infantry, Col. Alexander's regiment, there, but as it was headquarters, we had the band. We did everything by the bugle calls. I always got up at drill call which was in time for breakfast. Then we always went out on the porch for guard mounting, which was entertaining - the band played - & after that I had school till near dinner time. We usually went to ride in the afternoon. I used to ride a horse of Captain Marshall, also one that belonged to one of the soldiers, and sometimes a dragoon horse used by a bugler. The soldiers were so indignant, that none of them would ride a horse afterwards. that I could ride. I was terribly afraid of that horse, for though considered safe, he was so used to caper and act gay, that he quite terrified me by his constant motion. Will &

DRAGOONS - ATTITUDE OF GARRISON ABOUT LINCOLN

Betty almost always rode with me. Once I was thrown but not by the dragoon horse. I was alone with Will and then came the question how I was to mount on a prairie where there was nothing to help me. Will was a small boy, unable to mount me. I do not know how I did it but I did. As we were going into the Garrison the band was on the parade playing, as they did every afternoon, my horse was frightened and I still moved. The band was stopped till I dismounted.

There were two companies of dragoons there. Then the army was all remodelled and the dragoons and cavalry were merged.

The winter of 1860-61 was one of painful excitement. The officers were all talking of what they should do when Lincoln became president. Most of them were Southerners or Southern sympathizers, and you may imagine my heart was pretty full, but I never dared say how I felt. Capt. Bre was much depressed. He was from South Carolina and had promised members of his family he would never serve an hour under Lincoln. South Carolina had given him a sword for gallantry in the Mexican war, and that was held like Damocles' sword over his head in every letter from home. That winter Mrs. Bre had a baby & Capt. Bre was terribly ill with rheumatism. I was there constantly, slept every night with Mrs. Bre to take care

TELEGRAPHS - ATTITUDE OF GARRISON ABOUT LINCOLN

of her & the baby. Mrs. Alexander went every morning to wash the baby. We had some gay parties that winter, but it was the dying embers of happiness for many of the officers. Capt. Bre said, "All the best of my life, including West Point life, has been in the Army and that is what I care mostly for." He used to d - n that sword freely, but the Southern sentiment was too strong and at last prevailed. He, Capt. Marshall, Mr. Hill all left and a good many others. Of course they could not take their companies with them but it seems quite absurd that the U.S. gave them an escort across the plains. I think Col. Alexander was torn with doubt what to do, but he was an extremely cautious man, and though a Virginian, seemed to think it was best to stay by the United States. We had no telegraph then, all news was carried by pony express and mail by stage, once per week. One time we were without mail for a month. Soon after the beginning of the war the telegraph was built and we used to have long messages occasionally, to read. Officers were sent to take the places on the plains of those who had resigned. Capt. Bush was adjutant and I became very fond of him. In the Spring of 1861 Col. Alexander was ordered to St. Louis; we started off with only a mounted escort, so we reached Fort Kearney, half way to Leavenworth, in much less time than when we went out

SOPHIA W. HOWARD NOW WRITES

COLONEL ALEXANDER - GO EAST - FORT KEARNEY - FORT LARAMIE

with recruits. There Col. Alexander carried orders to wait for further orders. We went into quarters there and stayed several weeks and then had orders to go back to Laramie. I think, perhaps, there was a little distrust of Col. Alexander's loyalty, on account of his birth-place.-- We had the same life as before, but we missed our friends sadly. There was a Capt. Greene of the dragoons, who came, who had a delightful wife, also Captain Wynn whom we liked much, also his wife. And Capt. Murray of the Infantry, a very pleasant, good-natured man. We played euchre a great deal and when Capt. Bre was there, I played cribbage with him.

In the Spring of 1862 Col. Alexander's whole command was ordered to Fort Kearney - just three hundred miles from Leavenworth - so we were on the plains again. We settled at Kearney for another year - not a pleasant place like Laramie and far more troublesome. We came into the region of the Pawnees, and what was worse, a place called Kearney-city, nearby, which was full of settlers who were sort of outlaws.

We stayed there till Spring of 1863 when Colonel Alexander was ordered to St. Louis. I think they would have gladly taken me with them, but I wanted to go home. I left them at some place in Missouri and came on with Capt. Bush to some place in Pennsylvania, where I turned off and went to

SEE MARY IN B. - GO EAST - BINGHAMTON - SCHOOL - KATE

Binghamton, to see Mary,[21] who had been married while I was away. I made her a short visit and then came home. I did not teach again till Sally[3] was married in 1866 and then I joined Kate[20] in school, the same time with Lizzie[34] Simmons. I spent that winter of 63-64 with Mary[21] in Binghamton. Ned[7] was about two weeks old when I went there. We had a very pleasant winter. From 1866 to 1890 I continued in the school at home. There is not much to write about that or perhaps so much that it would be hard to write it. Like all experiences the bitter and the sweet are pretty well mingled, but it is a very pleasant life to look back upon. I hope I accomplished some good in my labors. I fully appreciated Kate's[20] wonderful powers.[*] I am glad to say. (End of Sophia W. Howard's account.) A tribute to S.W. Howard on page 210.

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[*] Sketch by Francis Tiffany (brother of William S. Tiffany).

"Kate was a charming and commanding personality. The majority of people are half alive. She was all alive. The wings of her imagination were rooted in a strong backbone of clear good sense. The foundation of her being was sound reason and absolute moral rectitude.

Whatever she talked about, nature, books, etc. for the time being seemed worth devoting the whole of life to, such instruction and delight had it evidently yielded to her. To come under the spell of her influence constituted a formative epoch in the life of any young girl with capacity of higher response in her. (The school was 1863-90)

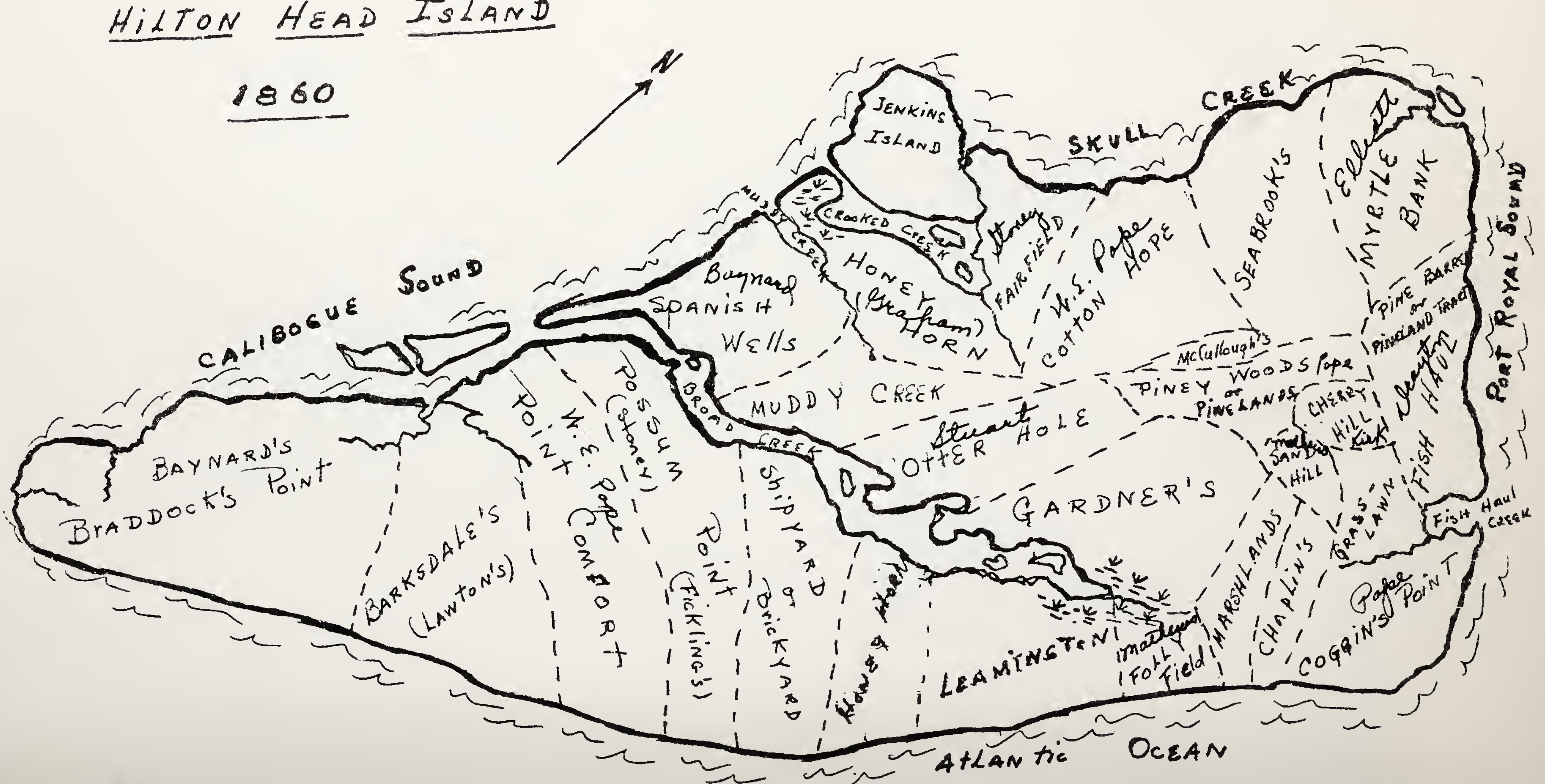
Two young men, going to the Civil War were so inspired by her telling them of the pride & joy, which they would one day look back on having stood by their country in her day of sore distress, as to revolutionize their whole spirit. Moreover, this is just the way in which for 30 years she made the rare endowment of soul that so radiated from her speaking eyes, tell in her school."

THOMAS D. HOWARD
WRITES

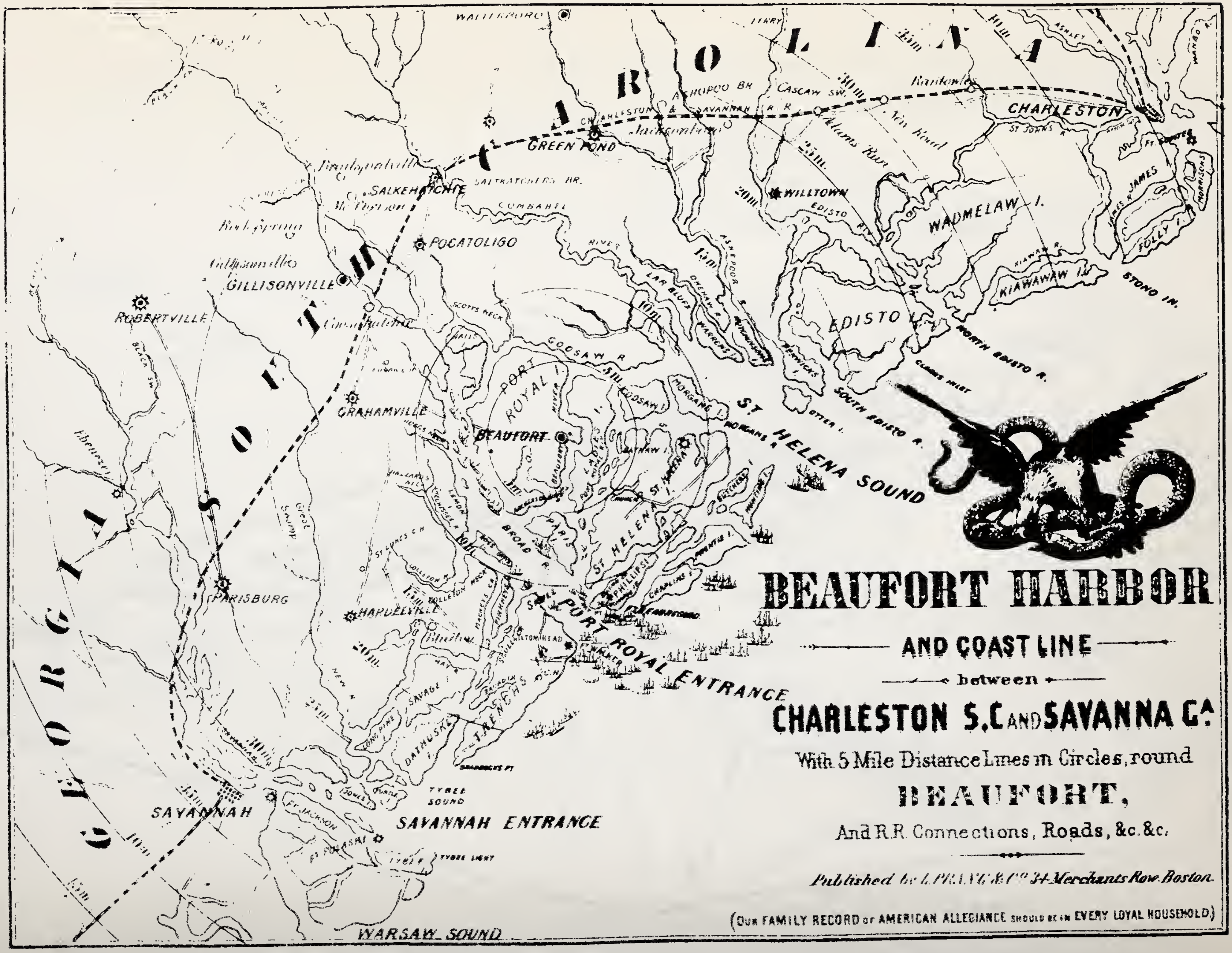
Civil War Work as a teacher at Sea Islands, South Carolina
to establish Negroes on the Plantations......Pages 83-112
He stayed at the Plantation and later the Fort.

The Five Plantations where Tom and Mr. Strong worked.

1. Cotton Hope, William E. Pope (not Joseph) owner (see will of W. E. P.)
2. Fairfield, James Stoney owner.
3. Honey Horn, W. J. Graham owner.
4. Otter Hole, Stuart or Stewart owner.
5. Probably Muddy Creek, owner William Baynard "as evidently worked as a farm school and smaller than Cotton Hope, W. E. Pope's Plantation." V.C.H.


HILTON HEAD ISLAND
1860
N
JENKINS ISLAND
SKULL CREEK
CROOKED CREEK
MUDDY CREEK
CALIBOGUE SOUND
PORT ROYAL SOUND
Fish Haul CREEK
Ellicott
MYRTLE BANK
SEABROOK'S
Stoney
FAIRFIELD
W. E. Pope
COTTON HOPE
HONEY (Graham) HORN
Baynard
SPANISH Wells
MUDDY CREEK
McCullough's
PINEY WOODS Pope or PINELANDS
PINE BARRE or PINELAND TRACT
Drayton
FISH HAUL
CHERRY HILL Kirk
Mathews SAND HILL
Stuart
OTTER HOLE
GARDNER'S
BROAD CREEK
GRASS LAWN
Pope
COGGIN'S POINT
CHAPLIN'S
MARSHLANDS
Mathews
FOLLY Field
LEAMINGTON
Howe & Hart
SHIPYARD or BRICKYARD
Point (Fickling's)
POSSUM (Stoney)
W. E. Pope
Point COMFORT
BARKSDALE'S (Lawton's)
BAYNARD'S Point
BRADDOCK'S Point
ATLANTIC OCEAN

Map used by permission of Mrs. (L. E.) Virginia C. Holmgren, Portland, Oregon, August 1956.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CASCAW SW.
CHARLESTON & SAVANNAH R.R.
Jacksonboro
GREEN POND
SALTKATCHERS BR.
SALKEHATCHIE
COMBAHEE
POCATOLIGO
GILLISONVILLE
Coosawhatchie
ROBERTVILLE
GRAHAMVILLE
BEAUFORT
PORT ROYAL I.
HARDEEVILLE
Bluffton
PARISBURG
Great Swamp
Ebenezer
SAVANNAH
FT. JACKSON
FT. PULASKI
TYBEE SOUND
TYBEE LIGHT
SAVANNAH ENTRANCE
WARSAW SOUND
PORT ROYAL ENTRANCE
HILTON HEAD
TRENCHS I.
DAUFUSKIE I.
BROAD R.
ST. HELENA I.
ST. HELENA SOUND
EDISTO
WILLTOWN
WADMELAW I.
KIAWAWAW I.
JAMES I.
FOLLY I.
MORRISONS
FT. SUMTER
STONO IN.
NORTH EDISTO R.
SOUTH EDISTO R.
ASHEPOO R.
COOSAW R.
Adams Run
New Road
Rantowles
ASHLEY R.
WANDO R.

Map 1861-2 - Trenchs Island is the old name for Hilton Head Island.

CHAPTER XIX

1862

CIVIL WAR 1861 - 1865

THE SEA ISLANDS OF S. CAROLINA BY T. D. HOWARD

I had made efforts to obtain a regimental chaplaincy but without success. Early in 1862, I heard of Mr. Hale* sending his assistant to Beaufort, South Carolina to aid in the work of caring for the colored people who were within the army lines after the capture of Port Royal (Nov.7, 1861). At about the same time the Educational Commission was formed in Boston with Dr. Le Baron Russell as Secretary.

It may here be explained that a large number of negroes remained on these extensive islands, occupying their old quarters on the plantations, their masters having fled to the mainland. Of the previous year's crop there was left also about $300,000 worth of cotton. Secretary Chase decided that the proceeds from the sale of this cotton should be set aside as a fund to be drawn from so far as should be necessary for the care of these people, and proposed that if the benevolent people of the North would by associate action provide superintendents and teachers the government would give transportation rations and the use of abandoned houses for their occupancy. Such associations were immediately formed and sent out such persons as were accepted on examination, the pay being $50 per month.

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*Edward Everett Hale 1822-1909.

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

E. E. HALE - SILK HAT ON SUNDAY

In answer to my letter to Mr. Hale, he replied, asking me to come to Boston and to his house as soon as I could, and he would see me through. Accordingly, as soon as I could get ready I took the stage for Bangor. We were detained by snow for two nights and reached B. Saturday. I went to the house of Rev. C. C. Everett[*] (afterwards P. of E.) and was most hospitably received. The next day I preached for Mr. E. in the morning and for Rev. Dr. Battles[**] of the Universalist Church in the afternoon. Monday I left for Boston and went to Mr. Hale's house on Worcester Street where I staid for four days, having by my delay missed the "Arago" on which the company of teachers sailed from N.Y. This visit remains as a delightful memory.

Sunday noon on our return from church Mr. Hale, Charley and I were in the small study on the right of the front door (the house was rather narrow). Mr. Hale took down from the upper shelf of the book-case a bandbox, not a hat-box, but a full-size bandbox, placed therein his silk hat; shortly after he said, "Charley, what have I done? I have put away my hat and I have got to go to the Farm school this afternoon." The hat was taken out of its repository for further

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[*] Charles Carroll Everett 1828-1900 Professor.

[**] Amory Battles 1823-1892.

Sunday use. A soft hat evidently served for weekday wear.

One of the evenings of my visit Mr. Hale and I were alone and he said, "I have just received the proof of a paper I wrote for the Atlantic; I will read it to you, and he read "The Man without a Country." I was afterwards proud of having heard in advance the story.

When it was time for me to leave for New York Mr. Hale went with me to take the night train and supplied me with a sleeping berth. I asked what made him show me all this kindness. He said, "Aren't you the man that went to Perry and, instead of writing to the Christian Register that it was an excellent opening for a self-sacrificing young man, stayed yourself and did the work?"

At New York there was delay in waiting for a steamer, and I was most hospitably entertained at Margaret Swift's,[35] then living in 42nd St. Her warmhearted kindness I gratefully remember. While in New York I most unexpectedly received an interesting recognition. A regiment of cavalry, or rather half of the full complement of men, each rider leading a horse, the rest of the men to follow, passed down 5th Avenue. As one of the ranks passed I heard my name. "There's Mr. Howard,"[1] one said to the rider on his left. It was Mark Bulmer addressing William Ricker. They were two young men of my parish in Perry. They

never returned. Perhaps I ought to confess that little Mary Swift,[35] whom I was leading, then about seven years old, was so hurried along in my haste to secure this sight, that she said her side ached.

At last we got off, myself and some fifteen other teachers, in the U.S. transport "Oriental." After a rough passage we reached Hilton Head which had been fortified and was the headquarters of the Department of the South, and hence up Beaufort River which is indeed an inlet of the sea deep and spacious, to Beaufort. Here we were met by Mr. Edward L. Pierce[12] government agent in charge of the work in which we were to engage.

In regard to this interesting episode of the war of the rebellion, by which the systematic care and instruction for the freedmen had its initiative, it may be explained here that, with the capture of the Sea Islands, a large number of negroes, the former property of their masters, who had fled to the mainland were left within the federal military lines. There was also left cotton to the value of about 300,000 dollars. Secretary Chase decided that the money coming from the sale of the cotton should be placed in the treasury as a separate fund to be drawn from as far as should be necessary to provide for maintenance of the people to supply seed & farming implements and the use of mules for plowing and, in addition transportation and rations for

approved persons to superintend and instruct the people. Accordingly the offer was publicly made that if benevolent societies would appoint and pay superintendents and teachers, the government would furnish transportation, and the use of abandoned houses for their occupancy. Mr. Pierce[12] was appointed government agent to initiate and carry on the work contemplated until permanent arrangements should be made.

The Freedmen's Commission was the society formed in Boston with Dr. LeBaron Russell as secretary. As an examining board it received applications and passed on qualification. Those approved were promised fifty in cash payment a month and directed to report to Mr. Pierce[12] by whom as before mentioned we were received and assigned to temporary quarters. These were chambers in houses elegant in finish and fixtures, but from which after the capture all furniture had been removed so, that straw on the floor had to answer for beds. Here, while necessary arrangements were being made and individual appointments decided on, we were detained about a week.

Beaufort, the capital of Beaufort Co. on Port Royal Island, was a seaport with a fine harbor and also a seaside resort. It was called the Newport of the South with a population before the surrender of nearly 3000. Its Main Street fronted on the fine harbor. This was entered at right angles

by residential streets on which stood mansions with their fine gardens, residences of Rhett Stuart and others prominent among the advocates of secession.

In this interval of leisure I realized the complete change which had been wrought by my journeyings from the mid-winter of Eastern Maine to the smiling luxuriance of full bloom with which I was surrounded, the slightly raised islands fringed by the living green that bordered their outlines contrasted with the walls of rock which guarded the islands which rose from the waters of St. Andrews Bay. I thoroughly enjoyed the walks I took with new companions and the acquaintances I formed with those who had previously arrived, and later I rode with a cavalcade on the shell road nine miles northward to the Ferry whence we looked across to the men in gray. The changed skies and unaccustomed surroundings gave interest and zest to these few days in Beaufort.

There was moreover the realization pervading our company that it fell to the band of teachers, whom we joined to inaugurate the work of preparing for freedom the liberated slaves, among whom we were to labor. These thousands (18,000 was the estimated number of colored people on the islands), were to receive their first instruction in the responsibilities they were to assume preliminary to that to be furnished to the millions yet to be emancipated. We of the second relay had been preceded

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES
GREAT FAITH OF FREEDOM

by a much larger number who had already entered upon the work. The school of Miss Towne and Miss Murray on St. Helena Island which was to become the well-equipped centre of instruction had been opened. Wm. C. Gannett, whose large ideals were being made practical, was at Coffin's Point while Mr. E.S. Philbrick of Brookline whose technical knowledge was brought into full play had begun his valuable work. Among their associates in their various fields an earnest and devoted spirit prevailed.

When arrangements were completed Mr. Pierce[12] called our company together to receive their appointments. First he gave us general directions as to our duties, but which were in that initial stage "to do the best we could under the circumstances." One precept, however, was that no information was to be given to the people as to their future status, i.e. whether or not they were to continue free -- no assurance as to their full emancipation, there being no authorization from the Government for any statement on that subject. As it proved, this injunction addressed to the teachers was quite needless. I never heard of the question being asked. This people, after the flight of their old masters, and safely protected within the union lines, as if by intuition knew that they would never be remanded to slavery. Altho six months was to elapse before the proclamation was issued, their faith amounted to assurance of things hoped

for: they knew they would never be sent back to their old masters.

The assignment to places were made mostly in twos. Mr. Strong of New York was associated with me, and the place to which we were appointed was the farthest from Beaufort of all, viz. on Hilton Head Island. Mr. Strong was from New York. Although strangers to one another our companionship was a fortunate and pleasant one. Mr. Strong was a Methodist, but that did not interfere with his sense of humor. He was practical and resourceful. He had been for a time policeman in New York when native policemen were common and in the mayoralty of Mr. Jas. Harper, a brother Methodist. Our co-partnership was perfectly harmonious. He was to be the businessman and I the teacher. Our journey was first back to the pier at Hilton Head where we first landed, 12 miles, and then across the island to the Widow Stoney house five miles westward. The Captain and Lieut. of a company of a Pennsylvania regiment were quartered there, but they readily made room for us.

The next morning we set to work. Mr. Strong on horse back to visit the five plantations assigned to us, to ascertain the present need of the people as to provisions, and, also, to assign plots for them to raise their own. In the first quest there came out a trait, the accompaniment of slavery to which

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

PREACHED - HOUSE FULL OF CORN

had become habitual among these long enslaved people. Fear, it has been said, is the mother of lying. "I didn't do it," accompanied by all solemn protestations was their only defence against cruel floggings. Under the new regime they had no fear of ill treatment but another motive prompted to misstatement of fact. It was well understood that the needs found would be supplemented by an issue of rations. Corn was their chief diet and the inquiry was "how much corn have You?", and their almost invariable answer was "None, and have had none for three weeks," although they were observed to be in good condition.

On the next Sunday after the canvass was made I preached at the Graham plantation. The services were in the "Praise house." This was the cabin distinguished among the row of plantation hands quarters by a stack of benches before it. These on the occasion of a meeting take the place of the furniture of the occupants. The meeting in question was in the house of Jack, the acknowledged leader among the religionists, and who had given the usual reply in regard to the supply of corn. The house was full, and the meeting was continued after the benediction as a service of song. After joining in the handshakes by twos, rhythmic to the refrain.

"For I want to die as Jesus died
    And die with a free good will
He lay in de grave and stritchy on the arm,
    Do Lord remember me &c."

Mr. Strong and I went home. On the way Mr. S. said, "Jack has got corn." "How do you know?" "I saw it, and you would have if you had looked up when you prayed." It appeared through the cracks.

While Mr. Strong was engaged in assigning individual plots and providing for the plowing, mules being provided out of the before mentioned cotton fund, and arranging for work to be done, mostly by women, on government account, of which reports were to be rendered by the foremen, and payment to be made to individual workers, I was busy starting my schools. The first and largest was on the Joseph Pope** plantation the largest and most populous of the five, and adjoining the Stoney on the west. The school room was the large parlor of the residence of late owner, and it was well filled with young scholars. There soon followed schools on the Stoney & the Graham plantations which lay next east. I was gratified to hear it said of me, "he taught me to read." I started a good many on that road.

I have told of the impressions received by my first week in the South, at Beaufort, which though less than 3 thousand in population was, as cities go in South Carolina, a city, and had been the scene of fashionable life. Domesticated in this comparative solitude, there was the realization of the atmosphere of plantation life. Although the five* plantations in our charge

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*Stoney, Pope, Graham, Stewart, probably Muddy Creek (W. Baynard.)

**Must be William Pope shown by Will.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

POPE AND GRAHAM JOIN STONEY -MOCKING BIRD

were contiguous (the Joseph Pope and the Graham join Stoney on the east and northeast), not another house was in sight except that in which we lived and the cabins in "the yard" which had been the quarters of the house servants. There was first noticeable stillness, which pervaded the ground, and, next, the monotony of sounds which seemed to emphasize the silence. The mourning dove, heard not seen, constantly reiterated its doleful lament. The song birds to which the sojourner had been accustomed had migrated, and were greeting the morning of northern latitudes. The varied notes and diversified plumage of the songsters were lacking. The mocking bird was one of the first in the Spring to sing.

One exception must be gratefully acknowledged,--the mocking bird, which in South Carolina is a year-round resident. In the extensive grounds of the Stoney house the Althea[*] had grown almost to the estate of trees. These confiding birds made their nests from preference in the branches of those that were close to the house. Their brown plumage presents no claim to beauty, and their form inclines to stoutness, but of their song they were prodigal, and ever delighted the listener with its surprising and melodious changes.

One other feature of our surroundings may be mentioned.

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[*] The Rose of Shannon.

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

GENERAL SAXTON - CHARGE OF THIRD DIVISION

The soil which is said to be composed in considerable part of the remains of minute shell-fish and so peculiarly adapted to the perfection of long staple cotton, has also a luxuriant by-product. In the fields neglected by reason of the war, blackberries of amazing size abound. In no long picking a 12-quart water-pail could be filled were there the domestic demand for their use. In this seclusion we, with the company of soldiers guarding this outpost, were a little community "far from the world," and but for the daily visits of the cavalryman orderly on his round of the posts the days passed uneventfully.

In the latter part of June, I was directed to take charge of the office at Hilton Head of the agent who looked after the interests of the work conducted by Mr. Pierce.[12] Thereafter I rode in from the Stoney house each morning and out at night, five miles.

Meanwhile a change was impending in the matter of government. Capt. Rufus Saxton, U.S.A., who had come out as quartermaster of the expedition which had captured the islands, was made Brigadier General and appointed Military Governor of the Department of the South, which included South Carolina and Florida. His charge was chiefly the thousands of Freedmen resident within the army lines. As a lifelong anti-slavery man the appointment was peculiarly fitting. The work which Mr. Pierce[12] had so

successfully inaugurated came under the direction of himself and his staff. Captain E. W. Hooper was appointed Aide de Camp on his staff, and placed in charge of the plantation business. Over his signature was the general order of Gen. Saxton dated July 1, 1862 dividing the islands into three divisions, and naming a general superintendent in charge of each. I was named for the Third Division, which included Hilton and Pinckney Islands. Soon after an order was issued from the military headquarters authorizing me in that capacity to sign passes for colored people residing on plantations, which passes would be honored by guards. I took possession of two wall tents which had been assigned for our use, the one in front serving for an office, and that in the rear for a bedroom.

My duties were, beside attendance at the office, to receive reports from the plantation superintendents to look after freight designed for Gen. Saxton's department and transmit or seek storage for same, to transact business with the heads of quartermasters or commissary depots or to confer with the proper officers in matters pertaining to civil interests. There was at that time some friction between the military and civil interests as represented by the negro question there being something of the feeling expressed in the,"I did not come down here to free the niggers but to restore the union," and so, in asking for the privilege of storage or for immediate delivery of rations for negroes arriving hungry, I met with some rebuffs,

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

MR. SANFORD - EMANCIPATION

but with proper representations I usually succeeded in getting what was needed.

Indeed, at the chief headquarters occurred interference in the opposite direction. Gen. David Hunter was in command of the Department of the South, one of the oldest of the regular army officers. He was for a wonder an old-time abolitionist. He had, soon after assuming this command, and in the first year of the war, issued an order dated May 9, 1862, of emancipation "to all who had been held as slaves within the limits of the department" declaring that slavery and law in a free country were altogether incompatible. This was true enough. But President Lincoln reserved to himself the right to make such a proclamation and promptly repudiated the order.

Mr. Sanford was superintendent of a large plantation on Hilton Head Island, and two ladies one of whom was his sister-in-law were with him as teachers. John, a colored man, was persistent in his claim for one of the horses, part of the gain - and in use in carrying on the work of the plantation, on the grounds that it had been when a colt given to him by his old master. He finally brought the matter to Gen. Hunter who gave him a verbal order on Mr. Sanford, to deliver to him the horse. He did so on Sunday just before church time. Mr. Sanford, who was a strict religionist, replied that this was no

"JOHN" THE HORSE AND MR. SANFORD

day to confer on such matters. John reported to Gen. Hunter, misquoting Mr. Sanford into saying that he didn't care for Gen. Hunter or any other man. An order was at once given for his arrest. Word was sent to me and I called on Gen. Hunter. He said "John appears to be an honest man" and finally that Mr. Sanford would remain in custody of the Provost Marshall until he should take passage for New York.

I went to Beaufort that same evening and reported to Gen. Saxton. He said, "I can do nothing about it." "But" I said, "it is done in contravention of your authority." "They are doing that all the time." "May I?" "Yes." By the next morning boat, I returned to Hilton Head and to Gen. Hunter's Headquarters. He was reading the Atlantic Monthly. I said, "There are two lady teachers, one a sister-in-law of Mr. Sanford, and the other her friend, and it is important that he should visit the Plantation in their interest." He made no reply to me, but called the orderly and said to him, "Tell the Provost Marshall to release Mr. Sanford." We never heard anything more of "John," the horse or Mr. Sanford. The horse was clearly part of the spoils of the enemy which had reverted on the capture of the islands, to the U.S. Treasury. He continued his work on the plantation.

I have told of my surroundings in the quondam

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

FORT WALKER ON H.H. WHERE THEY MIGRATED

aristocratic village of Beaufort during my first week at the South, and of the solitude and stillness of the Stoney plantation. The next migration was into the Fort (Walker), with its stir and bustle of guard mounting and dress parades together with the sound of axe and hammer in the building operations which were constantly going on, and where was to be my home for the next year and a quarter. But the predominating sights and sounds were martial.

The order under which the expedition to the Sea Islands of South Carolina sailed was, "to take and fortify." They were taken, as before mentioned, Nov.7, 1861. Over a year had been spent in fortifying. The fort enclosed a space about a mile in length and a full mile in width. It was occupied by a regiment of Cavalry and many of Infantry, an Engineer corps and batteries. There had been built before my arrival a residence for the General commanding, large buildings as depots for the storage of quarter masters stores and **commissary**, barracks, and at the northern end of the enclosure a large hospital. There was also a large evaporator for the supply of distilled water. With permits to trade, merchants lined a street termed Robbers' Row carrying large stocks of goods. A Post Office and American Express Office had separate buildings. A large number of carpenters were resident and in government employ, as civilian clerks in the Quartermasters Department: an extemporized city, but without municipal government.

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

LAW OF MEUM AND TUUM - ONE EXCEPTION

So predominant was the military element that the only officer of order was the Provost Marshal with a Company detailed to carry out his orders. As to the civilian element, it would seem as if every man was left to do whatsoever was right in his own eyes. As a rule, the law of meum and tuum was observed. The only exception of which I had any knowledge occurred early in my residence in the territory. Hearing rain fall on the roof I hastened to put out a wash basin to secure the luxury of soft water. It was a pewter basin which I found in the tent when I took possession. In a short time I went out to recover same, and the receptacle, rain water and all, had disappeared. Astonishment at the coolness of the transaction in broad daylight was mingled with grief at the loss. I had no thought of recovery. The article was indeed more mine than anybody else's, but it would seem to have been left by the former owner of the plantation which had been taken and fortified, and perhaps my neighbor thought he had a right to take possession, if it was publicly exposed. I heard of no other such ventures.

CHAPTER XX

THE MESS

I early joined a Mess. At the head of the table was Mr. Severance, Collector of the Port. He was the genial President caterer and business manager. There were about a dozen members. Among them were four newspaper correspondents; Mr. Wilson, a Scotchman, superintendent of construction, a telegraph operator, several traders, and Alfred Purdy, clerk in the Custom House. The last named, a youth, was my congenial friend. We took many walks together. His home was in West Newton. Among the correspondents was C. C. Coffin who for so many years was correspondent of the Boston Journal. He was the butt of many sallies for his method of supplying the Journal with letters. There was nothing to tell of military operations. The original order to take and fortify would as the event proved, and was the original intention, have been the right course. But an expedition probably hastened by popular clamor was in the course of preparation and correspondents were sent to report, but they were delayed there week after week. Mr. Coffin's method was to interview Aunties, and from the material, concoct a story. Henry Villard* who afterwards married a daughter of William Lloyd Garrison and was in later years in business circles as a railroad promoter. When the long-expected

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*Well known Civil War Correspondent, 1835-1900. He went to College in Germany. His son Oswald was of Harvard, 1893.

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

AUNTY'S GINGERBREAD - SPEEDY RECOVERY

& futile attack by land and sea was made he became widely known as the brilliant and graphic describer of the naval bombardment.

One of our number was taken sick and went to the hospital. I called there to see him. He said, "I want some of Aunty's gingerbread." I promised to bring him some the next week. Hearing, however, that he was not well enough to eat, I called without it. He said, "Why you not bring the gingerbread? I dreamed you brought it, you brought in a pan." I did not want to tell him the real reason so I replied, that I had not told a lie for a good while and thought I would tell just one.

"O you oughtn't to tell any." I assured him that I would do so next week, which I did. The nurse said she would take charge of same and furnish him at suitable times. But he begged the privilege of having it placed on the cotton cloth covering of his narrow cot, from which the enveloping mosquito netting hung; he wanted the privilege of knowing it was there but assured her that he would not touch it. On this she consented. When the next morning came it was gone; he had eaten it all. His convalescence thereafter was speedy and not long after he resumed his place in the Mess.

I have told this story considerably more than once.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

NEWSPAPERMAN MR. VILLARD

The most appropriate time has been when gingerbread such as Aunty's, with a shiny dark brown surface is on the table, and the conversation turns on its good qualities -- and I venture the remark that it is excellent in sickness, and, when doubt is expressed or politely implied, I state this fact from my own knowledge, of the result which followed when a sufficient amount was taken at one time.

Our dining room was an extemporized house large enough to hold a long table with sufficient room to pass around it, with a lean-to for store-room and also a cook house which was also Aunty's dwelling. There was livoly conversation at meal-times. The newspaper men out of their large travels and experience were exceptionally interesting. Being stranded there by orders to await attack which was long postponed, they had ample leisure. I would from time to time attempt to furnish Mr. Villard with late intelligence, "I have been informed," and he would break in with, "Yes I presume you have interviewed the men that sweeps out the Quartermaster's Office."

In one of my letters to the Christian Inquirer I told of the four interesting correspondents and Mr. V. who had heard it burst in at noon with, "What have you been writing about us?" Long after (1898) I met him on the platform of Memorial Hall when attending the fiftieth anniversary of my graduation.

CHAPTER XXI

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION JANUARY 1, 1863

1862

Mails came to Hilton Head very irregularly, and telegraphing through the rebel lines was not possible. A mail could be relied on brought by chartered steamboats. Sometimes intelligence was brought by a sailing vessel which had been favored by fair winds, in advance of a mail-bearing steamer leaving New York on the same date. A schooner arrived which left New York just when the result of the State Election which it was feared might be the election of Seymour and a setback to the Union cause. The captain was appealed to for news, and said that when he left there was great cannonading and rejoicing, but the name of the successful candidate he did not learn. A more inquisitive traveller had to be awaited, before news of a Republican victory came to hand.

But in a few days of its issuance Sept. 1, 1862 word was brought of the Proclamation of Emancipation, to take effect Jan. 1, 1863. In due time arrangements were in the making properly to celebrate the day, in which the freedom of these people should be consummated among whom we were laboring, and by their friends. As the time drew near I was directed to call on Gen. A. H. Terry, commander of the Post of Hilton Head and ask for an order for a boat to convey the colored people of the Island to the place where they were to assemble. This was

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

KNOW THAT THEY WERE NEVER TO BE SLAVES AGAIN

readily granted. (There were many boats chartered and lying in the harbor, among them the "New England" whose home route was from Boston to Eastport and St. John, my travelled way for the previous ten years down to and superseded "John Adams" which James[35A] will remember when it plied between Boston and East Boston with a prow suitable for landing on any sloping, sure and suitable for intercourse between the islands.) Terry readily promised that a boat should be provided if needed, "but," said he, "do you think it will materialize?" In the conversation that ensued I could only aver my confident hope, but the question indicated the fears among earnest patriots that some compromise or agreement would take the place of emancipation.

Among those immediately interested there was no such doubt. As I have said, they knew that they were never to be slaves again. They realized through their confident faith what would come through the logic of events.

CHAPTER XXIA

JANUARY 1, 1863 FREEDOM

The place selected for the celebration was the Smith plantation on the broad and deep Beaufort River and on its right bank four miles below Beaufort. It was named from its last owner, the historic name was "The Old Fort Plantation," from the remains of the Spanish fort built when Spain possessed the vast territory afterwards transferred to France and finally bought by Jefferson.

These relics consisted of two what would seem to be boulders, but which were really masses of concrete, "more enduring than brass," which stood out of the shoal water a few feet from the shore.

This plantation was ideal for the occasion. The house faced the water and before it was an extensive lawn shaded by immense live oaks, from which abundant streamers of hanging moss was suspended. Our boat lay at anchor, and others on the beach, and the interesting exercises preceded the barbecue. Early in the afternoon the assembly broke up in order that those from a distance should reach home before dark.

If this joyful occasion may be termed sublime in its significance, I will make a dissent suggested by the name of the superintendent in charge,--Mr. Hyde. Mr. H. was a sanctimonious religionist of the strictest Presbyterian school, and a much older man than the average of the superintendents.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

STAPLE ARTICLES FOR NEGROES AT COST - MOLASSES VERY THIN

In common honesty he was, as will be seen, conspicuously lacking.

It had been arranged to furnish negroes on plantations with certain staple articles at cost, bought at wholesale and brought down on govt. transports free. Among these articles was Molasses, delivered in barrels on the plantation to be sold at prices fixed at Headquarters.

From the Smith plantation complaints were brought in that more than the right price was being paid. Mr.Hyde was reprimanded. Soon after came in another complaint that the molasses was very thin. On this Mr. Hyde was dismissed, with, of course, a free passage to New York.

Not long after Mr. H. reported to me as a missionary on Hilton Head Island presenting a certificate signed by Mr. M. French. Of Mr. French I will only say that he seems to have been a missionary sent down by some society, with no connection with the work of which Gen. Saxton was the head, nor with me, and that with his rotund form, oily address, and assumption of authority his daguerrotype would furnish a good illustration for one of Dickens's Peeksniffs.

I knew something of the transaction at the Smith Plantation, but desired written information, and so wrote to Capt. Harper asking what I should do in the matter. He replied

at once that Mr. Hyde's appointment as superintendent having been withdrawn, he had no footing in the Department and it would be the best for him to leave for New York by the first opportunity,- which he did. It is only fair to say that this was the only like case that came to my knowledge.

CHAPTER XXII

TAX COMMISSIONERS

Soon after the beginning of 1863 the Tax Commissioners, a board of three, appeared at Beaufort. The land of the county of which Beaufort was the capital, having come into the possession of the United States, this board was appointed to assess, fix upon the taxes and advertise, warning owners to appear to take the oath of allegiance and pay the taxes. Two only responded to the call. The rest of the land (excepting the two plantations which these two secured), were to be sold at auction for non-payment of taxes. It was decided to divide a considerable portion of the land into ten-acre lots, which might be bought by the freedmen individually.

It was interesting to see how almost universally these people turned out to the auctions, and how their hoardings came forth to make first payments on their purchases. The transformation was wrought from compulsory laborers on the plantations to owners and tillers of a portion which for each was his own home.

I hope in a future chapter to tell of a visit made to these islands twenty-five years later, and of the dwellings erected on the acquired acres in place of the huddled "quarters" of the field hands of old, arranged for the convenience of the driver in summoning them to their work and of my inquiry at the tax-collector's office where I was told that

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

NEGROES GOOD TAXPAYERS WHEN SEEN AFTER 25 YEARS

the colored people were good tax-payers, and also heard of the large values of the products in cotton and garden truck of their holdings shipped through the hands of the merchants at Beaufort, all showing the transformation wrought by twenty-five years of freedom. An account of a later visit on page 197.

CHAPTER XXIIA

GOOD-BYE TO PORT ROYAL

As we have seen, the summer of 1863 was eventful to the colored people of these islands in establishing them as the owners of land which they had formerly cultivated as slaves, their titles to same being guaranteed by the United States government. The summer and early autumn had passed without special incident in my experience, except for a brief period of yellow-fever. This was confined to a limited area, at which a sluggish stream empties into the harbor, at the mouth of which excavations had been made bringing to the surface decaying vegetable matter. At this point were the headquarters and residence of Gen. Mitchel,* a successor of Gen. Hunter of astronomical fame. He was one of the first victims. In all, about fifteen died.

I had fixed upon October 1st as the time for resigning. Twenty months had passed since my leaving Perry in February 1862. We were living that winter in the George Chadbourne house at the request and invitation of Mr. and Mrs. C. We closed our house and brought with us Olivette Stickey who worked in our family. Mr. & Mrs. C. and Lucy were spending the winter in Eastport. The arrangement involved the keep of ourselves and horse Jerry. Sarah[11] fulfilled our engagement and in the Spring bravely took up the work of finishing the house which I had enclosed in the previous Autumn. Meanwhile

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*Gen. Ormby McKnight Mitchel 1809-62 Astronomer and soldier.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

FANNY BLACK - WIFE SARAH FINISHES HOUSE AND DOES GOOD WORK

she[11] arranged to board at the old home of which Clara Stickney, a favorite sister, was the head. Fanny Black was with her for some months while Dr. Black was surgeon in the army. Driving with Fanny the two promoted the forming of the soldiers' Aid Society. They were also active in raising money for the purchase of a melodeon for the church and other good works for the town.

SALLY B. HAYWARD WRITES

The Beginning of the Howard School in Springfield

Agassiz School in Cambridge. She Boarded at Mrs. Samuel Howe's....................................112-140

Her Childhood in Springfield, and the Visits she made..141-168

CHAPTER XXIII

CATHARINE HOWARD SCHOOL

1863

Although the reminiscences contained in this chapter cover a long succession of years, it seems best to place it under the date of the central event in our family history - that of the beginning of the School. The sketch incidentally furnishes the reason for the changes, enlargement and extensions of the house which are suggestive of the growth and prosperity of the school during its 27 years; and the building stands, at 297 Union Street, well kept and adorned, as its memorial. At a supper of the Connecticut Valley Harvard Club, a few years ago, I met Mr. Jones who was spending a year in Springfield superintending the inside finishing of the Fire and Marine Insurance Building. I mentioned 297 Union St. as the house where my sisters'* school had been. "There," said he, "I said when I passed that house that I would rather live in it than any other house in town," and added that it looked as if it had been extended, raised and added to just to suit the convenience and meet the needs of a big family. I told him that was just what had been done. T.D.H.

Tom[1]** wanted me to write what I could remember about the beginning of the School; it may be rather vague, but I know how much I should like any of the recollections of my Father[13] and Mother,[14] so will write something, however poor.

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*Catharine Howard School.

**Sally B. Hayward writes.

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

THE BEGINNING OF THE HOWARD SCHOOL

I will go back to the time of Mother's[14] death in October 1855. She asked Mr. Wm. Ames as her last request to send me to school for a year and he consented.

She felt much troubled about Emmy[22] and me in that respect; she wanted us to have the advantages that the older ones had had. Until that time we had been taught by Sophy[2] and Kate[20] even after we left the Public School many years before.

I do not know how I had heard of Mr. Agassiz's School, but I had set my heart on going there.

Kate[20] was passing the Winter at Mrs. Judge Lyman's in Cambridge and she made the arrangement for my going in February at the beginning of the half year. The School was started in the autumn of 1855.

Mrs. Lyman advocated a school kept by two Miss Lymans as a superior one to the Agassiz and said, "There is a halo about that school just now," implying that it would cure her, but it had no effect on my feelings, and I had my way and was very glad all my life as it was one of the most delightful years I ever passed.

I boarded with Mrs. Howe[*] and became most fond of them

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[*] Mrs. Samuel Howe's house is now the rectory for Christ Church, Garden Street, Cambridge.

all, and they had Dr. Howe's[*] family take me in as one of them so that I always was asked to dine at the Doctor's every Thursday with the family, which was a great deal to do for an uninteresting school girl with no claim on them.

I was dressed in my deep mourning black crepe collars and cuffs, a bombazine bonnet trimmed with crepe for best, and one less nice for school. (They would look strange enough on a girl of seventeen nowadays coming down behind with a cape and away over the face.)

For Class Day and Summer I had a thin crepe bonnet, that was Mrs. Walker's, and a black silk mantilla that Miss Mary Howe had lent me, but I had a beautiful time, but not the kind that girls have now.

I went to the services, which were held in our church, and I saw the dinners on the Green and the outside of things, and went to the President's reception in the evening.

Grace Hooper lived at Mrs. Howe's too; she was very handsome and had some fine clothes for Class Day. I know we went to the church together, and I think were together more or less through the day and Albert Brown was with us.

That May of 1856 Lizzie[19] became engaged; it was great excitement in the family. We were very anxious about her

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[*] Dr. Estes Howe, father of Lois and son of Mrs.S. Howe.

health, and marriage was the last thing we thought of for her.

She went to Saratoga in June and saw Dr. Mütter of Philadelphia and he said if she could go to Cairo and pass the Winter he thought she might live for ten years, but she must eat a lot of butter a day and all the cream she could get down, as long as she could not take cod liver oil, but she found afterwards that she could, and when she went to Cuba after her marriage she took a box of cod liver oil, another of whiskey and the three things brought the cure.

In the Autumn of '57 Nellie Brown and Grace Heath came to Mrs. Howe's to board in the place of Grace Hooper. Nelly was very homesick, and Kate[20] thought I was hard on her. She was passing the night with me and I heard Monica, the lone girl, up with a toothache. I flew out of bed up to her room. Kate[20] said "You are the queerest mixture I ever saw. I think you need marriage to soften you," but I felt Nelly was very babyish, but she was really a person of strong character, but had never been away from very indulgent parents. We became fast friends.

Her brother, Albert, wanted us to see an opera. I did not in the least appreciate then how much it was for him to do, as his means must have been small. His friend, Charlie Black, went too; he wanted to see us see an opera for the first time, and I was determined that he should see no sign of greenness in

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES

SALLY SEES OPERA

me, which showed how green I was. He was quite fashionable.

I wore muslin gloves as I had no others. It was Lucrezia Borgia, a fine cast, Amodio, Brignoli, Adelaide Phillips, and after the opera, we went somewhere and had supper.

Albert also took us to see a play, in which there was a ballet.

I supposed all would get up and go out, as it seemed to me so improper, and I was so surprised to see them all sit still and look at it.

I used to be asked to Judge Seth Ames[*] to tea occasionally and once Fisher took me to see "The American Cousin." I remember that I insisted on paying my fare in the cars, which was a queer thing to do when a young man invited me to go to the theatre with him, but I was a greeny in many ways.

Alice Whitney was the first girl who spoke to me at school and asked me to go home with her at recess. I was delighted and so grateful to her and became great friends, also with the girls who lived with them, the Stetsons.

My year at the Agassiz School came to an end in February, '57. I felt so badly not to be able to stay through the year that I wrote to Kate[20] to see if the family would not

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[*] Judge Seth Ames married Margaret Bradford

approve of my taking some of the money Grandmother Dwight[27] left me. She left her Granddaughters $700 apiece, but Emmy's[22] and mine came up to $1,000 before we grew up, but she answered me that they felt it was best I should not do it, and she added she thought I should find a great deal to interest me at home. They had a sewing machine which was a new thing then. So I had to give it up most reluctantly.

Mrs. Hillard came often to see her Mother* and she kindly asked me to stay the rest of the year with them and read History with her and study Geometry with Miss Nourse, who lived there and taught in Mr. Williams' School, but I did but little, I am ashamed to say, for they were both too busy to undertake anything of the kind.

Mr. Geo. Hillard gave me some copying to do for his Readers, but he said my writing was too consumptive of paper so that did not amount to much, but I saw a great many agreeable people, who came to their Sunday evening receptions. Mr. Andrew (later Governor John Albion Andrew), Mr. Whipple with Prof. Rogers, Mr. Savage and many others.

Mr. and Mrs. Lieber** made a visit there, and they were dear friends ever after.

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*Mrs. Samuel Howe.

**Professor and Mrs. Francis Lieber of New York.

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES

SALLY'S EXPERIENCE IN CONCORD

Mrs. Hillard took me to the opera; it happened to be the same opera and cast that I saw before with a different primadonna, Gayiniger.

Mrs. Hillard was most kind to me always doing and getting things done for me.

My clothes being old or dyed gave out in a most alarming way, so I had to have a new dress. I had the waist cut and basted by a dressmaker on Winter Street who told me her usual price was 75 cents, but I was so small she should ask only 50 cents. The skirt was perfectly plain and I made it all; the fit was not what it is expected to be now, but the dress had an unhappy experience. I went up to Concord in June to stay a few days. Mr. Jim Higginson was rusticated there and he was very devoted to Sophy Ripley.* I presume he wanted to take her out on the River, but instead a crowd was put on him. Mrs. Seth Ames in all her fine clothes, Lizzie Bantuf, little Eddy on a stool (of a trunk of wood that weighed a ton) and myself. Mr. Higginson dropped his oar, and in reaching for it, the boat went over and all of us went into the water and went dripping up to the house.

I had expected to go in the morning on the train, but was left out. My bag was at the station, so I had no clothes,

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*Later Mrs. James Bradley Thayer.

but what I had on, but Mr. Ezra Ripley was going to Boston, so he sent it back, and I had a purple calico dress in there that I wore down the next day. My other dress was all shrunk up and the black and grey all run in together. I went home soon after that and Mr. Hillard came up and passed Sunday and I showed him Springfield in a buggy chaise.

Either while I was at Mr. H. or just after I went home I found that Mr. Agassiz wanted a teacher, so I asked Mr. Hillard if it were possible to get the place, for Kate;[20] she wrote to Mrs. Agassiz and then I had a little correspondence with Mrs. Agassiz which ended in her engaging Kate[20] who went there the next Autumn, 1858.

Emmy[22] went there also as a scholar, sent by Cousin Lewis,[48] and enjoyed her school life as much as I did. Grace Heath boarded at Mrs. Howe's for several months with Nelly Brown and me, and I kept up an intimacy with both of them as long as they lived; they both died soon after they were engaged, Grace to Mr. Higginson of Concord River Farm, and Nelly to Louis Weld of Hartford.

Emmy[22] was one year at the Agassiz's, and then Mrs. Samuel Ripley invited her to come and live with them, and go to Mr. Frank Sanborn's School which had just been opened with great éclat, and she had two delightful years there, which I will leave her

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES

WEDDING - THE TIFFANYS' STAY AT SPRINGFIELD -

to describe.* (from notes Emmy[22] gave me)

I will go back to the Summer of '56. I spent my vacation at home, all the family were busy preparing Lizzie's[19] trousseau. I went back to school in September but came back for her wedding on October 16, 1856. Mr. Butman met me at the train in Worcester to give me a white dotted muslin skirt of Miss B.'s, then Kate[20] and I retired to the back bedroom and concocted a lovely waist to go with it, and it was a very pretty dress. The wedding was small, mostly the two families, and directly after the pair departed for New York and Cuba.

The next Spring Lizzie[19] and William[36] came back to Springfield and passed the Summer, and we spent that year in making a small wardrobe. They went to Baltimore for the Winter and on November 26, 1857, Otto[37] was born. The next Summer Lizzie[19] came with her baby and nurse; he was the joy of our lives.

Mary[21] and I used to throw him from one to the other, how Lizzie[19] could let us I can't see for he weighed 30 lbs. at five months, and if he had weighed only 10 lbs. it was most dangerous.

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*She stayed at the Old Manse and became like one of the family. The friendship lasted through life. She was much afraid when she went to bed that a chest near her door contained "The Lady of the Mistletoe Bough."

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

THE FIRST PUPIL - NONIE SLEIGHT

In the Autumn they went back to Baltimore and the family at home was very small, for Lue[18] was away a great deal and Mary[21] made a long visit to her school friend, Helen Wright, in Binghamton where she met Alex.[38]

Sophy[2] and I used to talk a great deal about what we could do to utilize our house and earn some money. I felt as if we might take half orphan children of rich men; we saw the death of Mrs. Wood, the wife of Fernando Wood the mayor of New York with a very unsavory reputation, but she left a large family and he had plenty of money, so we talked constantly of the Wood children as our charges. Sophy and I used to sit up unnecessarily late, often till one o'clock for no reason whatsoever; we ought to have been more saving of oil for future wars, all the time telling ourselves that he was living on his principal.

If I had felt then as I should have now, I could not have eaten charity bread, but youth takes things easily, though we were worried enough, and really did advertise in a New York paper, which resulted in Nonie Sleight of Texas coming to us in 1860.

She took the most violent fancy to Mary,[21] as everyone did, so that till Mary[21] was married in the Autumn of 1860, she was her charge and a good deal of a trial, as she was not

attractive; she had been spoiled by a colored nurse who was either indulgent or too stern; the nurse came with her, and her violent fancy for Mary^{21} was a blessing in making us quite willing to part with her; we were thankful to have her go.

I remember a horse show in Springfield that Autumn where we spent three entire days, taking our lunch with us, and Nonie stuck to Mary^{21} like wax. That was great fun to us then. After Mary^{21} was married, Lue^{18} took charge of Nonie, and then she went to school; she was with us for three or four years.

After a while we ceased to hear from her Father and all the business was done by his lawyer in New York, and we began to fear that she was to be left on our hands for life. So we told this man she must be taken away. Finally, a lady who had a school in New York came and took her away, and she was with her till she grew up.

Emmy^{22} came back from school in 1860, and in the Autumn opened a small school with Annie Hart, Minnie Harris, Mary Chapman, Abby Bliss, Lucy Brown and perhaps one or two more. Mr. Hillard had as his wards the Misses Grays, the youngest one (Carry) was rather a problem and he proposed to send her to me to read History and study a little with the other girls, but they were a good deal younger and I think she never did anything but with me, and that was not a great deal. She was very amiable and most attractive to manhood , and we had a lively

mister, he belonged to a private theatrical company. Mr. Morrell was the manager and chief actor, and Lizzie Ames the star. He was the best manager that ever was and kept all up to the mark; he enjoyed it very much. The final performance "Still Waters Run Deep" given in Haynes Theatre by request for some charitable purpose.

Carry Gray did not act in it, for she had an impediment in her speech, which was most charming to the men.

We went to a ball one night and all three of us slept so late the next morning that Father[13] came out and told us the scholars had been there for hours; there was no one else at home at that time.

Kate[20] broke down after three years with Mr. Agassiz and had to go to Brattleboro for the water cure for that Winter, and Lue[18] took Nonie and went on a visit to Collinsville, I think.

Sophy[2] went to Fort Laramie in May, 1860 as she will tell; she was not at home that Winter. See pages 69-82.

I remember when we were getting her ready. I kept singing "it may be for years and it may be forever," practically unceasingly; at last she said, "I wish you would not sing that any more."

Carry Gray left in June, 1861, and I went to North Conway with Sara Howe[*] and Lizzie Folsom; we boarded at

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[*] Daughter of Mrs. Samuel Howe.

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES

MT. WILLARD - WALK TO JACKSON THREE TIMES

Merrills' for $4 a week, a good table as neat as wax and very agreeable people in the house, the Hubbards, the Misses Cochrane, the Whitwells and other young people, Slattery and Arthur Parker, nice fellows, the latter went to the war, which had begun and was lost in the wilderness. We drove somewhat in these big mountain wagons, but walked more, climbed mountains and waded up the beds of brooks.

We walked to Jackson three times, by the three different ways, and grew so ambitious that we planned walking to the White Mountain Notch[*] (25 miles,) ending the walk in going up by passing the night at Stillings, the half-way house, and making the whole tour in the third day. We had to carry a waterproof, as well as our night things on our backs. It began to rain before we reached Stillings, and by the time we were there, our things weighed a ton. We reached the Crawford House so early the next day that there was a long time before dinner, and we were nearly starved for we could not eat at Stillings, the food was so intolerable. So we ordered some bread and butter and ate that and then started for Mount Willard. We found a young man there from Merrills' that we knew and he joined us; he said he went up Mt. Willard in 20 minutes, and we were bound to do the same and I did, I believe. I think Lizzie did not try it, she was too sensible.

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[*] Now called Crawford Notch.

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES
CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY
SIT ON TOP OF STAGE

Our dinner was the best thing I ever tasted, and we ate like pigs. I remember how stuffed I felt; it looked so like rain, and this young man was going back in the stage all alone, so he urged us to go back too, and we decided we would, as we had been up Mt. Willard and that was the chief thing to do.

We all sat on the top of the stage and had a jolly ride back. We wanted the driver to take us to our house, which was out of his way, and over a very steep hill; he said he would if we would sing all the way.

Mr. Cabot and his daughter Sarah came later and she joined us in our wadings, etc.; they were going away by the way of the Notch and proposed that we should get up a party, and fill a big wagon and come back the same day.

Mr. M. did not like to do so much in one day, but he consented and so we had another view of the Notch, and also from Mt. Willard, which is one, all by itself, for you look down this beautiful Notch that looks like a green cradle.

Before we got home, one of the horses gave out, which showed why Mr. M. did not like to do so much in one day.

Lizzie Folsom did not stay as long as we did, but Sarah and I kept up our walks and one day we crossed the river to go to the Ledges, we really walked all day, except when we were eating our lunch, and when we got back to the river, we missed the ford and wandered up and down till we got desperate, and

finally waded right through the river with the water up to our waists. It was late when we got home and we sat down to tea in our wet things, and that was the end of walking.

Mr. M. said we must have walked 25 miles. We had intended to walk up Mt. Washington by the way of Tuckerman's Ravine and see the ice out, but we had to give it up, and went to the glen in the stage, and drove up the mountain in a wagon with the John Bachelders of Cambridge. The views going up were beautiful, but we just had glimpses through the clouds at the top, and our one desire was to get to a fire, we were so cold.

We had a large room with two big beds. Sara and I got into one, and as soon as the lamps were out, we heard a paper running across the room and moving under the bed; we did not dare to get out, but rang for a light, and when we got it saw the remains of our lunch in a paper by a hole under our bed, we threw it out the window and got into the other bed.

I went to Cambridge from there and stayed at Dr. Howe's. Lizzie was engaged to Edwin Huston, who was staying there and every afternoon, we four used to take a beautiful drive with Mr. H.'s horses.

From there I went to Bristol where Lizzie[14] was living in a furnished house, the most forlorn place I ever saw. Bessie[39] was 3 months old and very much afflicted with Colic; poor little Otto[37] seemed to be left very much to his own devices and as William[36] came back from Northampton and was anxious to stay on there,

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES

DEATH OF OTTO AND NATHAN UNSOLVABLE GRIEFS

So Lizzie[19] let me take Otto[31] home with me; We had to start very early of a September morning so that he wore his winter coat wool padded, and I was so afraid he would take cold, I kept it on all day, and the poor little fellow's cheeks looked on fire, but he made no fuss.

I failed to say in the right place that I passed the Winter of '58 or '59 with Mrs. Howe's. Miss Mary went West and Laura was teaching in Brookline, so that she could only be at home on Sundays and they wanted a daughter for Mrs. H. Nelly Brown was still there at school and Lizzie Folsom came for Sundays with Sara, so with Lizzie and Sally we had a lot of young people and I enjoyed my Winter very much.

The next year in the Autumn of '61 Maggie Plumley came as a scholar which consisted of reading History and French with me. She tried a little arithmetic, but it was no go, we enjoyed our life most thoroughly; we read Dumas' novels, and when the weather permitted, sat in the garret a most delightful place to us.

Lizzie[19] spent a great deal of time with us at different times before Bessie[39] came and no child was ever more charming than Otto,[37] and Maggie cared for him as much as we did and when he died in '62, wore black for him in the same way. His death and Nathan's[40] were the two insoluble griefs of my life; they were so sudden and left such desolation; to

Father,^{13} Otto's^{31} death was such a blow that he could never touch the piano again though he had been in the habit of playing Psalm tunes constantly, and it was a great solace to him.

But to return to the Autumn of '61. Kate^{20} was at home but not able to do anything in the way of teaching; she came home one day from a walk and said she had met John Ames, who was recruiting for the Army, and he said he was coming to call, and after that he was constantly at our house and soon came there to stay as his boarding place was so poor.

Kate^{20} was the only one of the older ones at home. She had to go to bed early, and she said it was funny to be there and hear us downstairs say "Pass" and then someone sang a few bars and then a little conversation.

John Ames was ordered to Boston about Thanksgiving and later to Northampton and we saw him occasionally till he was sent to the front.

Later on in the year Mr. Choate came to Springfield for the same purpose. He had a letter to Mr. Walker, who brought him to our house to call and he became a frequent visitor. He was a most agreeable man, but was a Martyr to Neuralgia and had to leave the Army, and a year later, he died.

The summer of '62 we went to Compton where we were in sight of the Presidential range.

Kate,^{20} Mrs. Plumley and Maggie, Emmy,^{22} Sara Howe,

SALLY B. HOWARD NOW WRITES

PROFILE HOUSE-THE FLUME

Miss Mary Howe, Katie and Anna Howell, a girl of about 13 or 14 and myself.

We drove all the time, our party filling the wagon, in fact, I think there was no one else in the house. It rained or was cloudy so much that we could not see the views, but we visited every waterfall in the neighborhood, and they were most beautiful.

We sang all the time, which Mr. Durgin liked.

Miss Butman (later Mrs. King) joined us for 3 days to go to the Profile House, and we had 3 lovely days, the only ones in 3 weeks.

We drove up one day (25 miles) passed one day there, going to the Flume and all the interesting places, and drove back the third day.

We found the house packed; they had to take us in. Mr. and Mrs. Durgin had a room and Mrs. Howe and her two charges, and I think Kate[20] and Mrs. King, but I know there were five of us in one room.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayland were staying there; he saw our names in the book and came to speak to Kate,[20] and told he saw three Miss Howards and (one cot) but we had a beautiful time.

Later our party changed. Mrs. Howe went home, and Mr. and Mrs. Bliss joined us and Mrs. Bond for a few days.

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

SLEEP IN THE GARRET - EMMY HAD SCHOOL

The Blissos came for an excursion to Moosilauke. Mr. Durgin took us in his wagon; our fate pursued us, for it began to drizzle soon after we started; one of the party began to fret a little; Mr. Bliss said, "you cannot have comfort and pleasure too;" he was always cheerful and bright, no matter what happened.

We passed the first night at a little house at the foot of the mountain. Mr. and Mrs. Bliss had a decent room and so did Mrs. Bond and Kate[20] but Sara, Emmy,[22] Maggie and I were put into the children's beds in the garret, just as they were tipped out of them, and I never knew anything so dirty; it was too dark to see, but not to feel it and we could hear the children and mice scrabbling around under the eaves.

no¶We slept in our water proofs; we passed the next night on the mountain.

no¶In going up Kate[20] and I used a horse somewhat, but I hated it.

no¶ It was a rough sort of hotel, all the men sleeping in one room and the women in another room on cots. After that Mr. and Mrs. Bliss went home and soon we did.

Emmy's[22] school was in the back bedroom, but not as you remember it, after it was made four times as large.

I think Annie Carr came as a boarding scholar while Emmy[22] had the school, and later in the year, her older sister

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES

MR. SMITH'S WIVES - N. NORWAY, MAINE

Mary; they came from St. Augustine and were both nice girls, especially Annie.

The Summer of 1863 Kate,[20] Sara Howe and I went to North Norway, Maine. We went to Bethel to be met there by a landlord, who was "as drunk as a lord," but happily he only carried our trunks; his daughter was there to drive us. He had to go through a ford and we fully expected our trunks would go to the bottom, but they didn't.

Mrs. Smith and the daughter were as nice as could be, but as we arrived on Saturday night, unfortunately we were much alarmed by the people who arrived, so Sara and I left one downstairs room and went in with Kate,[20] barricading our door and thinking we should leave the next day or Monday, but after that we settled down to the sweetest mildest place and stayed our time out. There was no house near us, but we used to go to see Mrs. Smith's father, who lived half a mile or more away. He had been married three times and so had his wife, and the different ones were discussed with the greatest freedom. His first wife was a Howard he said, and he would gaze out of the window into the distance and say, "she was a beautiful woman," then his wife would join in and say "he thinks no one was ever equal to his first wife." She showed us a bed quilt, a treasure, and said the "second woman did not take good care of it."

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

THEY TAKE A TRIP - LAKE UMBAGOG EXCITES INTEREST

One morning there appeared at breakfast a man who had brought a party down from above and he told us about his camp on Lake Umbagog, and fired us with a desire to go there; he was a most interesting man; he sent specimens to Agassiz being employed by him; he was full of enthusiasm.

I suppose we wrote to Mr. Bliss, Emmy[22] and Maggie, for they joined us. They had spent the night at the Parker House and Emmy[22] put her purse under her pillow and forgot it. She wrote back for it, but no such thing had been seen; it had $10 in it, but I suppose she had more somewhere else; still, money was not too plentiful. I think Mrs. Plumley came too, but am not sure.

We three had short dresses, but Maggie and Emmy[22] had to have something improvised and our resources were small. Emmy[22] wore a linen petticoat of Kate's[20] that was in a bad state before the end.

We passed the first night at the Rich's house on Lake Umbagog; they had a large family of children and every kind of wild animals in cages ready to send to some scientific man.

They were the most devoted pair. Mrs. Rich said if you cannot trust your husband with the bait on one end, you would better not marry him; of course he was a skilled boatman, as well as hunter.

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES

ARRIVE AT UMBAGOG LAKE - "AS MAD AS A HATTER"

The next day we crossed the lake in a steamer to the camp between Umbagog and Welokenebacook* Lakes.

We had to make a trip of four miles, of course on our feet and a very rough road too. The camp was just a wood affair with a few rooms partitioned off with a main room with a fireplace. There were four men there beside our party, one a minister from Philadelphia, a friend of his, and two young men from Boston, Mr. Shute, a hatter** and his father-in-law, Mr. Estabrook, as nice as they could be.

Sara Howe said we must be careful not to say "as mad as a hatter."

There were lots of good views and we sang no end especially on Sunday morning as we sat around the open fire.

We were starting in on "The Shining Shore" the minister with his eyes shut singing most fervently when Emmy[22] jumped up to knock a coal off his stocking. He started in again and the same thing happened, then he cried, "Miss Howard,[22] if this happens again, let me burn up." He was a very agreeable man and we heard later that he was so stained by the tar and oil he had used to keep off black flies that he could not go back to his pulpit for three months; he looked like an Indian when

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**One who makes or sells hats - Webster.

*Now Lower Richardson Lake, Upper Richardson was then Molechunkamunk.

we saw him; he was very dark to begin with. We passed a day or two at the camp and rowed on the lake with a will and ate the delicious fish, brook trout that grew to a great size in the lake, sometimes 12 lbs. Then we went up the lakes making our carry of half a mile when Mr. Bliss and Mr. Rich had to carry the boat, a great clumsy affair, which was too much for Mr. Bliss, and he thought he had burst his lungs, but he felt later it was from drinking so much strong tea, but he was spry enough that night and it was rather aggravating to have Mr. Rich say he could have had that pair of oxen we saw, to take it over. Mr. Bliss said, "Why didn't you?" He said, "It would have cost a dollar."

One night it rained and we had to camp in the heath under the boat. Mr. Rich said he had never camped a party so rough as he did us. Mrs. Plumley and Mrs. Bliss did not go with us up the lakes but stayed at the camp. When we got back there we found the two young men had returned and had composed a poem in our honour, bringing in all the names of our party.

Our next point was Dixville Notch, the camping party was reduced to Mr. Rich, Kate,[20] Sara, Emmy[22] and myself, as the others decided to go to a small Inn that there was on the way, and it grew so late that we could not wait to find a nice place to camp and finally settled down in a big field where cattle were in some parts of it.

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES

KATE TAKES THE SCHOOL SALLY ASSISTS- CAMP OUT

The grass was rank and wet, a forlorn sort of place; but we had a fire but very poor coverings. We had heard so much of bobcats up there that we fully expected one to attack, and when there was a hoot down the road we were sure our hour had come and were not reassured by Mr. Rich's saying, "Ladies, I will defend you with my life." But it turned out to be our dear young men who were camping farther up and heard in some way about us and came down to bring us thicker woolen blankets; we could have hugged them; it was fun to have our evening call in Dixville Notch, of course we joined forces the next day and had one more delightful day together, our last. We did some pretty hard climbing when the men had to make steps of their knees. Kate[20] said she felt as if she could actually hear our little man's knees crack under her. I think it was Mr. Dole whom we met, also an old man up there who was feeding cattle, and he said, "These roads are as good as any communicating roads you ever saw."

That was the last of our doings that Summer, the Blisses, Mrs. Plumley, Maggie and Emmy[22] went home, and later the rest of us - Kate,[20] Sara and I.

That Autumn Kate[20] took the school with me as her assistant. Kate[20] had the front bedroom for a schoolroom, which had been Lue's[18] bedroom, and I had the back one for a

recitation room, and it was also Kate's[20] and my bedroom the first year, then we had the wood shed raised and a room made there for the girls with a stairway landing from the kitchen where the brick ones used to be; and then we had the room that was the girls, and a real pretty room it was.

The Winter before Mr. Wood[*] came to our house to see about a governess. He had met Mr. Trask on the train, who had advised him to do so. I saw him and shall never forget the interview. I think I should have gone if he had not needed a person who could teach Music. This and finding we had a common friend in Mrs. Plumley resulted in sending Mary and Julia to school, the latter was there for five years. At first it seemed doubtful which would be master, she or Kate,[20] but after a battle royal Kate[20] won out, and I think it was one of the greatest victories, for it made her feel equal to any willful girl after that, and I think she never had one who was more so. The interview was on the front stairs. That Winter Father[13] was taken sick with an eruption and Dr. Logan said he could not tell till morning whether it was small or chicken pox. You can imagine what a night it was for us with four girls in the house, but happily it proved to be chicken

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[*] Charles P. Wood of Auburn, N. Y.

pox, which was rather a joke for an old man.

The next Summer Kate,[20] Sara (Howe), and I went to Lancaster, N. H. to the hotel and had a very pleasant summer. The clerk at the hotel was a splendid driver and a very interesting fellow, Johnny Melcher, and he drove us a great deal. Sara Howe said she would not be afraid to drive down Mt. Washington with him. As she is the most timid person that ever lived, it was the highest praise.

The next year we had Eva Parsons from Auburn and Sally Curtis from Philadelphia. They had to have Father's[13] room, the one over the dining room and he went into the one over the back school room, where he slept ever after.

The next Summer we same three went to Binghamton to visit Mary.[21] After a long visit there, Sara Howe went to see Mrs. Carter, while Kate[20] and I went to Auburn to visit the Woods and had a delightful visit there. Then we met Sara and went to Niagara, Hetty[*] and Jimmy Wood going with us, and I think Mr. Wood, after that Kate,[20] Sara and I parted from them and went to Trenton[**] Falls, then home.

The next Winter the school was still larger. Mary Wood was not well and went away, so Mr. Wood had Hetty come

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[**] Not far from Utica, New York.

[*] Henrietta S. Wood.

VISITS MRS. LIEBER - EMMY ENGAGED - MET JIM WINTER BEFORE

in her place.

In the Spring I was very poorly and went to New York to visit Mrs. Lieber for a change, Hetty taking my place until the Spring recess, when she came to New York and thought she met her fate as I introduced her to Hamilton* and his family. I had visited the Liebers before and then Norman was at home.

That Summer Emmy[22] became engaged in June. Kate,[20] Sara Howe and I went to Mount Washington in the Berkshires. Hatty Bliss and Clara Howe went also, but the latter was so homesick that she had to go home. It was a rough place to board; there was no change of plates, and Mrs.-always did the waiting in her sun bonnet while we were there.

Cousin William and Helen Russell, and Jim Hayward[35A] drove up there; they were taking a journey. They took us over to Bash Bish** Falls, a lovely place.

I had met Jim[35A] the Winter before as I passed the Christmas vacation with the Wheelwrights and Kate[20] at the Haywards'; she knew Molly[41] before any of us did.

Kate,[20] Sara and I went to West Stockbridge to board and liked the place very much; then Emmy[22] and Nathan[40] joined us. We took trips to Stockbridge and the six came to Lenox and all the pretty places about there. Then we went to the

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*She did marry him, Captain A. Hamilton Lieber.

**Near South Egremont, Massachusetts.

Catskills expecting to join the party in which Jim[35A] was, but they had left sooner than they said, and we were grievously disappointed. The Mountain House was crowded and we had to come to the second table and it was second food, too. Nathan[40] was so angry with a waiter that he could hardly keep his hands off him and Sara Howe said, "The bullet heads. I should like to knock them together," absolutionist as she was.

I am sure that was the first time I ever saw any of the Hayward family and it was the next Christmas I passed in Roxbury.

The next Summer I visited the Haywards and planned to go to Mount Desert with Mary;[41] then Margie[42] wanted to go so much that it was settled that Lizzie Russell[*] should come up and stay with her Aunt[43] and Uncle[43] before we went.

I made a little visit in Lancaster on the Mansfields.[**]

Annie had been in our school the Winter before. She had the little back room that led out of ours. Then I met the Haywards[41-42] at the boat; it was the first time they had ever both of them been away at the same time.

We went first to S. West Harbor. We did not like the hotel at all. We went up Somes' Sound and then decided to drive across the Island to Bar Harbor. We went to Hermes,

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[*] Elizabeth H. Russell, daughter of William S. and Mary W. (Hayward) Russell.

[**] Julia Wood married James H. Mansfield; see page 136.

EMMY WITH HAYWARDS - SALLY ENGAGED - LIZZIE SIMMONS

which was the best place, but had to room out, it was so full. We had only been there a few days when we had the telegram that Nathan[40] had Cholera. It was Saturday night, so the only thing to do was to pass to Bangor by wagon, which we did, passed the night there and heard no more till we reached Portland, where we had the telegram telling of his death.

I went home with the Haywards[41-42] where we found Emmy[22] who stayed on there for some months until I was married, when she soon came to live with us.

After leaving Roxbury, I made a visit at Dr. Howe's in Cambridge. I was just engaged.[35A] From there I went to Concord to visit the Simmons[34] and proposed to Lizzie[34] to take my place in the school which Kate[20] carried out, as Lizzie[34] and her mother both took to the idea, of course it was only a suggestion on my part to see how they felt, then as now you know, she was there nine years.

The Mansfields, Helen and Sarah came that Autumn and Sophy[2] took my place in the school.

Lizzie[34] did not come till later. The school was so much larger they needed more teachers and Kate[20] rearranged them constantly, as well as the rooms she used, but all that is within your memory. (This was for the older generation.)

Lizzie Simmons[34] said she wore some of the dresses that I left behind, when I was married. She tells of a black poplin with blue embroidered figures on it that belonged to Mrs. Bliss. She is such a truthful person that you must believe it, incredible as it sounds. (By Sally B. Hayward)

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES

CHAPTER XXIIIA

SALLY B. HAYWARD - CHILDHOOD

After reading about the beginning of the school Daisy has asked me to write what I remember of my childhood.

When I was three, we moved from the house on the hill in government ground next to the Arsenal to the house on Union Street, and I remember distinctly two rooms in the house we had left, so I know I can remember a little before I was three years old.

My sister Amelia[44] was born when I was four and I remember coming in one day in the Winter time, and her untying my hood; that must have been before she died.

I also remember seeing her after she died lying in her cradle in the parlor with an orange blossom in her hand, that Mrs. Ashmun[*] had sent from her famous tree, and her funeral, for we all went to the cemetery in a stage coach, or so it seemed to me.

I was not very strong, so it was decided that I should go to Mrs. Towne's School in the house diagonally opposite, where Lizzie[19] and Sophy[2] went, instead of going to the Public School with Kate[20] and Mary.[21]

I think it was when I was there I came home at recess and Amelia[44] untied my hood. So I must have been five that Winter. Homer Foot was the only other one as young as I was,

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[*] Mrs. George Ashmun.

and we sat on a bench behind Mrs. Towne's chair on each side of her, but could communicate behind the chair.

I remember telling one of the big boys that Lucy Ashmun wore red flannel nightgowns not having the least idea that there was any harm in it, but she did not feel the same as she was a great belle (she must have been about 12) and she cried; then I was overwhelmed with grief and cried too, so she had to turn and comfort me and drew me up the hill on her sled.

The next school I went to was Miss Holbrook's near by us on School St. She was a lovely teacher, and it was a nice little school.

We used to sing the multiplication table every day, and it became firmly fixed in my mind. Emmy[22] went there too, but they found we were not in the district, the line came across the corner of our piazza, so the Committee put us out, and we had to go up on the hill to school in the same building with Mary[21] and Kate.[20]

I went into the primary school at first and can well remember my teacher, Miss Stebbins, and what a long neck she had.

I soon went into the next higher room, where Miss Eliza Lee was my teacher, as pretty as Miss Stebbins was plain, but I liked her no better in spite of it.

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES
SALLY GIVES A PRESENT OF A RIBBON SHE FIXED

The greatest punishment we had was to have to sit in the boys' side, between two boys. I do not remember that I ever had to do it.

From there I went to the highest room, where Mr. Barns was the Master. That room took up the whole upper floor with the two recitation rooms, for he had two assistants and I came under those, as I was one of the youngest day scholars, or next to it, and I did not stay long enough to come under Mr. Barnes' tuition; one of the assistants was a Miss Stebbins, as short as the other one was tall, and a Miss Bodurtha, to whom I took one of those great fancies that children are apt to do.

She taught us singing as well as other things, and she had a way of sticking out her lower jaw when she took a high note, which I tried to imitate, as I admired all she did so much.

I wanted to make her a present, so I rummaged in the ribbon box, and found two pieces of pink ribbon, which had been handsome in their day, but were soiled, so I cleaned them with a recipe I had, of equal parts of molasses, alcohol and water, iron while wet; the molasses is supposed to give the stiffness of a new ribbon.

I know it was considered so excellent that my Cousin Fanny[30] called upon me to clean a silk dress for her which I did. I cannot think of her now as ever wearing such a thing,

but she did.

Kate[20] went to the hill school for a time, and we carried our dinner in a tin pail and met at noontime to eat it, but I think it was only for a short time that Kate[20] went there, for she had a terrible illness when she was about twelve, when there seemed no hope of her life, and in her delirium she was doing examples in Mathematics all the time, and the Doctor stopped her going back to school there.

She did not go to Public School any more.

There is only one thing that I associate with Kate[20] on the hill. There were two colored girls who came to Mr. Barne's School named Jane and Mary Foster. I suppose race prejudice angered then as now, and they were tormented in some way and made angry, for they threatened to come back at noon and kill us all, and the little band who stayed gathered together in the upper room and locked the door fully expecting to be murdered. Our relief was infinite when Mr. Barnes and the scholars began to come back.

I had two special friends, Carry Smith and Nancy Shepard. Carry was a lovely girl, one that Mother[14] much preferred to Nancy Shepard who lived on Mulberry St., a little above the School, and their garden ran back nearly to ours, so we just went across our garden and the next one and climbed the fence at the foot of their garden; then the

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES
MOTHER'S PUNISHMENT - MINDING MOTHER

Shepards lived on School St., and their garden joined the Smiths, so it was easy for us to get together across lots.

Nancy was rather the leading spirit and used her power over Carry and me by "getting mad" as we called it with one or the other and then going home with the one in favor, for our lives parted at the top of the hill.

I always remember my indignation with Nancy at one of these times. When she called after me, "little runt." I did not know what it meant, but I did know it meant contempt.

I used to get off to see the girls without Emmy,[22] and when she ran after me, I called her tag tail, and I remember a good "calldown" from Mother[14] once for it. Fortunately for me I was outside the window and she inside or I should have had a box on the ear, the only form of punishment she ever used, and I do not remember that more than once.

We had to mind, but we had the greatest freedom and indulgence as far as her interfering with anything innocent.

We could roam the country over to pick berries or dandelions, or flag root, provided she knew what we had started for, as there were no tramps to fear.

There was one rule she made that we must not come home from school by the way of State St., and one day I broke it, and had to go to bed early, and Lucinda[18] came and talked to me of my shortcomings and told me I had not treated her well

of late. I was mad enough with her to brain her but said nothing. She thought Emmy[22] and I ought to mind her, but Mother[14] said, if we minded her that was enough.

Emmy[22] was more conscientious than I was and never disobeyed and I not often, for as I said Mother[14] never made any galling rules, and very few of any kind.

Mother[14] used to send us to bed. I knew if we kept still, she would not notice that we had not gone, so when Emmy[14] tried to pinch me and say, "Mother[14] sent us to bed."

I told her to keep still, till at last, Mother[14] would rouse up and say, "Children, I told you to go to bed," then we went.

Father[13] was very indulgent, and never took any hand in managing us; he was very fond of children, so that the only time I ever remember his punishing me, I think he regretted having begun.

I was a little thing and removed Tom's[1] handkerchief, when I returned it, Father[13] told me to say "thank you," which I would not do. I had bare arms, and he slapped my arm until I did, but I held out a good while.

I remember asking Mother[14] if I could not go to the Methodist picnic with Carry Smith. It was to be in Northampton and the whole expense was 25 cents. Mother[14] said No. I suppose I was much disappointed and Father[13] came in and said,

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES

EXCURSION TO BOSTON - JENNY LIND - CHRISTMAS

"Betsy, I think you would better reconsider," so she did and I went, but I was so sick I did not enjoy it at all, my usual fate on such excursions.

I went on another excursion to Boston, that was the most unexpected thing. I came down to breakfast one morning, and at my place and Emmy's[22] was a silver dollar. Father[13] said there was to be an excursion of school children to Boston to see a panorama, State House, etc. We were to go with the money or keep it, of course we went, and Father[13] went too.

There were crackers and cheese on the top of barrels in the station in Boston for refreshment.

We saw the Panorama, the Common, and I went to the top of the State House, but I can only remember the misery of it.

After Jenny Lind sang in Springfield in Dr.Osgood's Church, and we heard her from Grandmother's[16] home opposite, Emmy[22] used to say she could say she had been to Boston and heard Jenny Lind.

There was no notice taken of Christmas when I was a child, we went to school just the same. I remember my first indulging of a desire for a present. It came on Monday, and I was in hopes Father[13] would bring home some candy Saturday night, but I saw he had nothing, but still hoped he might get something on Sunday at the Druggist, but it did not occur to

him, I suppose, or I am sure he would have done so, but later I remember that we did have a lovely Christmas, when Lizzie[19] dressed two dolls for Emmy[22] and me, which were the greatest surprise; the presents were in a pillowcase, and Father[13] drew them out one by one, and these were in at the very bottom.

I was always ready to go away from home and visit at the Ashmun's or Uncle John's[25] or Mrs. Bliss's, but Emmy[22] would never leave Mother,[14] so she did not make these visits at all. Lizzie Ashmun would come up and ask Mother[14] if they could take me home, and I was only too ready to go. I used to hear the older ones ask Mother[14] if they could go to such and such a place, and spell it so the younger ones could not understand, so I asked if I could go to Mrs. P.R.S. meaning Mrs. Ashmun, who loved children and petted me a great deal.

My cousin Margaret[35] was the cousin I liked best for she was the one most fond of children and the one who used to take me home. I remember being there through a snowstorm and she made me 2 dresses out of one of hers. She was most expert with her needle, but said she preferred to revise the proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine" to "A stitch in nine saves time," she was as quick as she was expert.

My cousin Hannah Williams[33] used to stay with us half the time, and when I was 4 or 5, she took me home with her to Wethersfield, Conn. for a visit.

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES
WETHERSFIELD - COUSIN MARY AND LIZZIE AND SOPHIA

I can remember how "journey proud" I was to start off in a "hack," and I shall never forget how the corner of Union and Maple Streets looked to me as I rounded it.

We went in a little steamboat that ran on the Connecticut between Springfield and Hartford (the one that Dickens travelled in) and said it was a half pony power. I fell down the Cabin stairs, but I do not remember it.

I was made so much of there, as they were all relations and genuinely fond of children, and I remember being stood up on the kitchen table on my arrival, as all teams drove close to the kitchen door, and got out on that dear old stoop. Nothing can ever be as delightful to me as Wethersfield was, as a child, everything about it had a halo. I was taught to tell time by the big clock in the kitchen, but it may have been on the next visit.

I took a violent fancy to Cousin Sophia[*] and named her "None so pretty," and Cousin Mary[45] "Sweet William," but do not know what I called Libbie,[46] she could not have been more than fifteen. She told me later that they were much amused at my way of dressing. I stripped off my nightgown and sat down in the entry to put on my shoes and stockings, a daily bath was not thought of then.

I went to Wethersfield a good many summers. I knew I

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[*] She was the daughter of John Williams and his second wife, Mary (Dyer), widow of Ebenezer Silliman.

was there a good while the summer before Cousin Sophia died, and went to school in the lower part of the vestry. There was a little unfinished room at the back where the shafts of the hearse came up over the half partition. I do not know what we went in there for, there was nothing in it, but a sort of bench under the one window. That summer I was Cousin Sophia's charge and slept with her. I went another summer after she died and Cousin Mary[45] was married and I was the charge of Cousin Lizzie[46] and went to school in a Carpenter's Shop.

Miss Grace Staunton was the teacher and I well remember the pot hooks I made, as that was the way writing was taught then and with a quill pen.

I went one day at recess following in after the big girls, with no idea where they were going, into a house and seeing an old man who had died, and how I was haunted by his face after I went to bed, but did not dare to relieve my mind by telling what I had done, as I knew it was not a proper thing to have done, though it was very common in those days. I made a good many friends and one I liked especially, Eliza Griswold, and so did Cousin Lizzie;[46] she was one of her Sunday School scholars, and she invited me to take Tea with her in the grape arbour.

Cousin Lizzie[46] always read to me on Sunday afternoons in books of Bible stories, so that I was very familiar with

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES

SALLY WANTS TO BE AN ORTHODOX - COLLINSVILLE - WETHERSFIELD

them; we always sat in the back garden, I in her lap. I also went to church and shall never forget the smell of "meeting-seed." So many women used to come with a sprig of Fennel or Dill to nibble at, so that the church was thoroughly perfumed.

Aunt Williams[47] was deaf and sat in the front pew with Deacon Stilman and other deaf people and they all had ear trumpets, so that Robbie Southgate called them Dr. Tucker's band; he did not know that they did not make music on them.

After I came home, I went in early one morning and wakened Mother[14] up and told her I wanted to be an Orthodox. She said, "If I felt the same way when I grew up, I could be," with some, — I should have been allowed to join the church like 'Father and Son' and be an example of early piety.

I cannot remember how early my visits to Collinsville[45] began, but I can remember how rejoiced I was, when Cousin Mary[45] proposed taking me home with her in her carriage as they used to drive back and forth; it was a lovely place, and I used to go to the Collins a good deal to see Lillie, it just seemed like a story book.

When I was several years older, I went to Wethersfield and passed the Winter with Cousin Libbie;[46] that time I did not go to School, but she taught me at home, and I shall never forget the hard words she taught me to spell, such as daguerreotype, hemorrhage and the like; she made little books

for me to write in; she filled my stockings at Christmastime and made much of me in every way. I was her constant companion.

I had one friend that I saw a great deal of, Susie Daggett, a cousin of R. H. Dana, who was passing the Winter with her great Aunts, as I was with mine. She had to have her head shaved and wore caps, so she was in retirement. We used to play games with each other, and played cards, backgammon, etc. and used to whisper into the dice the doublets we wanted till Susie had a fit of conscience and said it was wrong, so we gave it up.

I was very homesick for Wethersfield after I came home, and once when I was sent into the entry to get a chair for my first meal, I muttered, "they treat me like mud."

I was very fond of Ellen Bliss and used to stay with her a good deal.

When I was eight, I should say, she asked Mother[14] if she could take me to New Braintree for a visit to her cousins who lived on a farm -- you can well imagine what delight that was to a child of eight.

It was a large farm of 640 acres, carried on by Mr. Gleason, his son and son-in-law and four or five hired men who all ate at the table with the family.

Then there was Mrs. Gleason, Mrs. Hamilton, Frank, a nephew of Mr. Hamilton who was my age, Ellen and myself,

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES
MAKING CHEESE - JUMPING FROM LOFT IN BARN

so it was a sort of patriarchal arrangement that you do not see nowadays.

Then Mr. Gleason's other son lived near; he had a wife and two children; I called them Elbridge, Josiah and Hannah just as Ellen did, till she suggested it would be more proper for me to say Mr. and Mrs.

I think they had a hired girl to do the roughest work, but all the family worked hard. There were thirty-six cows, and I used to go to the pasture with Frank to drive them home, not that I should have been much use, if they had tried to turn off the beaten track.

The milk was all made into cheese, and it was the greatest interest to me to watch the process from the first stirring of these great tubs of milk with rennet, to the last turning of the cheese, and taking them to the train in Brookfield, which I did with Josiah Gleason.

It was the haying season, and one of the men always took a jug of whey to drink but most of it was run into the pig trough.

Mrs. Hamilton always examined all the cheeses every morning and did a good deal to them, beside turning them, and I always went with her, and she made me a little one to take home, which I used to turn every morning, I am told.

One of our great pleasures was jumping from the loft

in the big barn down into the three haymows as the hay was very low in them; the first and second were easy, but the third was nearly as high as the barn itself.

Ellen and Frank did it, and I was determined I would not be outdone, so at last they went off and left me there; finally I did it, but I struck my tooth into my knee, which I know caused the early trouble in it, but as I still have it, know by experience that it does not kill the nerve. (This was in 1910).

Suddenly Ellen gave up all this jumping and told me later that she saw me come within an ace of hitting my head on a pitch fork. I was unconscious of it, but our sport was ended.

I remember one day, being sent to the well house for some butter, it was a little way down the road; in coming back, I dropped a little piece of it on the ground. I stuffed it into a little hole in the bank and never told of it, I am ashamed to say. I should have felt much better if I had; it showed lack of moral courage.

The only time I can remember Mother[14] going away from home till after she was sick, was, when she went to Dorchester to visit the Emerys, and in coming home, she met Mrs. Phelps and her children, who were coming to live in Springfield at the corner of Union and Maple Streets. Mother[14] took a great liking to Mrs. Phelps and told her she would send Emmy[22] and

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES

SALLY STEERED WITH HER FEET - DANGEROUS DRY COAST RIDE

me right down to see the children, and after that we always saw a great deal of Nelly and Charlie Phelps.

We used to do a great deal of coasting in the Winter on the hill in front of the house, which was very steep; it has been cut down since and there was great rivalry between sleds as to their swiftness.

When Tom[1] was a boy, Father[13] had made him a sled of the box kind (more like the modern pigsticker). He named it "Velox," and it was well named for it was very swift. The Ashmuns had a sled of the firmer kind called "the farm," that was also fast, and the older ones used to compete.

These sleds came down to us, and I used to go down the hill in "Velox," and I think it was as much pain as pleasure, for when you went over the "thank you marms"* you hardly knew whether you would come down in the sled or the ground, but it was exciting, especially when the coasting was at its best, and you could go over both hills without leaving your sled on the level between them, but only the fastest sleds could do it. I could steer with my foot behind, which was thought more scientific than "straddle-bug" but I think Emmy[22] always stuck to the latter, and would not go to the top of the hill.

We had a go cart that we used to play with a good deal in the Summer, and one day we thought we would do a little dry ground coasting; it was a heavy clumsy thing, but we took it up to the top of the hill.

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*A hump in the road to give a horse a place to rest as the wheels will hold the weight of the carriage.

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY
RUNAWAY SALLY STOPPED - GO TO SLEEP MELISSY

Nancy Shepard and I were to be the horses, and Emmy,[22] and Charlie Phelps were to be the passengers; we did not even have the sense to have them sit back of the middle in it, but sat right in front, so all the weight came on the horses,and also foolishly we started on the run instead of holding back with all our might. After we started, Nancy let go and stood at the top of the hill, shouting with laughter and I with the rest, shouting back, "You mean thing"; of course we tore down the hill, the children perfectly terrified. Everybody rushed out of their houses, as if it were a real runaway, as it was, but it makes me shudder to think of what would have happened if the handle had hit the ground, but I managed to slow down after a while and was highly commended by Bill Coolidge who lived at Mr. Flagg's, and was one of the witnesses, who said he could not have done better himself; we never tried it again.

When the children were young, Mother[14] had what is now called a "Mother's helper," a paid friend or companion.

When I was very small, Miss Harriet Clapp lived with us, and must have taken special charge of me, as Mother[14] had a younger one. I called her Haslett and she called me Melissa, for we had a man who did the chores and many other things, and took me out in the baby carriage. He was reading "Colmego and Melissa" so he gave me that name and used the refrain, "Go to sleep, Melissy, go to sleep Melissy," so that it became a byword in the family.

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES
MRS. LOGAN TAKES SALLY - GRANDMOTHER HOWARD

All that was left of the baby carriage when it came down to us was the wheels with a champagne basket on top of them, but I suppose it went down through eight children and the modern ones could not do that, but I think they are used more steadily.

I remember going with Harriet to stay a few days at the Edward Chapins, who lived on the corner of Howard* and Water Streets, and waking up in the morning and finding Harriet crying. She had let me sleep till I waked of my own accord. I believe Mr. Ames wanted to marry her, but she said No.

I remember perfectly Mrs. Logan coming and taking me up to her sister's, Mrs. Conins, on State St., to pass the afternoon and to her setting me up on the entry table to go visiting, but why Mrs. Logan should have taken me, I cannot conceive; it must have been before Hatty was with us and I very young. I enjoyed it immensely.

No record of my childhood would be complete without telling of my Grandmother,[16] my Father's[13] Mother (née Williams) and the only grandparent living when I was born; she was a lovely old lady and handsome.

She lived alone, as far as her family was concerned, but the Marsh family had the larger part of the house, for the care of her. She had the two best rooms, the lower south ones. It was a beautiful old house with an entry running

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*Howard Street was named for Bezaleel Howard.

through it, doors at each end, the front one was a double one with a handsome brass knocker on it; the back door a latch one opening into the backyard and garden; there was a beautiful wide staircase with such pretty carved rails, and in the hall, a landscape paper above a dado.

Her rooms were long square rooms with great fireplaces, the only way of heating, in the chimney side of the stairs. They were wainscotted on the rest of the dado; by the side of the fireplace was such a pretty cupboard with carved shelves, and by the side of it next the wall, a set of drawers built into the wall. The rooms were connected with a large closet, and both were furnished as bedrooms, as she was supposed to have guests in the front room, but I do not remember any in my day. There was a side door on the Marsh's side that led into a little entry between their two lower rooms, and they used that mostly, then there was an attic or garret, as we called it. That would fill a child's heart with joy, so large and full of old treasures and with the good old smell of dried herbs.

There was a large garden and barn, where Mr. Marsh kept a horse and cow, although it was almost in the centre of the town. It is said of Grandfather[15] that when he was asked how he could bring up a family and educate them on his salary of $500, he said, "We have 365 Indian puddings a year and I raise my own corn," and he had his grandchildren to dine there every day, as it was too far for them to come home for dinner. This

SALLY B. HOWARD NOW WRITES

SALLY STAYING AT GRANDMOTHER'S - LITTLE BOOK - WHOLE EGG

I have heard from the older ones. One of the duties of the four young ones was to dine at Grandmother's,[16] two at a time. We much preferred to go home, though we were very fond of Grandmother,[16] but it was more cheerful especially at night, for we often had to pass a night there, and then it was all alone.

I remember staying there once for a week or more and really enjoying it. I managed to find some things to play with, and there was always the blocks that Grandfather[15] had made for the older ones. I was rather beyond them then, but we used to use them to walk on like a railroad sleeper, for they were like them in shape and very large for blocks.

She had very few books that we cared for, most of them were religious ones, for these were what she cared for most and read constantly and was always making extracts for us. I have a little book that she made for me with a cover made of wallpaper.* Then she had no idea of a child's capacity for eating. So when we remonstrated against her for not letting us have a whole egg, she would say, "Well, eat a whole egg and kill yourself." Of course, that was in joke, for she was the gentlest and sweetest of human beings.

She never thought of going out, though she was perfectly well, though once in a great while, she went to church

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*This book is now owned by Sally (Hayward) Draper.

and then had a carriage and I remember Emmy[22] driving home with her as it was her turn to dine there, which made up for not going home.

As I remember, Mary[21] and I usually went together, and Kate[20] and Emmy,[22] they were much more conscientious than we were, and I doubt if they would have done what Mary[21] and I did. There was a row of Plum trees on the edge of a bank in the garden, for the house stood four or five feet above the street on a bank, and when these plums were ripe, our Sunday morns were pleasant, but Grandmother[16] did not wish us to shake the trees on Sundays, so we used to run as hard as we could and throw ourselves against them, which had the same effect.

Dr. Osgood's[*] Church was opposite, and another occupation was watching the people going to church, through the blinds as Grandmother[16] would not let us have them open and be seen; that was in the front room in Summer, for it was not heated in Winter. There were pretty window seats, where we sat to look out. It was terrible for Emmy[22] to have to pass the night there, but I remember once, Mother's[14] making her do it, and that night, the barn of the next house burned, and they had to pack up ready to move, so when she came home, she was looked upon as quite a heroine. Grandmother[16] was always

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[*] Reverend Doctor Samuel B. Osgood, minister of the First Congregational Church. Bezaleel Howard, Jonathan Dwight and others seceded from Church.

MARY'S EXAMINATION - MARY AT FARMINGTON - HIGH SCHOOL FOR MARY

saving something from her meals that were brought in on a tray, to give to any one of her grandchildren who came in, a cookie or a doughnut, and sometimes she forgot where she had put them away; one day one of the family called on her and she said, "I have nothing to give you. I have just given Sophy[2] a doughnut that I had lost for a fortnight."

When Mary[21] went to the High School, I think she dined with Grandmother[16] every day, as it was close by her, and far from home.

My excitement when Mary[21] was taking her examination was as great as when Nate[6] took his for Harvard; I was so anxious for fear she would not pass; it was a three days' affair, and I can just see how she looked, dressed in a blue and white striped gingham, made with a sack waist and skirt, a sack was quite the style. I think Mary[21] went back to school till she went to Farmington for one year to Miss Porter's where she made her lifelong friend Mrs. Wright and many others, but not all life long.

She had several come home with her for Thanksgiving vacation, and others the next Summer; in fact, we had always lots of visitors.

I often wonder how we had so many, for our means were so small; indeed they grew to less than nothing or rather diminished. We had cousins who came (the Packards) every Summer, and each one invited their friends.

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY
VISITORS - THEY ALL ADMIRED MOTHER

Lue[18] was always bringing home children from places where she visited to relieve a friend, and they were a great delight to us younger ones; once it was Johnny Emery whose daughter married a Japanese to his sorrow. Another time Wendie Head, now one of the Boston millionaires, with the dearest little boys that ever lived, later, when she was keeping house for Judge Seth Ames, she brought home Pelham, he was my age, and he was about twelve or thirteen, but he liked Mary[21] best, as everyone always did. It used to make me quite indignant to have our cousins, who were my age or younger stick to Mary.[21] It was the same with Laura Flint when she used to stay with us, sometimes with her Mother and once with her sister Lizzie, that time we went down town and bought a lot of candy, but she had a fearful attack of conscience and said her sister Lizzie's purse was always open to her, but she ought not to have spent so much money and wanted to go back and take the candy and get back the money; it was a blow to us, but fortunately she was not able to do it.

Pelham was a very nice boy, and quite a hero to us children especially to Nancy Shepherd, who admired him very much. I told him, "I believe she would run her legs off for you," he said, "I have a good mind to try her."

All the girls and young people who visited us admired Mother,[14] and I think she liked them all; she was always the centre of everything. Many books were read aloud, and she was always the reader.

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES
MOTHER VERY FAIR DISCIPLINARIAN - EMMY FEARFUL

When Lue[18] lived in Lowell, she became acquainted with the Princes, an English family who came over for the Print works there, and Miss Prince and her Mother came to visit us, but only for Sunday. They were very agreeable people, but did not happen to suit me. They say, that when Grandmother[16] asked me how I liked Lue's[18] friend, I answered, "pretty high strung," which amused her so much that she told one of the older ones, but I think it was perfectly true. She made me so angry one day. I had got to the age where I wanted to sit around with the older people and hear the reading or the conversation and was always allowed to do it, but I daresay it did not suit Miss Prince's English ideas, for when I left my workbasket on the piazza, and it was tripped over in the dark, and I was much disturbed, she said, "Good enough for you for leaving it there."

I knew Mother[14] did not like it any better than I did, for I got only sympathy from her and the rest of them.

Mother[14] preferred to do all the correcting herself and was never severe unless we deserved it, and that seldom if ever happened, for we had no desire to disobey and loved her too much to give her pain or trouble, and she had that power of commanding obedience without your feeling any resistance. Once in awhile she would get out of patience with Emmy[22] for calling and calling after she went to bed for someone to come and look under the bed to see if there were any bears there,

MRS. JOUETT AND BABY - JONATHAN BLISS & SONS - GRANDMA DWIGHT

and as she was in a trundle bed, it would have been impossible even if there had been any bears to go there.

One visitor who made a great impression on me as a child was Mrs. Jouett with her baby and nurse; she was half-sister of our cousins "The Flints" and great Aunt of Grace Flint. She had the nurse hold the baby under the pump every morning, and have the icy water run all over him and he shrieking. The water had to be let down every night to keep it from freezing and in the daytime too. It was very cold weather, for our kitchen was a great barn of a place with a wood stove, that just warmed a small space around it. It almost killed Mother.[14] She thought it was so cruel and enough to kill the child, and that with some of her other theories did, for he did not live a great while. He was a beautiful child of six months or so.

One of the great treats of our youth was the visits of our cousins, the Blisses. One of the four Worthington sisters[49] married a Bliss,** a Tory, and went to St. John, N.B. to live; she was called the learned sister, and was highly regarded by her Father[51] on that account. (Mary Worthington)[49] Two years after her last child was born, she died, and he* was sent to his Grandmother Dwight[27] to bring

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*Henry Bliss (later he became a distinguished London atty.)

**Jonathan Bliss, son of Luke Bliss of Springfield. He was Harvard 1763, member of Mass. Bar. Being a Loyalist he removed to London about 1776, thence to New Brunswick about 1784, and was Attorney General of that Province for 24 yrs. He married Mary Worthington in 1790. He became Chief Justice of N.B. in 1809 and President of H.M. Council for life.

up; a box of silver had just arrived from England; it was not opened but sent to Grandmother Dwight,[27] just as it was; it is the two silver baskets for sugar and cream, and the teapot with a pineapple on the top that Helen[8] had; it all came to Mother[14] and was our best.

He[49] lived with my Grandmother Dwight[27] till he grew up, and she loved him as well as if he was her own child; he was very bright and attractive.

There was one story told of him that was so funny. Grandmother Dwight[27] made him a pair of suspenders, the first he had ever had; he put them on, walked up and down in front of the glass saying, "In these on earth I will appear, then go to Heaven and wear them there."

He[49] was near the same age as Mother,[14] and they were more like brother and sister than cousins. Tradition has it that his feeling for Mother was stronger still, but Mother[14] did not say so. I think it was frowned upon by the elders and considered a boy and girl affair, which I presume it was.

Grandmother Dwight's[27] house seemed to be open to all the nephews and nieces that needed it. Cousin Hannah[33] Williams lost her Mother who was Sophia Worthington. She spent most of her time there, and indeed lived at our house always as much as in Wethersfield, so that she was a part of my childhood. She was our cousin by Father[13] as well as Mother[14] and she died at our house.

MR. AMES - UNCLE HENRY BLISS, COUSIN WILLIAM, COUSIN LEWIS

William Ames[*] was a problem at home on account of his oddity, and was sent up to Grandmother Dwight;[27] he was Mother's[14] age, and often rather a mortification to her from the queer things he would do; for instance, he walked with her, on the way back they passed the pasture where the cows were kept, and it was his duty to drive them home, so he stopped and let them out and then joined Mother[14] again in the procession. When Grandmother Dwight[27] asked him why he did it, he said, "I thought I might as well get them as I was passing, as come home and go back looking for them," but of course it did not suit Mother's[14] idea of propriety. All these cousins were devotedly fond of Mother,[14] Mr. Ames used to say, next to his own Mother, he cared more for Mother[14] than for anyone in the world, and as you know, he always spent three months of the year in Springfield and used to follow Mother[14] around like a little dog from room to room.

But to go back to the Blisses, Uncle Henry[49] as we called him, became a lawyer, and went to England to live, and was one of the Queen's counsel, and I think a rich man, indeed they all seemed rich to us, and were very generous; they must have inherited money, for Cousin Lewis[48] once said he had everything in his life "that I ever heard of."

Cousin William[50] lived in Halifax, was a Judge, married and had a large family. He came to Springfield but

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[*] His mother was Frances Worthington and married Judge Fisher Ames.

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES
HANNAH ACTS AS LADY'S MAID - SALLY CALLED LITTLE INDEPENDENCE

once that I remember, and brought his wife, who was a charming woman, but I was too young to know much about that.

Cousin Lewis[48] was the one we saw the most of as he came nearly every Summer. He was a bachelor, and was devoted to his relations; he used to bring different members of his **brother's**[50] family to visit us, and then take them a journey in the states and sometimes took one of our family too, the first niece who came was Elizabeth; they were used to more attendance than we had and she wanted someone to fasten her dress so she must have stood up in bed and pulled a wire, as the bell rope had been gone a long time. Our only woman was a big colored one, Hannah Hardy, so she went up to act as maid. Elizabeth afterward married Mr. Odell and went to Fredericton, N.B., to live; he came once for a call later and the family liked him very much. I do not remember Elizabeth much, but I do Cousin Mary who came next and I liked her. That time Cousin Lewis[48] took her and Lue[18] to Niagara and Montreal. She married the Bishop of Nova Scotia.

The next time he brought three, Louisa, the youngest daughter, and two nephews, Blevins and Jack, and took them and Lizzie[19] and Cousin Margaret[35] to Niagara, Montreal and home by way of the White Mountains.

As we grew up, he gave each of us a watch and chain. Cousin Lewis[48] was not used to seeing children shift for themselves as we did, and he used to call me "Little Independence."

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

CONTINUATION OF SALLY B. HAYWARD'S WRITING

Louisa also married a Bishop. Jack and Blevins became clergymen and married. Jack's wife was very musical and composed very pretty songs and was most attractive.

Blevins was not attractive, nor his wife either, so Kate[20] thought when she met them in London at Uncle Henry's[49] house. The youngest son, Lewis, never came here; he was nice, a businessman and had a lot of children. Kate[20] and Molly[41] had a delightful visit at Uncle Henry's[20] who was a charming host.

This is the end of Sally B. Hayward's writing, except in Notes (bits of Family History she wrote). See page 239.

THOMAS D. HOWARD
WRITES

Chaplain of Colored 88th, later 78th, U.S. Infantry at Port Hudson, Louisiana (1864-1865) then Chaplain of 78th Colored U.S. Infantry, at Thibodaux, Louisiana (1865-1866) (August-January)

Minister at Berlin, Wisconsin (1866-1868) Sheboygan, Wisconsin (1868-1869)

Minister at Petersham, Massachusetts (1870-1874)

Secretary of Commissioner of Prisons (1874-1879)

Minister at Charlestown, New Hampshire (March, 1880-November 1, 1901)................................. 169-209

CHAPTER XXIV

REVIEW OF PORT ROYAL

As I review the year and a half at Port Royal with its varied changes, its opening at Beaufort, the three months at the Plantation, and the year in the "Fort" with its martial air, together with the interest that was awakened in the change in the condition that was wrought for a whole race of people, it seems, though I was 36 years old at the time, like the romance of youth.

When I handed in my resignation Gen. Saxton said, "I wish you would stay as long as I do."

I had before reminded Gen. S. of an old-time association of our fathers, how I used to pore over an old Blue Book in the garret and read with pride in the roster of the Hampshire County Militia.

"Maj. Gen. Epaphrus Hoyt

Aids

Jonathan A. Saxton - Charles Howard"

In later years I had called on Major Saxton (who was a cultivated man and an old-time Abolitionist), at his home in Deerfield.

It was my good fortune to find the steamer cargo, the boat leaving for New York on which I was to take passage. This was a government transport that plied regularly between New York and Hilton Head, and a favorite on account of its

ample deck free from house or other incumbrance. There was a pleasant company of my associates and Capt. Samuel Willard Saxton on board. The weather was fine and within three days we reached New York. I found Sarah[11] at Springfield. Mr. and Mrs. Adams Ayer who came to S. for the Autumnal Convention said that they came in part to invite us to their house where we spent part of the time while waiting for the next move. For, meantime on reporting to Dr. LaBaron Russell who had been the devoted Secretary of the Freedman's Commission from its beginning, he unfolded a project which was contemplated that I should go to New Orleans to ascertain if a similar work could be prosecuted in Louisiana as was in process on the Sea Islands. On considering the subject I took into account the changed conditions in Perry by the departure of our leading men. Mr. Dana having gone to Washington where he lived and died working in the Treasury Department, George Chadbourne to Eastport and Ben to Washington. Mr. Rogers moved to Pembroke and Geo. Nutt gone to Washington, I decided that Perry was no longer practical and so accepted the appointment. This arranged, I went to Springfield where Sarah[11] was awaiting me. It was agreed that my pay should continue during the few weeks before the necessary arrangements could be completed, with the understanding that I should speak in behalf of the work at such meetings as were open to me, which I did. The time was occupied in obtaining from Washington credentials

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

PLAY IN NEW YORK WITH YOUNG WELLACK - THEN OFF TO LOUISIANA

When the Pass from the War Department for New Orleans and return was received and the credentials prepared, the central being to Gen. Banks Commanding the Department of the Gulf saying that I was authorized to suggest the work above named. Sarah[11] and I went to New York to await the departure of the boat. I remember clearly our enjoyment of a play one Saturday evening at Wallack's Theatre which was opposite the Irving House where we stayed. It was "Rosedale" I think or "The Rifle Ball." (I hope someone will fill out the first name.) The younger Wallack was in the leading part. We heard a lady say as we were going out, "I feel ten years younger for seeing that play." When the time was at hand for the boat to leave, I saw Sarah["] on board the Eastern train and went aboard.

CHAPTER XXV

1864

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

I have not the date of leaving New York, but we reached New Orleans the week before Christmas week. The next day I had an interview with Gen. Banks* and he said that he was now proceeding to lease the plantations. As they would have to be worked by colored men this settled the question of superintendence and instruction such as was suggested by the Freedmen's Commission. Gen. Banks recommended that I should see the work of Education as it was carried on in New Orleans and referred me to Lieut. Stickney, detailed to its superintendency, which I did and reported my observations to Dr. Russell. But there was nothing more for me to do in the matter for which I came, and I was free to return.

But it occurred to me that a chaplaincy which I had sought for in vain was probably open to me here. There was going on active recruiting of colored men, mostly on plantations, for the Army. Many regiments had been filled, numbered as Colored Infantry (some also as Cavalry), and skeleton regiments were being formed awaiting a full complement. (There were finally considerably over one hundred full regiments in this arm of the service. The commissioned officers

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*Nathaniel Prentiss Banks, 1816-94 - Politician and General.

were all white. They were all required to pass an Examination before an examining board, as a preliminary. Those who received commissions claimed that they had a certificate of competency superior to that of the average of those who held like commands, and with reason. Chaplains received commissions as everywhere in the Union Army on presenting a certificate of origination in the denomination to which one belonged, and the election on the nomination of the Colonel of the regiment, and the majority vote of the commanders of companies. The non-commissioned officers were colored.

I decided to go to Port Hudson 160 miles up the river from New Orleans (30 above Baton Rouge), present my letter of introduction to Gen. C.C. Andrews (Commander of that Port and in general command of Colored Infantry in the Dept. of the Gulf), present my letter of introduction and apply for the desired appointment. On application I received a pass in government transport to P. H. Gen. C.C. Andrews replied that there were several vacancies and recommended that I should confer with Messrs. Camp and Chase, Chaplains, as to which regiment I would better join. I did so, and joined the 88th. It numbered about 200 men. Date January 7th, 1864. Colonel Goodrich, Commander of Reg't.

The first Sunday thereafter was a bright sunshiny day, and in the forenoon the regiment was paraded for divine

services, the officers not on duty being present. It was in the usual order, the hymns being lined out and sung as colored people usually sing with a will. There was noticeable dragging in one part of the line, it seemed to me in order that fine voices should come into notice. But Col. Goodrich interjected the order, "Keep up on the left!"

In the afternoon eight couples presented themselves for marriage most of them pairs whose marriage had never been solemnized. Their request was to be married "under the flag." A certificate for each pair, was given to the wife, and a record made in a blank book which I preserved.

It may be explained here that subsequent to my discharge I received from the Pension Bureau a blank with a request that it be filled out with my present address, and the request appended to notify any change of address. Later there came a request for a copy of the record of marriage for a pair named. I replied that it was some 80 miles distant. I was then residing in Boston, but wrote out a copy of the certificate in order that it could be relied upon. The reply was that it was highly important that a certified copy of the record should be forwarded, which I sent, and I presume the widow received her pension.

Here began 13 months, as it proved, at Port Hudson, which I will here say was the wholesomest post on the river,

TIME GOES FAST WITH ROUTINE CAMP LIFE

being on a high bluff. The road to the landing on the Mississippi was a long, steep hill. I have told of the first Sunday of my chaplaincy;with that I fell into my routine. It was a change from my eighteen months at Port Royal. There it was something new every day, occupation constantly varying with change of place within the spacious fort and occasional journeys to plantations on the island. Here the camp with its patrolled limits was my field, and its round of duties my prescribed routine. It has been said that time in the retrospect seems to have passed quickly, when it has been filled with days divided into orderly portions, with distinctive occupations for each, one day being just like another and the week rounded out to its close. This is especially true of life in a regimental camp. The reveille in the morning and the various calls of guard mounting, dinner call, etc., succeeding one another with perfect regularity followed by the general call to summon all the soldiers, to form in their company streets, and with the orderly sergeant side by side with the company commander at its head, marching to form the line for Dress Parade. When the adjutant reports to the Colonel the "Parade formed," a few changes in the Manual are gone through. Meanwhile the Drum Corps marches up and down the entire line,and then evening prayer is said. In the later evening music precedes Taps.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

TRYING TO TEACH THE COLORED SOLDIERS TO READ

It has been said in some book on mental philosophy that time in the retrospect seems long, in which many and various changes have occurred and efforts put forth in divergent directions, while in the review of days which have passed one just like another, they seem to have passed almost imperceptibly. The unchanging round of the days in camp, and the recurrence at the end of the week's appointment of the preparation for the Sunday inspection, occasioned surprise at the flight of time.

It was expected that chaplains would teach the men to read, and I prepared to do so and began the work. Cards with letters big and little were furnished and hung, and a group gathered before them. Remembering the facility with which colored children learned the letters, I expected success; but the few that gathered (the majority at foreseeing the evil of not attending), though earnestly desirous to learn, found it impossible to do so. I think learning to read in mature age has always been found difficult, and would naturally be with those so unaccustomed to mental exercise as were the freedmen.

Letter-writing was a frequent occupation. The Christian Commission furnished to Chaplains paper and envelopes for this purpose, and, by a provision of the Post Office Dep't, the endorsement, "Soldier's letter." It was

TWO OF GILMORE'S BRASS BAND PLAYED FUNERAL MARCH

to be forwarded, the postage to be paid by the receiver. The letters home were largely filled with "Huddys," which seemed to include all messages of remembrance and affection, as "Huddy to Jane," "the best of Huddys to Martha." In a single instance I was relieved of the necessity of serving as amanuensis. Sergeant Green, a man of good mind and judgment called regularly with the request for paper and a "development." He could write.

Such was my occupation in the camp. There soon developed outside employment. There were but few chaplains at the Post, and I was called on for funeral services in other regiments. I recall that of a Lieutenant, especially for the music rendered. It was a beautiful summer afternoon. There were in the Department two of Gilmore's[*] Brass Bands, one at New Orleans and at that time one at Port Hudson. Both were especially noted for their rendering of music for slow marching. When the coffin was borne from the tent which had been occupied by the deceased the band played, "Peace, Troubled Soul," and at the beginning of the march to the cemetery "the Dead March In Saul." The tributes of respect paid to the dead

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[*] Patrick S. Gilmore, 1829-1892, organized his own band in Boston in 1859. He had a National Peace Jubilee in 1869 and the World Peace Jubilee 1872, a 20,000 voice chorus, both in Boston. He wrote "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." (Columbia Encyclopedia)

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

BURIAL PROCESSION - COMMITTAL SERVICE

as prescribed by the Army Regulations are very impressive.

There was at Port Hudson a sort of general hospital where sick soldiers, mostly colored, were sent from other posts on the river. The Chief Surgeon found that the dead were buried without the committal service being read and also that there was a general neglect to the rendering of the required honors to a passing funeral procession. Having an eye to the fitness of things he was instrumental in having an order issued from Headquarters for a reform. It required that a chaplain should report at the hospital each morning at 9 o'clock, do any service to the sick appropriate to his office, and accompany the procession to the cemetery. This was addressed to me. The burying ground was about a mile distant from the hospital. The funeral procession consisted of musicians leading (usually playing "Greenville" and like psalm tunes), the hearse with an escort, usually of three on each side, with trailed arms, and the chaplain riding behind the hearse. There was seldom a day without a funeral. One day in August I followed the bodies of seven.

By the same order the guards on the route were reminded of their duty and thereafter at each outpost were paraded by the corporal in charge, and stood at "present arms," while the procession was passing. The service read was that of the Episcopal Prayer Book.

CHAPTER XXVA

78TH U. S. COLORED INFANTRY

In the midsummer of 1864 three regiments, one of which was the 88th, were discontinued and the enlisted men transferred to fill up other regiments. I think those were the only ones that were not filled to their full quota, and the numbers reached about 175, besides the few colored regiments that the States furnished. Those who served in Louisiana were not called into battle. There was no occasion. The war in this section was practically ended by the capture of New Orleans and the surrender of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, but they were proficient in guard and picket duty, doing necessary work in holding the military posts, while of those in the Army of the Potomac who took part in the assaults on Petersburg, the universal testimony is to their good conduct.

Most of the commissioned officers of the 88th, like myself, resigned. It was provided in the order for discontinuance of the regiment that resignations would be granted, unless assignments to vacancies were made. In my case I received an order to report for muster - in to the 78th U.S. C. I., Col. Samuel H. Jones commanding, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Chaplain Patterson. The date of the transfer was August 24, 1864, and my stay was continuous until final discharge. When I wrote home of my retention in the service, father[13] wrote on the margin of a mailed newspaper

FATHER WROTE "GLAD OF IT, CHAPLAIN" - "THE WATCHER"

(the only written communication I received from him while in Louisiana), "Glad of it, Chaplain."

I will here mention an addition which I contributed to the repertoire of the drum corps of the 78th regiment. Col. Jones, who was from the 7th New York, told of the splendid rendering by its band of the Mexican National Air for marching, which tune I recognized was "The Watcher"; "The night was dark and dreary, etc." I told him I could teach it to Montgomery, the leader of the drum corps. So I made an appointment and in half an hour, with my whistling, he had it complete, and even more, after the end of the second line he threw in three or four false notes, but without the slightest delaying of the time. It was only an extra to satisfy his love of music. When thereafter it came out among the evening tunes, the remark was "There is Montgomery's flourish."

CHAPTER XXVB

WE LEAVE PORT HUDSON FOR THIBODAUX UP BAYOU

After thirteen months at Port Hudson an order came for our removal to Thibodaux. The route to this considerable town was up the Bayou La Fourche. A Bayou means in the Southern States according to the Century Dictionary, "the outlet of a Lake, or, one of several outlets of a river to its delta." This stream was of the latter kind. It leaves the Mississippi on its bank at Donaldsonville and empties into the Gulf. It has the same depth as the main river and so requires the same levees, but is so narrow as to be navigable only with stern wheel steamboats, by one of which we were conveyed to our destination some 35 miles southeast. Our camp lay alongside the levee which rose some 15 feet above us, - something of a change from the high plain from which we had looked down on the river. Here we remained four or five months, at the end of which time the regiment was divided into two commands, and I was attached to the second under Jasper L. Hutchins, Lieut. Col. We subsequently garrisoned Donaldsonville on the Mississippi and Washington on Bayou Teche. (This bayou is of the river kind, and flows from the western part of the state southwest into the Gulf. In December, 1865, we received orders to go into camp near New Orleans to prepare for and await mustering out. This was completed January 6, 1866. In consideration of being discharged before the

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

RESEIVING PAY 3x$100

expiration of their term of enlistment, officers and men received as an extra three months pay proper (i.e. money, rations of food, forage, etc. not included). Mine amounted to $100 x 3. There was also furnished as always in the Union Army transportation to the place of enlistment. I had enlisted in Louisiana, but fortunately I had preserved my Pass "for New Orleans and return." I took the first boat for New York, which was the elegant steamer McLellen, leaving New Orleans Jan. 20, 1866.

CHAPTER XXVI

1866-67 WISCONSIN

As before mentioned, I had for some time given up all thought of returning to Perry. While visiting at the hospital I had talked with a soldier of a Wisconsin regiment, convalescent, who dwelt fondly on his home in Northern Wisconsin. I had decided to go West, and his description led me to fix my choice on that region. I wrote to Charles Lowe, Secretary of the American Unitarian Ass'n, unfolding my deisre to be sent thither under the auspices of the Association. He replied that I could go on the same terms that accepted ministers were then being sent: viz., that one's fare should be paid to the place of destination and $20 a Sunday for the Sundays of two months, with the expectation that a favorable place might be found for gathering a church.

On arriving at New York I steered direct for Springfield where I found Sarah,[11] and after a short visit at S. we went to Boston where I completed my arrangements with Mr. Lowe. Perhaps I ought to mention that my genuine army blanket - double - which had served me faithfully for two years, I left at Springfield, a present to father,[13] and he kept it by him for the rest of his life.

My sailing orders were to go to Milwaukee where I was to report to Rev. Carlton A. Staples, minister at M. and also acting as Western Secretary of the A. U. A. and to go

thence to places he should appoint. Charlie S. met us at the station and conducted us to their home on Jackson St. and here began a friendship which was especially intimate between Mrs. S. and Sarah.[11] Their home, in Milwaukee and afterwards in Chicago, was always open to us. At this time, however, there were only a few days before my first Sunday of home-seeking. Three preaching places were laid out for me in three adjoining counties. I may as well say here that my choice of *Northern* Wisconsin was based on ignorance that the northern third of the state was sparsely settled and was largely woods and mines (Calumet and Hecla). But the counties above referred to, Fond du Lac, Winnebago, and Green Lake, were at the lower line of the North-central portion of the state, a line running on the East from Sheboygan on Lake Michigan to LaCrosse on the Mississippi, occupied by good towns of 4,000 to 5,000 inhabitants and a few cities of about 20,000.

The first place to try was Fond du Lac, where we arrived Saturday evening and landed at Mrs. Dexter's boarding house. I remained over three Sundays but there was no opening for me, and left for Ripon about 35 miles northwest, - the second appointment. We had enjoyed this beginning of our Western life in the breezy city of 20,000 inhabitants, with so much that was new to us especially its supply of water from artesian wells with butts at the corners of the streets.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

THREE SUNDAYS AT RIPON - BERLIN FAVORABLE

We enjoyed the company of Mrs. Dexter who by the way was one of the Unitarians, and here Sarah^{11} remained while I went forth home-seeking.

At Ripon three Sundays and no call.

The third appointment was at Berlin 12 miles nearly north both towns of about 4,000 people, though as is the way here each of the central villages incorporated as a city with a mayor and a single board of Aldermen, city Marshal etc. At B. circumstances were favorable. The liberal people were generally in attendance at the Free Baptist Church of which an attractive preacher of advanced views was the minister. Mr. Stone[*] (about two years after he became a Unitarian and he was about to leave for Providence, R.I., where he had accepted a call.) His farewell and the decision to continue with me occurred on the same week.

Our services were in Hamilton Hall owned by adherents to the movement, free seats and good congregations, a flourishing Sunday School and good singing. Meanwhile, Sarah^{11} had spent nearly three months at Fond du Lac where she enjoyed pleasant and friendly relations with the company at Mrs. Dexter's, when she came and joined me, and we were settled, as it proved, for two years at Berlin. I preached in the

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[*] Probably William G. Stone, born 1832, ordained 1861 as T.D.H. was not sure when he became a Unitarian. He settled at Berlin, Wisconsin, 1868 for 4 years. Till 1868 he spent time in the Orthodox service(?).

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

TWO YEARS IN BERLIN - ONE IN SHEBOYGAN LIKE IT - MARY ILL

morning at Berlin and every other afternoon in a schoolhouse which also served as a Church, where a good neighborhood of Universalists formed quite the backbone of our Church. It was a very happy two years, but the more radical wing could not agree with the conservatives, and as I had a call to Sheboygan I accepted and went thither July 1868.

At Sheboygan on Lake Michigan there was a brave little company of families that came from Barnstable, Mass., who with a few others had formed a society, built a church, and out of their own resources sustained a minister. We enjoyed this nine-tenths German town. Sarah[11] particularly, but after a little more than a year one of the supporters became dissatisfied with me, and I resigned in the early Autumn. We landed first at Binghamton, where I remained about a week and left for Lancaster, N.H., for a three months' supply leaving Sarah[11] at B. to join me later. She did stay at B. partly on account of Mary's[21] illness, until the three months was half gone but greatly enjoyed the rest of the winter, with tea-parties galore and warm friends.

The Sunday services (morning only) were greatly enjoyed by the people who had for sometime been without the singing by an inspiring quartette, and the weather was mild and favorable. We visited every family in the parish. I was urged to remain, but was engaged to preach in West

Bridgewater the first Sunday in April, when the pastorate of Rev. J. G. Forman was to close.

The first three Sundays of April were at West Bridgewater, after which it was decided to hear more candidates, which was done to the number of 32.

I then applied at 25 Beacon St., for an appointment to preach as a candidate for a settlement, and was asked, "Will you go to Petersham?" "Yes." I should have said the same for any other place.

CHAPTER XXVII

PETERSHAM FOR FOUR YEARS

We now have come to a town, a spot of earth high up (lying nearly 1200 feet above the sea-level) inhabited by a genuinely friendly people all within the memory of three generations still extant. Even Nathan,[6] then the youngest of the third succession,can recall his exchange of commodities with Arthur Stowell the outcome of which caused keen distress on the part of his sister Emily[5] as betokening the absence of business talents in Nathan's[6] makeup. Ned[7] cannot forget his year on the farm with Mr. Paige as taskmaster in the rear of the line of horses to make the hindmost keep up;nor "Charlie"[19] the milder rule of the Blanchards. (Mrs. B. was of Quaker parentage born in Lynn.)

Sally[3] cherishes the memory of her confabs and cracks with Mr. Stowell, who having wrought the Keeley cure on himself when he heard he was to be sent to that Institution, is now one of the substantial businessmen of Athol and brings part of his Livery in Summer to Petersham and personally meets the call for turnouts.

While Kate[20] often spoke of the courtly manner "interview" she had granted him, which "interview" had lasted from 2:30 p.m. to the close of tea-drinking.

But of my transactions with the Parish Committee, after the third Sunday a call was voted to me and I had a

INTERESTED IN THE PEOPLE - $225 AFTER THREE MONTHS

conversation with the Committee, part of which was as follows: "You pay quarterly?" No reply was forthcoming, but each looked at the other and at last one bowed and gave a hesitating "Yes," in which all joined, which meant that they had not heretofore, but now intended to. At least it was so interpreted by one member who had leisure and drove through the Parish before the close of the first three months and collected and had paid over to me $225. At the next Parish meeting the Treasurer, Deacon Willard, moved that the Treasurer be authorized to borrow money if necessary to make quarterly payments. As there was great disinclination on the part of the people to pay interest money, my payments were raised and made regularly. My pastorate was four years and a quarter in length, but our interest in the people never lessened, and Sarah[11] spent summers there for several years.

CHAPTER XXVIII

PRISON COMMISSION

1875-1880 (LIVED WITH HIS SISTER SALLY)

In the State Legislature of 1870 there was established the Board of Commissioners of Prisons, for the oversight of the county prisons of the state, to visit, inspect and report annually to the legislature their condition with suggestions regarding legislation. Mrs. Leonard* was a member, and she wrote me suggesting that I visit Boston as a candidate for the secretaryship of the Board. In view of the work I had begun I declined to do so, and Rev. Joshua Coit was chosen. Four years later he resigned and with Mrs. Leonard's advocacy I was chosen, and entered on the duties of the office July 1, 1875.

Our home for the next five years was with James[35A] and Sally,[3] 29 Cedar St., which began when Dwight was a baby and the other children growing up. That house and yard I always feel tied to. My office was at the State House where I had pleasant relations with the officers and clerks.

The change was favorable to my health. There were the prisons of 21 counties which it was required to visit for inspection twice a year. I made an exception in regard to Dukes and Nantucket counties where I went only once a year; but, as Essex, Middlesex and Worcester had each two, the number of journeys was more than made good.

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*Clara Temple (Chapman) Leonard 1828-1901 married Nehemiah Leonard - did much for Prison reform in Mass. Mother of Mrs. Nannie L. Bradley.

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

ONLY NANTUCKET PRISONER OUT FISHING FOR DAY

I early visited Nantucket. I found two buildings of wood. Each of two stories enclosed in an ample yard, one a jail for detention and house of correction to which the sentences were to hard labor. Both had doubtless been needed in former times but which I described in my report as "gently touched by the hand of decay." Mr. Rowland Folger, an old gentleman, was keeper and master. He looked like the pictures of Benjamin Franklin of whom he is a maternal connection. He said there was at the present time but one prisoner and that he was now out, but that Mr. F.'s son was looking for him. I had a room engaged at Mrs. Russell's house where Kate[20] was staying, and in the evening told them the result of my visit. Mrs. Russell, who was acquainted with the prisoner, said, "I don't know but David is as well out as in - he *will* once in a while get drunk." I left the next morning, but Kate, to whom *nihil humanum* was a matter of indifference, insisted upon following up the matter, and Mrs. Russell was her willing coadjutor. It was ascertained that when the search slackened, the wanderer went home and spent the night. In the morning his wife said, "Now, David, you must go back." He replied, "Not this morning; I am going to Siasconset fishing." This occupied the day and at night he returned to his lonely temporary (30 days) abiding-place.

In the Nantucket Mirror there shortly appeared: "The

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

CONDUCTED SERVICES - SUGGESTED PUBLIC SERVICES FOR VARIOUS RELIGIONS

Secretary of the Commissioners of Prisons visited the island on a tour of inspection and found only one prisoner and he at the time was out fishing." This item which was almost correct went quite extensively the rounds of the papers. I think it was furnished by George Morton who met me at the wharf and accompanied me.

My visits to the larger prisons frequently took in a Sunday when I conducted the regular Sunday Services. I remember these with interest especially that at Pittsfield. Sheriff Root, keeper and master with Mrs. Root and two daughters, with neighbors were in attendance. A good choir rendered the hymns. Afterwards when travelling, a brakeman on the train introduced himself to me and recalled with interest a Sunday when I was at Pittsfield, and he an inmate of the house of correction.

I will mention one bit of legislation of which the indirect suggestion came from me. In preparing the report due January 1, 1876, under the head of Religious Instruction, I quoted from foreign authorities under this head, and from others that did the like, that Belgium provided for public services for those of the various religions. As the report was that of the Commissioners, the manuscript had to be read and passed on, before adoption. It was my expectation, as all the members were Episcopal and Congregationalists, that

objection might be raised. But there was only that of Mr. Burnett that "denominations" be substituted for "religions," but I said the passage was taken from public documents and was placed within quotation marks and he said, "All right."

In the legislature the Report was, as is usual, referred to the Committee on Prisons, which subsequently brought in a bill providing in behalf of any inmate of prison or house of correction, shall not be deprived of worshipping God according to the dictates of his conscience, and that boards having the management and direction of such institutions, should make such rules and regulations as might be necessary to carry out the intentions and provisions of this act. A subsequent section provided that nothing herein contained should be so construed as to impair the discipline, so far as may be needful for the good government and safe custody of the prisoners.

In the course of the session Mr. Edward L. Pierce[12] came in to know what I had said in our report about having Catholic services in the prisons. "The Prison Committee have brought in a bill to provide for such, drawing from the Report of the Commissioners of Prisons. I have killed it once and now it is up again."

I showed him the page on which was told the like provisions in foreign prisons. Said he, "You ought not to

have said it." Mr. Pierce[12] was good as we have seen, in his work for the Freedmen, but narrow religiously. Happily the bill passed and was approved April 15, 1875, to take effect on its passage.

In the South Boston House of Correction, where there is a large proportion of Catholic prisoners, there has since been the full services of the Church. In other prisons it is occasional. I asked a member of the Committee how the matter came up for consideration and he said, "A Catholic member proposed it, and it seemed only fair to the rest, and so brought in the bill."

The term of the secretary is, under the Act, establishing the Commission, three years. At the close of three years I was reelected (1878). A new board who knew not Joseph, wanted, after a year and a half further service, my resignation, which I handed in to take effect January 1, 1879.

For one year I was variously engaged. Towards its close Mr. William Crosby who had long taken a semi-paternal interest in me, said he wanted me to be minister to the church in Charlestown, N.H., of which his father had been pastor for 50 years. I replied, "Go ahead." He wrote to Charlestown asking that I be heard for four consecutive Sundays beginning January 1, 1880. I went to C. three times, Sarah[11] accompanying me once, and we spent the intervening

FOURTH SUNDAY INVITED TO THE PASTORATE - CANVASSING FOR UNITARIAN REVIEW

week, during which the parish was invited to meet us, in the large parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Stone (the attendance was very general and it was mentioned as desirable that all present should appear at church).

After the fourth Sunday, at a parish meeting, I was invited to the pastorate. I accepted, to begin March first. Meanwhile, in February I completed the work I was engaged in, canvassing for the Unitarian Review and Religious Magazine by going through the churches of Philadelphia and Germantown.

CHAPTER XXIX

1880 - 1901

HAPPY YEARS AS MINISTER AT CHARLESTOWN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Of the events of the happy years of the Charlestown pastorate,which I have elsewhere provided to be memorialized, in the cemetery, by the inscription, after name,

"A minister in Charlestown -
From March 1, 1880 To November 1, 1901."

I will make record of only two - 1888 when we took a three months' vacation journey, and 1893 when a long delayed building enterprise had its culmination.

In the first named year it was impressed upon me that having well passed 60 years of age, it was high time to take a journey with fair expectation of enjoying same. In January I asked permission for leave of absence for three months which was granted provided I would provide a substitute, which I did in the person of Rev. F. C. Williams.* The objective point of the journey was the Sea Islands of South Carolina, of which my sojourn and experience of 25 years ago remained as a happy memory. Meanwhile Miss Darrah, our special friend, decided that she would undertake the journey chiefly to meet Miss Towne, a connection and who, having preceded me, was still on the grounds.

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*Francis Charles Williams.

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

TALKS ABOUT SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA - BLIZZARD OF 1888

CHAPTER XXIXA

PORT ROYAL REVISITED

We left Boston in the evening in the first week of March for Charleston, S.C. From C. to Beaufort the railroad describes nearly half a circle in order to avoid the inlets and finally crosses one of these at the place of crossing of the Ferry of War-time and extends nine miles along the old shell road to Beaufort, the centre and port of Port Royal Island. We arrived at noon. Having arranged for board, I went forth in the afternoon and found one of our three original general superintendents, Mr. H. S. Judd, Sup't of the 1st Division, who had remained and established himself here, and we went over the past together. The central date of the interval since my leaving was that of the arrival of Sherman at the end of the march to the sea and the hordes of colored people who had joined him and for whom the superintendents had to provide.

Our conversation was had Saturday afternoon. The weather was threatening and in the following night there was a thunderstorm, but there was no intimation of the blizzard that was on its way to New York as its centre; but after days of almost complete non-intercourse news came of the suffering endured and havoc wrought by its ravages. We remained five weeks at Beaufort.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

REVISITS STONEY PLANTATION - SAVANNAH - MR. KLEM & JACK!

CHAPTER XXIXB

HILTON HEAD AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

The most interesting day to me personally was that in which I revisited the Stoney plantation, to which Bro. Strong and I had repaired in 1862, and where my first three months were spent. I took at early morning the steamboat which plies between Beaufort and Savannah. The route was down Broad River to or rather past Hilton Head, where I had lived 18 months - then, with its thousands. The long pier was gone; no place to land and nothing to land for. Only one building could be seen standing and that the old plantation mansion. Part of the island had been washed away, and with it what remained of the extensive general hospital. Corn and cotton fields may have taken place of the regiments which for five years occupied the ground. Our boat steamed on around the extensive island and entered Skulk Creek, where I was landed, and along which lay the plantations which Mr. Strong and I had had in charge. The boat proceeded to Savannah.

My first call was at the general store which serves the people of the now severally owned, formally undivided plantations, of this district. Mr. Klem, the merchant, when I had made myself known and the object of my visit, said, "I will show you some people who will remember you." Soon a

GLIB LIAR - COFFEE SUPERINTENDENT -

man came in, a little past mid-age, whom he introduced as "Jack_____" whom I remembered as a young man and a very glib liar. Mr. Klem said, "He is now Deacon of the Baptist Church." When he had gone out Mr. Klem added, "But that does not interfere at all with his lying."

I was disappointed in not finding Coffee, who had been in my time foreman of the Stewart plantation, a man of uncommon talents for laying out work, and who might have been a successful contractor for large undertakings; but what I heard of him indicated that he had a position elsewhere, suitable to his gifts. A whole island had been bought by northern parties for a stock farm and Coffee was installed as Superintendent. During the long day there were interesting reminiscences and interviews, and before dark I was conveyed to the house of a colored man on the shore who was to row me out to the boat, which I had arranged to whistle for me on approaching this point. The Matron of this house told me that I taught her to read.

The boat came along about 10 o'clock and at about one A.M. reached Beaufort.

CHAPTER XXIX C

VISIT TO FROGMORE PLANTATION

The other outing from Beaufort gave much satisfaction to all of us, especially to Miss Darrah and Sarah.[11] Miss D. early after being established at The Sea Island House wrote Miss Towne, and in reply received a time appointed for us to visit them. She and Miss Murray* were living in the house which Miss T. had bought on the plantation named above. In her note to Miss Darrah were words which modesty compels me to leave unquoted; they were to the effect, "Mr. Howard's is an honored name here."

At the time appointed we were sent for. Frogmore is on St. Helena Island, the largest and most productive of the group. The route thither from Beaufort was through the length of Ladies' Island which is connected by a bridge from Beaufort through Ladies' Island to a Ferry which crossed to St. Helena Island.

Miss Towne was one of the first teachers at work in South Carolina and established a school at St. Helena Village, the central town of the island, which school had become in the constant enlargement of its plant, something like a normal school for teachers in its highest classes. Miss Ellen Murray, her coadjutor almost from the beginning, whom Miss Laura E. Towne had met at Newport (not from among the residents in the cottages but among the Quaker and English folk of the old town by the harbor), and persuaded to join her. At the

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*Miss Ellen Murray, Principal of Penn School, St. Helena Island.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

THREE DAYS PASSED PLEASANTLY — TOOK PART IN SERVICE

time of our visit Miss M. was practically the head of the school. I recalled to her some lines she had contributed to the New South, a sheet published some 25 years ago, on the death of one of the band of teachers who died at his post, and my own impression at that time, from the slenderness of her form, was, that her days would be few --

> "When blasting winds sweep o'er the field
> It withers in an hour,"

and she replied, "That is not the way English girls do." She had become stout and vigorous.

With such interesting people the three days passed most pleasantly. On one of them we had with Miss Towne a long drive in which we saw some of the most interesting places on the island. On Sunday, while Miss Murray was active at the large brick church in St. Helena Village, Miss Towne, Sarah" and I attended a neighboring church (Methodist; the bulk of the colored people in the south are Baptist). Miss Towne made known to the official members who sat on a raised bench in front answering to a pulpit, that I was a minister, and I was invited to a seat there and took part in the services.

I will say here that from ladies who have recently made long visits at Beaufort, among them Miss Bowditch, I have heard that from that port there are now large ship-

ments of garden truck from St. Helena and the neighboring islands. A New England firm sends north early vegetables, which must be mostly raised by the colored people on their ten-acre farms.

CHAPTER XXX

THE PARISH HOUSE - CHARLESTOWN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

DIVIDES HIS MINISTRY IN DECADES

The other event which I proposed to record was central in my pastorate at Charlestown, to which I now return. And I will digress to say that my years since entering the ministry may be divided approximately into decades.

1. Ten years and a few months at Perry.
2. Ten years (a little short) with the Army and West.
3. Ten years (a little short) at Petersham and the Prison Commission.
4. Twice ten plus at Charlestown, N.H., viz., 21 years and 8 months.

The building named at the heading of this chapter has a history which was in a manner epochal. In our first year at C. Sarah[11] and I saw the need of a Parish House. The Sewing Society met at private houses and was so large that it had become burdensome to the few who had room to receive it. There was need, too, of quarters to which all the members would have equal ownership. Mr. Stone,[*] a retired minister, fully agreed with us. A friendly architect who was temporarily in C. and who agreed to give his services toward a plan and estimates, met a few evenings in our room at the Eagle Hotel. When complete, the plan was centrally posted in the church porch.

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[*] Rev. Livingston Stone 1836-1917. 1864-1868 Minister in Charlestown, N. H.

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

TEN YEARS BEFORE THEY STARTED TO BUILD - UNIQUE MEETING

There may have been some of the congregation who viewed it, that thought the undertaking suggested was a good one, but if there were such we did not hear from them; on the part of the more conservative it was met with hostility. In due time it was taken down.

Ten years alapsed. At the close of this time there upsprung, it would seem spontaneously, certainly not with the knowledge and consent of the old guard, the "Young People's Aid Society" with the declared purpose of raising money for church parlors. There were some older than young among its members, but the officers were young folk and especially the Treasurer, Miss Gusta Putnam, a competent accountant and prompt depositor of incoming money in the Connecticut River Savings Bank. In three or four years by means of various entertainments, etc., their bankbook footed $1000, and they began building. Mr. Butterfield, Chairman of the Building Committee, (and) faithfully superintended the work. Meantime the Savings Bank went into the hands of a Receiver, but happily not till after the money had been all drawn out and applied to the construction, and in due time the Parish House was completed and paid for.

In connection with this successful enterprise there was held a unique Parish meeting -- unusual in the sense that it was held out-of-doors, though regularly called, the subject

on which it was to act announced in the call, and its action became final.

The appointed time was 7 o'clock of a summer evening; the place, the grounds in the rear of the church. Preparations, two sites, the only situations for the building which had been under consideration, had been marked off by stakes enclosing the spaces to be occupied. One was in the centre of the space behind the rear wall of the church; the other was near the north line so that the front entrance would be from the much traveled street which bound that line. The elders favored the first named place, which would have been the more picturesque; the young people the other, on account of the advantages gained by the public way which is always kept open.

In voting, the chairman requested parties to indicate their preference by repairing to the right or left. I went with neither side, on the ground that the question related to church property in which I had no part. Sarah[11] had no such scruples. She said she was going to vote for the parlors to be placed where they ought to be and went with the elders. The young people were in the majority.

This was in 1893, and that meeting with its action accepted, though with some kicking, as final, was the turning point. The regime was changed. Previously and of old a

dozen people had ruled, but a new generation had come forward and demanded a voice. Ever since the above named date the majority has ruled. The church is a Christian Commonwealth.

CHAPTER XXXA

SARAH'S ILLNESS AND DEATH

SARAH EFFICIENT - LUCINDA FROM SPRINGFIELD

Except for a month of grip immediately preceding our journey South in 1888, Sarah[11] had been during our years in Charlestown in her usual health, and always efficient. Early in July 1898 she was insistent on our making an important call, and the people whom we visited afterwards remarked how bright and animated she appeared. Three days after, she had a paralytic stroke and a second one about ten hours after. In a few weeks she had improvied sufficiently to go downstairs to a room which had the morning sunshine, guided and supported by the nurse and myself. Lucinda[18] came promptly to see what was needful and sent everything from Springfield. Early in her illness Sarah[11] said to me on my morning visit, "I dreamed last night that I had died and I wasn't frightened." This was the spirit that prevailed during her sickness. Her mind gradually failed and she was sometimes aware of it, though not painfully, but only said, "I sometimes talk at random." There were four months of tediousness though without great suffering. For the final few days she was unconscious. Dr. Brooks said, "She is not aware of any disturbance." Fanny Black came soon after the first attack for a fortnight and later for a long stay and she and Miss Hooker completed all disposals and arrangements. Lucinda[18] came for the funeral

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

VILLAGE STORES CLOSED DURING THE SERVICES

which only preceded her own by two months.

The funeral on a beautiful afternoon in mid-November was in our church. My nearest neighbors, Mr. Ordway[*] of Windsor, Vt. and Mr. Pratt[**] of Walpole, officiating. Rev. Mr. E.T. Blake of the Congregational Church officiated in the committal service. (During Sarah's[11] sickness he had offered to exchange on any Sunday which might be most helpful to me.) The stores in the village were closed during the time occupied by the services.

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[*] Clyde Elbert Ordway (1868-1921). Minister at Windsor, Vermont 1897-1901.

[**] Frank Wright Pratt (Unitarian Congregational).

CHAPTER XXXI

CALAIS, SPRINGFIELD AND SARATOGA

RUNDOWN - SOPHY SAID HE COULD COME TO SPRINGFIELD

In the Spring of 1899, I was pretty well run down, and journed from Charlestown immediately after Easter. Happily I was able to arrange for a long absence, because Rev. E. E. Margraff, who was residing at Bellows Falls between settlements, was available for engagement as a supply. He had long been interested in our church and did excellent work. I was five weeks at Calais under Dr. Black's care. Then I came to Springfield where Sophy[2] told me I was used up and would come to 99 School Street to live. But I was determined to make one more effort, and went to Saratoga. There Hathorn water, etc., brought me around so that in June I was in fair working order, and did, in fact, put in two years and more of Parish work. But in August, 1901, the time seemed to draw near when it would be best to take Sophy's[2] advice, and I had a notice read by a friendly exchanger of my resignation to take effect the first of the following November. At the last named date (June, 1910)* I came to the beautiful home in Springfield, within whose walls goodness and loving-kindness have to date compassed me about.

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*Tom died Sept. 6, 1910 age 83 at the Howard summer home in Peterboro, N.H. He had a free and independent life while living with his sister Sophy. Most of his summers were spent in Charlestown, N.H. He wrote historical papers for the Conn. Valley Historical Society of Spfld. I remember him when I was visiting in Spfld. as a little girl. He would walk up and down the hall singing "The Girl I left behind Me". Tom was tall and straight and his thick, white hair added a great deal. He did seem very content then. (Note by E. H. Andrews)

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CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

PART OF A PAPER READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE HOWARD MEMORIAL LIBRARY

READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE HOWARD MEMORIAL LIBRARY

ASSOCIATION, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, FEBRUARY 24th, 1921.

IN MEMORIAM - SOPHIA W. HOWARD 1831-1920

Our hearts and minds are full today of that great personality who for many years met here with us, and gave these meetings an atmosphere never to be felt again or forgotten.

It will be many a day before we can pass the Howard house on School Street even in its new aspect and under its new ownership without a pang in our hearts and a lump in our throats: realizing that if we went in we should not find there the big-souled Mother friend who never tired of comforting us in our troubles and never ceased to rejoice with us in our happiness.

Those of us who belonged to the Browning Class looked forward with delight to those weekly meetings when we were not only to hear those wonderful poems read by a masterful Browning scholar of national renown, but the delicious repartee and apt remarks of our hostess. Her vivid comments made those visionary heroes and heroines live again and seem like personal acquaintances. For ten years or more she has been teaching us unwittingly perhaps, how to meet the tragic experience of growing old, with courage, with suitable resources, even with enjoyment.

O, Stalwart Spirit-!
Passed beyond the veil
Yet hovering ever near
Thou bids't us not bewail

Julia B. Phillips

(she owned Alexander House)

APPENDIX

Tom, having finished his ministerial activity, now writes about his father, grandfather, and grandmother, also about his great-grandfather, John Worthington.

Sally also writes bits of family history.

E. H. A.

"Mother" in notes on page 257

CHAPTER XXXIA

FATHER (CHARLES HOWARD)

WILBRAHAM ACADEMY - HANDSOME HOWARD - GREENFIELD

It seems to have been designed that Father[13] should go to college, and, in Wilbraham, he was under the tuition of Rev. Mr. Witter. I once met a woman who remembered him there and said they called him the handsome Howard.[13] His eyes failed, and he went to learn bookbinding; whether he ever acquired the trade is uncertain.

For the half dozen years after he became of age we have only partial knowledge. They were spent at Greenfield or Deerfield; I think the former. When in Charlestown I visited at Mr. Willson's in Bellows Falls, and met his mother who was the widow of Rev. Mr. Willson,* a way-back minister who lived and died in Petersham. She seemed interested in me, I supposed because I had been a successor of her husband's. But her inquiries were on another line: "Aren't you Charles[13] Howard's son?" "Yes." "Did you not preach your first sermon at Montagne?" "Yes." She had kept the run of me going back to her young days in Deerfield, when doubtless she joined in the cotillion and contra dance with Father.[13] Then was my time to put questions as to his business, etc., but the opportunity was not improved.

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*Luther Willson (1783-1864). Minister in Petersham 1819-1834 when he retired. He continued to live there until his death.

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

CHARLES HOWARD'S FIRST WIFE DIES - CHARLES PAYMASTER UNDER A. JACKSON - RELIGION

That he had attained some standing as a citizen would appear from his appointment as Aid on Gen. Hoyt's staff before mentioned. "He married" (Cousin Mary's[45] Genealogy) - (1) 1818, Anna McCarthy,[23] daughter of Eben H. Williams of Deerfield, Mass., who died in 1822, leaving no children. One died in infancy.

Soon after his wife's death Father[13] came to Springfield. Along in 1823 the advertisement of Howard and Lathrop (general store) appears in the Springfield paper. He remained in business until 1824, when he was appointed Paymaster by President Jackson. He was afterwards silent partner in the paper mill business at South Hadley Canal, (now Falls), until the failure of H. & L. in 1846. Subsequently he was for three years an officer in the Boston Custom House. After 1849 he lived at home.

I recall two periods in my youth in connection with Father[13] with real satisfaction. One was when I was about fourteen years old, I think about 1839. I seemed to be religiously impressed and was very melancholy. He inquired if I was sick and I told him I was sick at heart, and unfolded the responsibilities which seemed laid upon me if I would be found worthy of the happiness which is enjoyed by Christians, and among them was the cleaning the roadway from stones which might cause horses to stumble.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

TOM JOINS CHURCH - WANTS TO GO ON A FARM

Father[13] at that period of his life, although of our church and a member, was, I think, more interested in accumulating than in solving questions of religion, yet took a practical view which was helpful. He said it was impracticable to clear the way from all impediments, but for himself, when he was going down street after tea, in crossing State Street, if he saw a stick of wood that had dropped off into the road, he picked it up and threw it into Widow Smith's yard.

The conversations on this and following evenings (it was in mid-summer) ended in his asking if I would not like to join the church, to which proposal I gladly assented. Well, you can go and ask Mr. Peabody[*] if there is any objection your joining the church. I went and rang Mr. Peabody's bell, and he came to the door and I asked the question as it had been framed. He said, "Why, no, Thomas,[1] I cannot conceive of any objection. I will propose your name at the next communion."

I felt relieved and, with Autumn my spirits were restored. Indeed it is probable that the condition of my health had something to do with the depression of spirits, although religious apprehension clearly gave its complexion to my thoughts.

The other occasion was when in the Spring of 1843 I

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[*] Dr. William B. O. Peabody (1799-1849), Pastor of the Old Unitarian Church, 1820-1847.

was possessed with the idea of going onto a farm and proposed it to Father;[13] although it was entirely repugnant to his view of orderly procedure, he yet seemed to realize the hold it had taken on my mind', he not only gave his consent, but with considerable effort, by a journey from Boston to Braintree, and through Mrs. French's intervention, gained Mr. F.'s consent to take me.

Father's[13] change to the Methodist Church, the well-remembered material form of which now stands at Belchertown, where when he was Paymaster he occasionally attended, and when he appeared, there were demonstrations of appreciation. The majority of the members were Armorers.[*] After his money was gone there was less of such manifestations elsewhere, and with his awakened religious fervor he sought companionship within those hospitable walls.

There were later, however, evidences that a preference remained for the less demonstrative form of religion such, for instance, as he had seen in Lizzie Simmons[34] who was his chosen confidante. When in his last sickness a brother in his church called to inquire, Lucinda[18] asked if she should show him to his room, and he replied, "No, he talks too much." When Lizzie Simmons[34] came he was overcome with delight. Of course the visit was brought about by the intervention of my sisters, and I told them he was more overjoyed to see her than he would have been by the presence of the entire Methodist Conference.

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[*] Those that make arms (Webster).

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES
MATURE APPRECIATION OF
GRANDFATHER

CHAPTER XXXIB

GRANDFATHER HOWARD (BEZALEEL)

I have told of my childhood's friendship with Grandfather,[15] and wish to record my maturer appreciation of the quality of his character. It was mentioned in a previous page 45 that at the time of my visit to the birthplace of grandfather,[15] the Aunt Jennette of the family was Father's[13] only living cousin. What this seems to me to imply was the early appearance of what I may call purposefulness which always characterized him.

Grandfather[15] was the fourth of eight children. All his brothers and his two sisters, Sarah and Jenny, evidently married early, but "In spite of temptation" he remained the only bachelor until he 1st m. in 1785. And, he lived at home during all these marryings. I find no record of absence up to the age of 24 except the following: "He was a corporal in Capt. Eliakim Howard's company, Col. Edward Mitchell's regiment; marched from Bridgewater to Braintree Neck March 4, 1776, and was in the service six days."

I will offer for what it is worth a conjecture as to his employment during his youth and early manhood.

In the Summer he worked on the farm, and, judging from what seems to have been the character of his father,[17] received wages. In the Winter he was earning by work done for early boot manufacturers. Father[13] used to say that

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

GRANDFATHER HOWARD IN EARLY YEARS - A SHOEMAKER

Grandfather[15] was a shoemaker.

I was in Braintree in 1843. This was one of the shoe towns of which Brockton is the centre. On the premises of many of the houses were individual shoe shops, or, more often the shop was a finished room over an ell of the dwelling house. The manufacturers delivered at these places the makings of boots, the material cut out, and on Fridays called for the finished work, and on Saturdays in covered wagons (almost all gone now) carried into town six or more cases, I think to Pearl Street (ask James Hayward[35A] if that was not the place). The work was all done by hand.

Now I fancy that Grandfather[15] up to the age of 21 was earning money to go to college with.

The next three years I give him to prepare for entrance to Harvard, with Rev. Dr. John Reed, pastor of the church at Bridgewater. At the age of 24 he was admitted.

It was my stated surmise that his father paid wages for the work done on the farm.

Nathan, our Great-Grandfather[17], was the oldest son of the second Jonathan (the line being John, Jonathan, Johnathan, Nathan) and is named Squire Nathan,[17] thus distinguishing him from his brothers, Justice of the Peace, and that meant a good deal more in his time than it does now.

GRANDFATHER'S YEARLY VISIT TO BRIDGEWATER - NATHAN HOWARD

In one of my later visits at Bridgewater I searched through the lines of headstones in an old burying ground and was rewarded by finding one of local gray stone like all those in its neighborhood with the inscription:

Nathan Howard[17]
died 1794
aged 74
"Happy is the man whom God correcteth."

The motto is from Job 5:17 and it seemed to breathe a humility which gave me a favorable impression of his character, as if he was thankful for the discipline which had been his.

Grandmother[16] used to tell us children that during his father's life grandfather[15] drove to Bridgewater every year, arranging exchanges on the route thither. Once, at least, John[25] was taken with him. On one occasion grandmother[16] went leaving John[25] and Charles[13] at home who complained that the woman in whose charge they were left washed their face with a dischloth.

This yearly visit was proof of the affection and reverence in which the father[17] was held; for I never heard of another long journey in grandfather's[15] life except one to Albany where he used to recount the number of churches he managed to attend on a Sunday.

Another of grandmother's[16] stories has a more direct bearing on my contention for Nathan's[17] sense of justice. It was that in his will after the division of the bulk of

the estate among the children, a separate field was bequeathed to Jonathan, Jennette's father. No explanation was given, but it was understood that the bestowal was because Jonathan had advanced money to Bezaleel while getting his education.

Grandfather[15] graduated at Harvard in 1781. The following two years he was principal of Hingham Academy, at the same time pursuing his theological studies under Rev. Ebenizer Gray. In Hingham he fell in love, and the sentiment seems to have been reciprocated, but the parents of the young lady, being as grandmother[16] explained, rich and proud, would not permit an engagement with the poor theological student and prospective minister.

Subsequently Uncle John[25] was in the Governor's Council with her son (name forgotten) and they raked up this passage of history wondering what relation they would have been to one another had grandfather's[15] suit been favored.

In the Quinquennial Catalogue Harvard University 1636 - 1905, under the head of Tutors is, "Bezaleel Howard 1783 - 1785." He could not, however, have filled out his second year, for in November 1784 he came to Springfield on horseback.

Then practically, though he was not ordained until the following year, began his ministry. In a bundle of letters we found "from Thomas Dwight[26] to John Williams"*

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*Husband of Sophia Worthington later married Mrs. Mary (Dyer) Stilliman, he was brother of Prudence (Williams) Howard.

one written in the Summer of 1803 enlarges upon "the sickness of Parson Howard"[15] of dysentery and the doubts it expressed of his ever entering the pulpit again.

1784 - 1803, nineteen years was the length of his public ministry. But his ministry to the well being of the town continued through the years in which I knew him, and to his last illness. The forum had been in former years at J & E Dwight's Store, was, in my boyhood in the summer before Dr. Channary's (now H & J Brewer's) drug store. I can recall his going forth. He was always dressed in black cloth and wore when going abroad an ample blue cloth cloak. His overshoes were literally leather overshoes. Of the tenor of his conversation perhaps his name at the head of the incorporators of the Institution for Savings as may be seen in Depositors' books will indicate its tenor; he counselled prudent thrift with his marked individualism and personality. We may fancy his persuasions which brought those who became associated with him to his way of thinking, and the founding, for the encouragement of prudence, one of the first Savings Banks in the state.

In his own expenditures he was prudent but not penurious or miserly. In Chapin's History of Springfield it is related that of $100 paid for the purchase of the colored girl Jenny (whom I remember as an old woman) he

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

DESCRIPTION OF GRANDFATHER - LIBERAL - T. JEFFERSON

gave $30. He was not an abolitionist; that party was then scarcely formed, but was socially democratic. I recalled hearing Uncle John[25] say when he came home to dinner, "I have seen father[15] and Coffee at dinner today." In politics he was a Republican as opposed to the Federalists. Father[13] heard him say rejoicingly, "That great and good man, Thomas Jefferson, is nominated for President." In his later years I think he was a Democrat as opposed to the Whigs.

From the age of 50 when his resignation took effect he was in the receipt of no salary. He was, however, nominal pastor of the church for six years, and it is related in Chapin's history that at the close of that time the Parish presented him with $2000. He doubtless occupied the parsonage during those years. He also was placed in charge of various trusts, in the capacity of guardian of minor children. This included not only the management of the estate during minority, but also the reception of the ward into his family. Henry Smith was a boarder for several years. Mary Lyman was in his family at the express dying request of her father(Samue)) until her marriage with Capt. Robert Emery. Grandfather[15] was her appointed guardian.

To ascertain the amount of grandfather's[15] property I asked at the Probate Office to see his Will, explaining why I desired it. The envelope containing same was promptly

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

TRUSTS - GUARDIAN - $1,200 ANNUALLY

produced. In the absence of the other data, Maj. Spooner, the Register, suggested that the amount of the bond required of the Executors would furnish me the approximate amount, the requirement being that it should be one third more than the estimated value of the estate. The required bond was $30,000 making the value $20,000. This at six per cent would have brought an annual $1200. Probably he did not spend that amount. I heard of one instance of his lending money and that may have been his custom.

The Will, in decided contrast to that of Lieut. John Worthington's, a copy of which I obtained in preparing the memoir of Col. W.,[51] and in which the sons John[51] and Samuel were named as principals and the widow only assigned certain rights in the house, the sons being directed to furnish her sixteen pounds a year and a good cow with keep and pasture for same "so long as she remains my widow and no longer." -- named Grandmother[16] as the Executrix and bequeathed to her the house and all its belongings, the shares in the Springfield Bank and those in the South Hadley Canal. A codicil directed that $500 (originally willed to Samuel Orne[24] as a mark of esteem) he having died, be paid to the Executrix. Ample means and entire independence was the evident intention in preparing the Will.

In 1868 I made the acquaintance of Francis E. Howard,

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

OLD BRIDGEWATER HISTORICAL SOCIETY

JOHN HOWARD

now deceased, a descendant of Gamaliel, and son of Benjamin Beal Howard who founded the Howard Seminary. Francis built an elegant house on part of the homestead of John the immigrant. In my visits to his home I have obtained most of the information for this paper, Mr. Howard being acknowledged authority in local history. Near his house stands the Memorial building for which he gave the land and also contributed generously towards its construction. This is the centre of the old Bridgewater Historical Society of which I am a life member by payment of $10. In the basement is a strong safe for the preservation of relics of the past. Above is an assembly room which seats about 125 people. Its walls are divided into panels rising from floor to ceiling. One of these is filled by a marble slab on which is inscribed the principal events of the career of John Howard, our immigrant ancestor; another records the succession of soldierly Southworths beginning with the earliest days of Plymouth.

I hope this interesting building will be visited by some of the descendants of Bezaleel Howard.[15] The present occupant of the F. E. Howard Mansion is Miss Edith F. Howard, West Bridgewater, Massachusetts. The route thither is by train to Brockton and thence by trolley in car to Taunton,

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

MEMORIAL BUILDING - -

which runs I think every 15 minutes. Ask to be left at Howard Street. The Memorial building is in sight.

CHAPTER XXXIC

GRANDMOTHER

Cousin Mary[45] quotes from one of the sketches in "Sprague's Annals" of Mrs. Howard.[16] "She was a most gentle being, of very calm exterior and almost unfit to cope with the harsher world without. When the writer first saw her she and her husband sat side by side at the dinner table with their children around them, her face bearing the remains of great beauty. One charm she retained to the last, her soft hazel dove-like eyes."

Grandmother[16] lived until 1853 and until I was 27 years old. I cannot recall the color of her eyes but her face beaming with loving kindness I well remember. She had by nature a most amiable disposition, and grace would seem to have been scarcely needed to complete her character. She was, however, deeply and trustfully religious. I never heard her speak of Margaret,[*] her oldest child and only daughter who, as the headstone in the cemetery records, died in her nineteenth year.

Tradition says that she was beautiful in person and lovely in character. I can imagine her mother[16] almost heartbroken at her death, a companion and confidante as she must have become. For there followed two rollicking

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[*] I own a sampler worked by Margaret, Age 9, in 1801. E. H. A. "Improve in virtue and be happy."

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

SPAT OF CHARLES AND JOHN - KATE AND GRANDMOTHER - LIBERIA

boys, John[25] and Charles.[13] Of their occasional spats Grandmother[16] told only of one. They *differed*, she said, -- she had in her vocabulary no stronger word to describe a stiff fight as to which should have possession of a book,each evidently having a firm hold on same,and the book was divided into two volumes.

But as her grandchildren knew her no cloud remained, and her southwest sunny room with its open fire seemed a calm retreat from the outer world. I think Kate[20] on account of her deep religious nature and extreme conscientiousness had especial companionship with Grandmother.[16]

In her public beneficence the claims of the Colonization Society were especially recognized and she contributed regularly to its funds. She also took the Colonization Herald.

This Society maintained a ship which made one or two voyages a year to the coast of Africa with a load of colored people who had been set free by their masters for colonization in Liberia.

I remember my indignation as against a personal slight on grandma,[16] on hearing Mr. Lamphere say, "You might as well try to dip out the ocean with a pint dipper as to put an end to slavery by colonization." -- which I now perceive was true, but beautiful was the outlook toward emancipation, as well as to the coming kingdom of God on Earth, in which there blended faith, hope and love.

CHAPTER XXXII

AN ANCIENT LOCAL WORTHY

COL. JOHN WORTHINGTON - FATHER OF HANNAH (W.) DWIGHT

His Career as Set Forth Before the Connecticut Valley Historical Society by Rev. Thomas D. Howard

Dr. Judson Worthington Hastings of Agawam, in answer to my letter of inquiry, kindly gives this genealogical and local information:-

*Nicolas, the immigrant ancestor of the Worthingtons, is said to have come in the year 1649 or 1650 (should be 1660)** from the south part of Lancashire, near Liverpool, England. He came from Hatfield, then part of Hadley, to Agawam. His residence was where the old tavern, which I remember, stood. It is in the south part of the town, on the car line. There is a sign, "Worthington Corner," on the spot. He was twice married. By his second wife he had two sons, Jonathan and John, the latter called Lieut. John. Jonathan and his descendants have, except for a few years, owned and occupied the homestead. The present owner is Mrs. Ellen Worthington Woodsum; a brother, Albert E. Worthington, lives on it.

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*Line: Nicolas, Lieut. John, Col. John, Hannah who married Thomas Dwight.

**In 1660 Charles II was restored to power & Nicolas had to flee, as that is when the property would be confiscated. Cromwell in power 1649-60.

Sprague's Annals contains a memorandum (in connection with a notice of Rev. William Worthington), of his grandfather, Nicolas: "He was wounded in the Cromwellian wars; lost the whole or part of his estate by confiscation, and came to this country about 1656 (should be after 1660).[*]

Lieut. John Worthington is styled in deeds recorded at the registry office, in 1729 as "innholder"; in 1736 as "shopkeeper"; and in 1738, six years before his decease, as "gentleman." April 16, 1812 he bought of the widow and heirs of Elizur Holyoke three tracts of land, the second and third lying on the east side of Main Street, between the present Bridge and Worthington Streets. The first tract, 7-1/2 acres, is described as bounded north by John Pynchon and south by land of the Parsons's. This became the Worthington homestead.

Thomas B. Warren, who, surrounded by bulky tomes, seems at home in Springfield's past, and who has furnished me with all the knowledge of conveyances that I shall impart, appends this interesting note regarding the parties from whom this property was bought: "William Pynchon's daughter Mary married Elizur Holyoke, and these are her heirs." This link connects the first with the second century of Springfield.

John,[51] the subject of my paper, was born November

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[*] See footnote ** on previous page.

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

ONE PERIOD YALE, READ LAW - TWO PERIOD RECEIVED PROPERTY

20, 1719. There were two other children, Samuel, who died in his 36th year, and Sarah, who married Rev. John Hooker. Grandsons of John and Mary Hooker were John Hooker Ashmun, Royall Professor of Law in the Harvard Law School, whose death at the age of 32 was mourned as a distinct loss to legal science, and Hon. George Ashmun.*

Three divisions in the life I propose to sketch suggest themselves. The first is 25 years preparatory, the second 30 years of work; and the third, 25 yrs of retirement.

In the first period there was the preparation for college. Of this we have no record, nor of his college course. That, "he graduated at Yale College in the year 1740 where he was some time tutor, and left there in 1743, and read law, as is supposed about a year, with Gen. Lyman at Suffield," we have on the authority of Mr. Bliss's historical address. As four years elapsed between his graduation and admission to the bar, it would seem probable that law reading went along with his work as instructor, details being learned in the law office mentioned.

Second, the busy years. The practice of law was entered in 1744. This is the year in which Lieut. Worthington, the father, died. The terms of his will show with

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*His daughter Lizzie married James Morton, parents of Charlotte (Morton) Taintor.

what pecuniary advantages the young man started on his business career. After provision made for the support out of the estate of Mrs. Worthington during her widowhood, it was directed that the sons, John[51] and Samuel, should receive equal shares of the real and personal property. To the daughter, Sarah, was bequeathed out of the estate, one-half as much as had been given to either of the sons, to be paid her by them. With the discharge of this obligation, the two brothers came into possession of the homestead and the entire landed property. But the young practitioner evidently had no intention to subsist on his patrimony. Robert O. Morris, who has rendered me very valuable assistance, showed me three books which contain the private docket of Col. Worthington.[51] Closely written, two lines naming plaintiff and defendant being the description of each case, are many crowded pages. Many of these were doubtless small, but for each one some preparation must have been made. Not a few concerned large interests. It would seem that in practically all the more important trials in Hampshire County, Col. Worthington[51] was counsel for one of the parties, with Maj. Hawley of Northampton as his opponent. As regards the territorial extent of his practice, Mr. Bliss says: "Col. Worthington[51] usually attended the courts in Worcester and, after Berkshire was made a county, the court of common

pleas there."

That the emoluments from his law business were considerable appears from successive acquisitions of real property. In January, 1750, he bought out Samuel, thus coming into full possession of the paternal landed estate. The number of deeds to both the John Worthingtons are found by Mr. Warren to be about 250. The scriptural proverb may truthfully be applied to Col. Worthington:[51] "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

To the acquisitions of land in Springfield and West Springfield must be added a large interest in another part of the county. A recorded deed shows that Aaron Willard, Jr., of Lancaster bought June 2, 1762, of a committee of the General Assembly of the province of Massachusetts Bay, the new township No. 3, for the joint interest of himself and four others, who are named. According to Gen. Rice's history of the town of Worthington, two members of this syndicate, John Worthington[51] and Selah Barnard, subsequently became sole proprietors. The enterprise was successful. The sections into which the tract was divided were rapidly bought and occupied. In six years after the original purchase the plantation was incorporated as a town. The town history says: "In honor of Col. Worthington,[51] who liberally induced the early settlers to occupy

the land, by the erection of a church and a grist-mill at his own expense, together with a generous assignment of ministerial and school lots for the use of the town, the town was called Worthington." (The gifts named in this paragraph are elsewhere in the volume ascribed to the two proprietors jointly.)

Col. Worthington[51] was a frequent representative of the town in the General Assembly of the province. Of his standing and his eloquence we have the testimony of one who wrote from personal knowledge; in a letter preserved by Mr. Morris, from Percy Morton, who had been attorney-general, to Mr. Bliss. Acknowledging receipt of a copy of the historical address, the writer says:-

> Two of the great men you describe who were formerly the ornament of your bar I well remember, Col. Worthington[51] and Maj. Hawley; not, however, as advocates at the bar, but as rival politicians in the Legislature in the times of our greatest political controversies previous to the Revolution. The former of these gentlemen was denominated the leader of the government party; and, young as I was then, I felt that your character of him as an advocate was equally appropriate to him in deliberate debate: "his mind was ardent, his imagination lively and his feelings strong." that, "his style was nervous, forcible and uncommonly correct." and, "although on the unpopular side of every question, he was many times very powerful."

It would seem to be in place here to attempt some estimate of the native disposition and the character of the subject of my sketch. Of the first it may be said in brief that he was born to rule. He was endowed with a will power

JOHN BORN TO RULE - WANTED A JOHN TO CONTINUE ON THE FACE OF EARTH

which enabled him almost always to dominate -- almost always. In a plot in the Springfield cemetery, about 20 rods southerly from the Pine-street entrance, in which six generations are represented, there is a range of three headstones which mark children's graves. The first is inscribed, "John, son of John Worthington,[51] Esq., and Mrs. Hannah Worthington, was born August 10, 1762, and died August 30, 1763," having lived, it will be seen, one year and 20 days. The other two headstones are inscribed respectively, John, second son, and John third son, with dates showing that each lived but a few months. A remark has been preserved (people will make remarks), that Col. Worthington strove with the Almighty, he himself contending that a John Worthington should continue on the face of the earth. If failure was the outcome of this contest, mastery was generally gained in other relations. Capt. Ferre's indignant outburst, "Col. Worthington[51] rules this town "with a rod of iron," was not without justification in fact.

Even difference of opinion received but scant toleration. A conversation is related between my grandfather[15] and himself, in which the former said that he expected to live to see a bridge across Connecticut River. The reply was, "Parson Howard,[15] you talk like a fool." The event predicted fell far within my grandfather's[15] time.[*] In the autobiog-

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[*] Bezaleel Howard had stock in the Bridge.

raphy of Rev. Dr. Joseph Lathrop there is this memorandum:-

In October, 1805, the great bridge between Springfield and West Springfield, which is nearly 70 rods long and cost about $37,000 was completed, and the 30th day of that month appointed for opening it. Mr. Howard,[15] the minister of Springfield, being infirm, application was made to me to deliver a discourse on that day. The day was fine, the assembly numerous, and profoundly attentive. (Mr. Howard died in 1837).

The character of Col. Worthington,[51] the native qualities developed under the discipline of cherished principles, commanded respect. The sternness with which he dominated over others, seems to have been brought to bear on his own conduct. It does not appear that even the hostility excited by his political opinions called forth reproaches impugning his uprightness. His influence was exerted in favor of the proprieties of life and good morals. He was doubtless a terror to evil doers.

A member of the church of the First parish, he was active in its affairs. His name appears as serving on important committees. His religion was more of the type of the previous century than that of his own time. He was a strict Sabbatarian. There is a tradition that by his express command, which in domestic affairs closely resembled

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

STRICT SABBATH LAWS - FIRST MARRIAGE HANNAH HOPKINS - THREE PERIOD A TORY

the laws of the Medes and Persians, the beds of the household which were risen from on Sunday morning were left unmade until after the sun-setting. Col. Worthington[51] remained a bachelor until he had reached the age of 40 years. He was married January 10, 1759, to Hannah Hopkins, daughter of Rev. Samuel Hopkins of West Springfield and Esther Edwards, sister of Jonathan Edwards. Mrs. Worthington[51] died November 25, 1766, at age of 35, leaving four young children, daughters. Her brief characterization in the Genealogy is, "Remarkable for her benevolence." Daughters are described by S. B. H., **page239** .

A second marriage, December 7, 1768, was with Mary Stoddard,* daughter of Col. John Stoddard of Northampton and Prudence Chester. She died July 12, 1812. That motherly love and care was bestowed on the children and gratefully remembered, was attested by the name, Mary Stoddard, given[28] to the first-born child of one of her step-daughters.

The 25 years named as the third period began in 1775. The occasion was the parting of the ways respectively chosen by the patriots and the royalists. Judge Henry Morris in his contribution to King's handbook, treats Col. Worthington's[51] toryism very gently. After stating that he was king's

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*Her sister Prudence Stoddard married Ezekiel Williams. Their daughter Prudence married Bezaleel Howard.

attorney in Hampshire county, and could have been attorney-general for the state if he had chosen to accept the office, Judge Morris says: "His relations with the government and his association with its officers kept him from sympathy with the popular cause."

It seems to me that more fundamental than this influence or, indeed, any prompting from without, was his inborn conservatism. With him, "Whatever is" was not only right but ought to be uninterruptedly continuous. His contemptuous reply to the suggestion of a bridge would seem to say, "There will not be a bridge, and ought not to be; the ferry and ice-bridge are established and should not be superseded."

The monarchial system of government, too, was most in accordance with the temper of his mind. Like the extreme federalists of the years immediately following the close of the war of the Revolution, he believed in the centralization of governmental authority. The honesty with which he held to his convictions can hardly be doubted; but the result was complete severance from affairs of state, in which he had taken so prominent a part.

To one whose temperament was such as to crave action, this enforced idleness must have been a sore trial. It may well have been during this period that he selected or

composed the pessimistic lines, inscribed over his grave:-

"There's not a day but to the man of thought
Betrays some secret and throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.
Then welcome death.
Death of all pain the period, not of joy.

His last prolonged illness was attended by mental failure which culminated in the condition of second childhood. To this loss of mind Mr. Bliss alludes, when he says of Col. Worthington,[51] that "he was capable of communicating much legal information, while his health and ability to converse continued." He died April 25, 1800, in the 81st year of his age.

I will close with a thought which has taken form in my mind while seeking for material preparatory to this attempted sketch. The reflection was suggested by the paucity of memorials of its subject. There is no diary, and I presume, no regular correspondence preserved. There was no Boswell by, with note-book in hand. Inscriptions on sepulchral tables and headstones furnish almost the only indubitable testimony. The opening stanza of a standard didactic hymn was brought to mind:-

"Wherefore should man, frail child of clay,
Who from the cradle to the shroud
Lives but the insect of a day,
Oh, why should mortal man be proud?"

The reasoning pursued in these lines is sound, and the answer proceeding from any well-regulated mind to the question

THOMAS D. HOWARD NOW WRITES

BREVITY OF FAME - UNRECORDED IN HISTORY - HE PRESERVED GOOD ORDER

proposed is, "Sure enough; why should he?"

The implied argument presented in the stanza, based on the brevity of human life, would seem to be sufficient, but I will venture to add another, namely, the brevity of fame. Here was a man preeminent in town, and of high standing among the great men of county and state. His name was spoken with general admiration, and yet only a scrap remains in the annals of his time, - "The sum the abstract of the historian's page."

But there is another side to this. If this outlook into the future seems to discourage rightful ambition and to dissuade from the output of vigorous effort, a promise is held forth which may serve as an antidote. There is what has been aptly termed "unrecorded history." In this volume (the register of society's well-being and progress), there is written out in indelible characters the narrative of every life-work. Col. Worthington,[51] for the space of nearly a full generation, was a power preservative of good order. Whether as moderator of the town-meeting, or as censor of public morals, the potency of his stern way was controlling for regularity. A conservative certainly, but for safe advance conservatives are essential, brakemen on the moving train. Always on the unpopular side at the state capitol, according to the testimony of Attorney-General Morton, but

stalwart defenders of unpopular causes are always requisite. A vigorous opposition is the price of purity and safety in state and nation. The unrecorded history of the subject of this sketch is faithfully preserved in the steps of progress by which our municipality has advanced, even as the successive strata of rock testify to the formation of the solid earth.

The moral, if one need be drawn, is that each one will devote to the common weal his individuality, controled by a sense of duty, guided by a conscience illumined by the fullest enlightenment attainable, if the record can be that, "in simplicity and godly sincerity we have had our conversation in the world," there need be no fear that it will fail of registration.

APPENDIX

SALLY B. HAYWARD WRITES

Bits of Family History--Worthingtons, Blisses, and Howards....................................... Pages 239-247

CHAPTER XXXIII

BITS OF FAMILY HISTORY

BY S. B. HAYWARD

Daisy[4] asked me to write down the origin of the silver baskets* that have come to her.

Great Grandfather John Worthington[51] had four daughters, all of them immensely fine women and were noticed for these characteristics.

Mary[49] was called the learned one, as she was more marked than many women of that time and was highly valued by her Father[51] on that account.

Hannah,[27] your great grandmother, was noted for her wit.

Frances[52] married Fisher Ames, was Jack's great grandmother and was noted for her beauty. Aunt Ames[52] was remarkable, carried on the farm in Dedham. Sent butter to market, and in Washington took first place in society both for her beauty and charm.

Sophia,[33] who married Uncle John Williams, was plain. He was Mother's[14] uncle, making the relationship double with Cousin Hannah[33] and Cousin John Williams.

Mary[49] married Judge Jonathan Bliss of St. John, N. B. He was a member of the Bliss family of Springfield, son of Luke, but like many of the Loyalists, went to England

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*Owned by Dwight & Betsy Andrews (1955) and done by Thomas Daniel 1789 marked M.W. (Mary Worthington).

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES

and then to New Brunswick as a refugee; she had three sons, William,[*][50] Lewis[48] and Henry.[49] Two years after the latter was born (1797), she died, and Henry, called Uncle Henry,[48] was sent to grandfather[26] and grandmother[27] Dwight to be brought up.

Mr. Bliss had ordered this set of silver to be made in England for his wife, but it came after she had died, so it was sent with the baby (two years old) to Grandmother Dwight;[27] Henry was sent for her to bring up.

I think he lived with her till he was twenty-one, but am not sure. Then he went to England to finish his education, and never came to America again.

He was a distinguished lawyer, one of the Queen's Council. I remember Mother's[14] saying to Cousin Lewis[48] that Henry[49] was ambitious as a little boy. Cousin Lewis[48] said in his high voice "was he indeed ambitious as a little boy -- was he indeed?"

Cousin Henry[49] sent Mother[14] as a wedding present that lovely copy of the English poets, some of them Mr. Cookson said, were first editions.

The oldest one was Cousin William,[*][50] who came here once with his wife, who was a Miss Blowers.[**] Mother[14] liked

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[*] William was brought up by Justice Blowers, married his daughter and became Chief Justice of N.B. himself.

[**] A daughter of Salter Sampson Blowers who was Attorney General of Nova Scotia and later Chief Justice of the Province. Her father and Jonathan Bliss were great friends.

her very much, then Cousin Lewis[48] brought the sons and daughters at different times and with them the regular journey to see Niagara and the White Mountains; he took Lucinda[18] with Mary[21] and Lizzie[19] and Margaret[35] with Louisa; he was very generous, always, giving to his nephews and nieces, and presents to us. He gave each of us a watch and chain. As we grew up, we were all fond of Cousin Lewis,[48] who was a fussy old bachelor in many ways; he lived in chambers in the Temple in London all alone.

They were all very English, one of William's[50] sons was a clergyman and not at all agreeable, but all of them liked Jack, and Kate[29] liked his wife when she visited Uncle Henry[49] in London, and she liked the youngest one who lived with his family, with Uncle Henry,[49] who was a widower and had a beautiful house.

You know the story about Tom's[1] parting from Cousin Lewis.[48] Cousin Lewis[48] gave him five guineas wrapped in a 5 pound note. Tom[1] looked on the paper as scrap and threw it on the floor of his stateroom, which he shared with an Englishman, who said "That is a cool way to treat a five pound note."

Since all the older Blisses are dead, we know nothing about him.

All the handsome furniture and silver came from either

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES

the Worthingtons, Dwights or Williams; the Howards had nothing of that kind that we ever had and it is just the same with your father's[35A] side of the house. The Haywards were plain people like the Howards, though they were the most aristocratic in their looks of anybody: Grandfather,[15] Uncle John[25] and Father.[13] I heard that Grandfather Howard[15] used to wear a velvet cap in church in the wintertime, as he was bald and he was a stunner. All the Worthingtons were very stately, large women; all were handsome but Aunt Williams, Sophia,[33] who was plain. After she died, her daughter Hannah[33] came to live with her Aunt Hannah[27] (grandmother). So Mother[14] had another cousin to grow up with, and Aunt Ames[52] sent William to live with her also, as he was too queer to bring up with his mother's children; and her daughter Hannah was also very odd and never wanted to see anyone but her mother. I am going to put down here before I lose the letter what Nate[6] heard from a silver expert about the salt cellar that came from Springfield marked $E^{S}S$, which meant Solomon and Esther Stoddard. Mrs. Stoddard, was Esther (Wareham) Mather', grandmother of Jonathan Edwards.[*]

The porringer came to Nate[6] from his father's[35A] side and was marked T. D. H. which meant Thomas and Hannah Dawes, your great-great grandparents. It is like the one that went

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[*] Made by John Allen and John Edwards of Boston, 1670-1740.

to Howard[9] so might have been made at the same time. It was made by Samuel Bunch, Boston, 1733.

The tankard also came from the same - $\overset{D}{\text{T}}$&H made by William Swan of Worcester between 1715 and 1744.*

Now about the salt cellar made by John Allen and John Edwards 1670-1740, this may have been an Edwards' relation. The silver expert says the salt cellar is one of the most remarkable pieces of silver in America. And this alone makes this museum collection of colonial things remarkable. I find what Nate[6] means by the White rocking chair - it is one of the three that Uncle George Hayward gave, and I suppose came from the Whites.

This is going to be a hodge podge, for I have to put down things as they come to me and that have amused one generation and maybe another.

Grandfather Bezaleel[15] Howard made a rhythm about his grandchildren, at least four of them. That was so funny and characteristic of them always. (See page 20)

The older children used to dine at Grandfather's[15] every day when they went to school, as it was too far for them to go home between sessions, that is, Lue[18] and Tom[1] did, and perhaps some of the other cousins[35] did, but I doubt

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*Now owned by Dwight Andrews (1955).

it. They were sent away to school early as their Mother[28] died.

Margaret[35] was invited to a party. And when the time came, there was such a violent thunder shower that she could not go. She was so unhappy that when it cleared up, Miss Leach told her to go into the garden, thinking it might cheer her, but she soon came on and said she could not stay. The birds kept singing, "You can't go to the party, you can't go to the party."

Their neighbors and intimate friends were the George Dwights. Mr. Dwight went on a journey and was gone some time, and on his return --

When he saw Margaret,[35] he kissed her. She said it is like walking into a paper of No. 11 pins.

Fanny[30] and Eliza[31] were sent to a school in Oxford; there was an old doctor who was called in if they were sick. He would say, "Tell me, is it a short pain or a long pain, or a pricking, shooting, darting pain?"

Uncle John[25] always stayed at the Tremont House when he was in Boston.

Once he took Eliza[31] there for the night on her way home. He left her in their parlour. She had nothing to do, so she thought she would ring the bell to see what would happen, but when the waiter came, she could not think of

anything she wanted, so she looked at him and said, "How do you do?"

Kate[20] used to like to tell the bridge story about great grandfather Worthington,[51] who was a Tory and very conservative, and grandfather Howard[15] who was the reverse. (See page 233) and 232.

Belazeel[15] started the Springfield Savings Bank, but he had his conservative streak, for he doubted whether the new fuel coal would burn and picked up a piece that fell from a coal hod, put it on his open fire, and was then convinced he was right, as it did not burn.

Grandfather[15] Howard never lost a tooth but one that was knocked out by accident nor had one filled, and Father[13] had a fine set of teeth when he died. He told the doctor he had them since he was seven years old.

Dear Daisy[4] - as you took part in the cleaning of the church in Peterborough, N.H. as one of the Parish, --I thought you might be interested in the church trimming of my young days, in which all the young men and women took part; but it came to an end with the building of the new church,* so my joining in it was confined to a few years of young ladyhood.

A week or ten days before Christmas, Mr. George Bliss and several of the men of the parish who owned a team and a wood lot sent their men to get Hemlock and Laurel, which was

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*Church of the Unity built 1867 Springfield.

left in the porch of the church. This was made into long ropes of alternate bunches of the two kinds of greens, and this was festooned round the galleries, large loops of the greens were made to be hung in the panels between the windows upstairs and down; the organ and pulpit were both festooned, and the organ being white looked very pretty, but I think Hemlock often sifted in, which did not improve the organ itself.

The girls would work all day, and the young men would come in the latter part of the afternoon and evening, when they would do the hanging.

There was great difference in the way the work was done, some made such poor ropes that they were always breaking, or they would twist so, that you could not get the right side out, but the whole effect was charming and the smell of the woods was one of the things I always associate with it, a great deal of Hemlock would get down the registers, which made a lovely odor.

You can imagine that it would not improve the church, as scents were elusive, regardless of the future, but it was made for the purpose with its galleries, and many places to decorate.

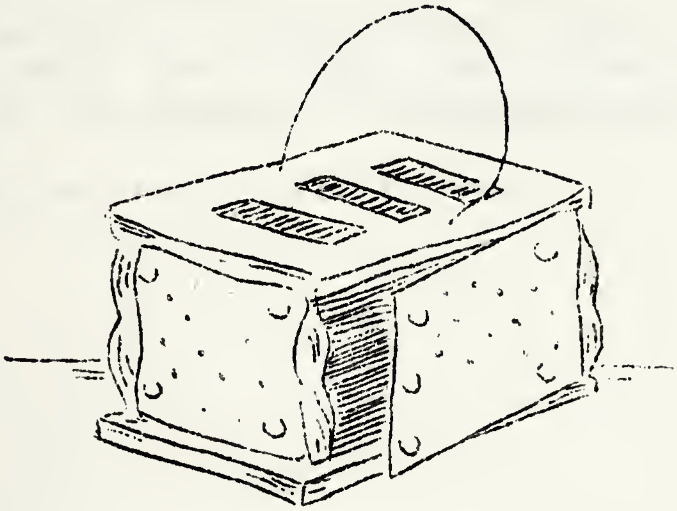
The furnace was a late introduction in my childhood, it was heated (if you can use that term) by two box stoves at the back of the church, and when Grandmother[16] went to church,

SALLY B. HAYWARD NOW WRITES

Someone had to go early and take the footstoves and have them fitted with hot coals. There were several that had foot stoves that would be passed to different members of the family down the pew.

No. I am wrong - the stoves were kept at the church and fitted by the sexton and put in the pews of the owners that had theirs built in on the wooden frame of the stove.

Sketch of Foot Stove



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NOTES ON CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

(By Elizabeth H. Andrews, 1955)

1. Thomas Dwight Howard called "Tom" - son of Charles and Elizabeth Buckminster (Dwight) Howard and husband of "Sarah" (Eaton), called "Sarah" in text.

2. Sophia Worthington Howard, called "Sophy" - unmarried, daughter of Charles and Elizabeth B. (Dwight) Howard. She taught the Alexander children at Fort Laramie 1860-63, then taught at her sister's school from 1865-90 in Springfield. (Alexander's father was Col. Edmund B.)

3. Sarah Bancroft (Howard) Hayward (she kept the Bancroft when married) called "Sally" in text to distinguish from Sarah, Tom's wife. She was daughter of Charles and Elizabeth B. (Dwight) Howard and wife of James Warren Hayward. They had four children. She was my grandmother Hayward.

4. Margaret Greenleaf (Hayward) Andrews, called "Daisy," daughter of James W. and Sarah (Sally) B. Hayward and wife of Edward Augustine Andrews, her cousin. She was my mother. She had three children. She kept the Greenleaf middle name after she married.

5. Emily Howard Hayward, called "Emily" - unmarried, daughter of James W. and Sarah (Sally) B. Hayward.

6. Nathan Hayward called "Nate," son of James W. and Sarah (Sally) B. Hayward, married Anna H. Lloyd. He was an engineer. They had five children.

NOTES - CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY
(BY ELIZABETH H. ANDREWS, 1955)

7. Edward Augustine Andrews, called "Ned," was son of Alexander E. and Mary Dwight (Howard) Andrews. He married Margaret Greenleaf Hayward, his cousin. He was in Real Estate & Insurance. They had three children. He was my father.

8. Helen Wright (Andrews) Hopkinson, called "Helen," daughter of Alexander E. and Mary Dwight (Howard) Andrews. She married George Hopkinson. He was Doctor and teacher. They had three children.

9. Charles Howard Andrews, called "Howard," son of Alexander E. and Mary Dwight (Howard) Andrews, a pharmacist. He married Clara Redd and had two children.

10. James Hayward Andrews, called "Jim," son of Alexander E. and Mary Dwight (Howard) Andrews. He was in the Fire Insurance business. He married Louise Hagaman. They had no children.

11. Sarah (Eaton) Howard, called Sarah, daughter of Daniel Eaton of Eastport, Maine, and wife of Thomas D. Howard.

12. Edward Pierce in index.

13. Charles Howard, called "Father" in text, son of Bezaleel and Prudence W. Howard. Second wife, Elizabeth Buckminster Dwight, called "Mother" in text.

14. Elizabeth Buckminster (Dwight) Howard, called "Mother" in text, daughter of Thomas and Hannah (Worthington) Dwight and second wife of Charles Howard.

NOTES - CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

15. Bezaleel Howard, called Grandfather in text, was son of Nathan Howard and husband of Prudence (Williams) Howard, Congregational Minister. In 1815 he became a Unitarian.

16. Prudence (Williams) Howard, called "Grandmother" in text, daughter of Ezekail Williams and wife of Bezaleel Howard.

17. Nathan Howard, called Great Grandfather, father of Bezaleel. He lived in Bridgewater and showed a great understanding of his son. He was a farmer.

18. Lucinda Orne Howard, called "Lue" in text, unmarried daughter of Charles and Elizabeth (Dwight) Howard. Ran house for the Catharine Howard School. (She was named for her father's half sister.)

19. Elizabeth Bridge (Howard) Tiffany, called Lizzie, was daughter of Charles and Elizabeth B. (Dwight) Howard and wife of William Shaw Tiffany of Baltimore. He was an artist. They had three children mentioned in the book - Otto, Bessie, and Charlie.

20. Catharine Lathrop Howard, called "Kate" or "Katie," daughter of Charles and Elizabeth B. (Dwight) Howard. She ran the Catharine Howard School from 1863 to 1890. Her sister Sophy taught with her after Sally left to be married in 1865. Sister Lue did the housekeeping.

21. Mary Dwight (Howard) Andrews, called "Mary," daughter of Charles and Elizabeth B. (Dwight) Howard and wife of Alexander Edward Andrews, called "Alex." He was a lawyer. They had five children. Ned was my father.

NOTES - CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

22. Emily Williams Howard, called "Emmie" or "Emmy," daughter of Charles and Elizabeth B. (Dwight) Howard, unmarried, but was engaged to Dr. Nathan Hayward who died. Nathan was brother of James W. Hayward.

23. Vital Records of Deerfield say Anna McCarthy, daughter of Ebenezer Hinsdale and Anna Williams, born November 30, 1799. Married Lieutenant Charles Howard of Springfield on November 11, 1818. Anna McCarthy (Williams), wife of Charles Howard of Springfield and daughter of Ebenezer Hinsdale and Anna Williams died July 18, 1822, age 22.

24. Lucinda (Howard), daughter of Bezaleel and (his 1st wife) Lucinda (Dwight) Howard, married Samuel Orne (called Uncle Orne in text) May 4, 1809. They sold their Maple St. house to Charles Howard in 1817 just before Charles' first marriage in 1818. When the Ornes' new house was finished in 1818 they moved into it. Charles lived with the Ornes after July 18, 1822 when his first wife died, until he married a second time to Elizabeth Buckminster Dwight. Charles took his 2nd wife to the Maple St. house to live. (Lucinda was Charles' half-sister.)

25. Uncle John Howard, called "Uncle John," was son of Bezaleel and Prudence (Williams) Howard. He married Mary Stoddard Dwight, sister of Elizabeth B. Dwight. He was a Lawyer and Treasurer of Bank. They had four daughters.

26. Her father was Thomas Dwight, who had married Hannah Worthington, daughter of John Worthington. He was a lawyer and in General Court of Mass., also in U.S. Congress.

NOTES - CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

27. Grandmother Dwight was Hannah Worthington and married Thomas Dwight. Their daughter was "Mother" in text.

28. Mary Stoddard (Dwight), called Aunt Mary, daughter of Thomas and Hannah (Worthington) Dwight, sister of Elizabeth B. (Dwight) Howard and wife of John Howard. They had four daughters.

29. Uncle John W. was John Worthington Dwight, son of Thomas and Hannah (Worthington) Dwight. He was brother of Elizabeth B. (Dwight) Howard and was unmarried.

30. Frances A. Howard, called "Fanny," daughter of John and Mary S. D. Howard. Niece of Charles Howard. She was unmarried.

31. Eliza W. Howard, daughter of John and Mary S. (Dwight) Howard. She married Edward de Stoeckl, the Russian Minister in Washington. In 1867 he negotiated and signed the treaty by which Russia ceded Alaska to the United States. They had one son Alexander.

32. Jonathan Howard, son of Nathan and Jane Howard and brother of Bezaleel Howard. He owned the old West Bridgewater house. He was a farmer.

33. Cousin Hannah Williams, daughter of John and Sophia (Worthington) Williams - unmarried. Her father was a lawyer. Her mother was sister of Mrs. Hannah (Worthington) Dwight. She stayed at the Dwights a great deal in Springfield.

33A. Hannah W. (Howard) dau. of John and Mary S. (D Howard. She m. William H. Swift.

NOTES - CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

34. Lizzie Simmons, daughter of George and Mary (Ripley) Simmons of Concord. She taught nine years at the school. Her mother's sister Sophia married James B. Thayer.

35. Margaret (Howard) Swift, daughter of John and Mary S. D Howard and wife of Charles W. Swift. Mother of Mary (Swift) MacDonald of England.

35A. James Warren Hayward, called Jim, son of James T. and Sarah Appleton (Dawes) Hayward. He was a Tea Taster. He married Sarah B. Howard, and they had four children. He was my grandfather.

This letter by his wife, Sally, shows how she felt about him always. The birthday was February 2nd.

"Many happy returns of the day, my darling. It was a lucky day for me, though I did not know it at the time, but I do now and thank you for the love and happiness you have given me. This is a poor remembrance of your birthday, but I have no present for you, only my true love, which will be the same every week of February while my life lasts.

Always,
Your loving wife,
Sally."

36. William Shaw Tiffany, son of Oswald Tiffany, married Elizabeth Bridge (Howard), daughter of Charles. He was an artist. They had four children.

37. Oswald Checkley Tiffany, called Otto. He died at five years, son of William S. and Elizabeth Bridge (Howard) Tiffany.

38. Alexander Edward Andrews, called Alex, son of the Reverend Edward and Mrs. Elizabeth (Harpur) Andrews. He was a lawyer in Binghamton, N. Y. He married Mary Dwight Howard, daughter of Charles and Elizabeth B. D. Howard. They had five children. He was my grandfather.

39. Elizabeth Dwight (Tiffany), called Bessie, daughter of William and Elizabeth B. Howard Tiffany. She married Charles Dilworth.

40. Dr. Nathan Hayward, son of James and Sarah Appleton (Dawes) Hayward. Engaged to Emily W. Howard but died three weeks before they were to be married. Doctor in Roxbury and St. Louis, Missouri.

41. Mary Chilton (Hayward) Mitchell, called Molly. She married Henry Mitchell as his third wife. She was daughter of James T. and Sarah Appleton (Dawes) Hayward. She was the sister of Jim.

42. Margaret Greenleaf (Hayward) Mitchell, called Margie, daughter of James T. and Sarah Appleton (Dawes) Hayward. She married Henry Mitchell as his second wife. They had one child, Mary Hayward Mitchell. Mary married J. F. Havemeyer.

43. James Thacher Hayward, son of Dr. Nathan Hayward and Joanna (Winslow) Plymouth. He was in wholesale groceries. He married Sarah Appleton Dawes of Boston.

44. Amelia Howard, daughter of Charles and Elizabeth B. Howard - died very young.

NOTES - CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

45. Cousin Mary Dyer (Williams) McLean, daughter of John Williams and his second wife, Mary (Dyer) Silliman, widow of the Reverend Ebenezer Silliman. She married the Reverend Charles B. McLean and lived in Collinsville, Conn.

46. Elizabeth Byrne (Williams) Andrews, called Libbie or Lizzie, daughter of John Williams and his second wife, Mary (Dyer), widow of Reverend Ebenezer Silliman. Elizabeth married William Watson Andrews of Windham, Connecticut. This was his second marriage. They were parents of Cousin Bessie of Pomfret, Connecticut.

47. Mary (Dyer) Williams was widow of the Reverend Ebenezer Silliman before her marriage to John Williams, a lawyer, as his second wife. She was called Aunt Williams.

48. Cousin Lewis Bliss, son of Judge Jonathan Bliss and Mary (Worthington) - unmarried. Later lived in England.

49. Uncle Henry Bliss (really cousin) was son of Judge Jonathan and Mary (Worthington) Bliss. The mother was sister of Mrs. Hannah (Worthington) Dwight. He was a distinguished attorney of London.

50. Cousin William Bliss, son of Judge Jonathan and Mary (Worthington) Bliss. The mother was sister of Mrs. Hannah (Worthington) Dwight. He was judge in Halifax, later Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, and married a Miss Blowers, and they had children.

NOTES - CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY

51. Colonel John Worthington, son of Lieutenant John and Mary (Pratt) Worthington. He married Hannah Hopkins. He was a lawyer. They had four daughters. Mary married Judge Jonathan Bliss, Hannah married Thomas Dwight, Frances married Judge Fisher Ames and Sophia married John Williams. Col. John Worthington m. 2nd. Mary Stoddard.

52. Frances (Worthington) Ames, called Aunt Ames daughter of Colonel John Worthington and Hannah (Hopkins). She married Judge Fisher Ames. She was sister of Mrs. Hannah (Worthington) Dwight.

SKETCH OF ELIZABETH B. (DWIGHT) HOWARD CALLED "MOTHER"

This Sketch was written by Cousin Sophia (Orne) Chapin, Daughter of Samuel and Lucinda (Howard) Orne^{24} and half first cousin of Emily^{22} Howard

It was written to Charles Howard's^{13} Daughter Emily^{22} W. Howard as a letter.

My dear Emily,

Coming across an old envelope covered with jottings, it came to me "im mento" that these were meant as hints for my memories of your delightful Mother.^{14} You wished I could give you some idea of her youthful person. (She was the height of Cousin Lue Wheelwright being medium height.) I never saw any eyes so beautiful as your Mother's.^{14} Her eyes were in themselves a soul, the expression of soft sad and sweet, and colored a dark blue gray; I think your brother's (Tom^{1}) are the same, and I think that they expressed her disposition. She could not help being witty, but her character was quiet and sedate though cheerful, at least her manners and appearance repressed that. So perfect a lady fit for any class of company. Her Cousin John W. Ames said to me, "She was born a courtier, but never courted." I fear this will give you no idea of her effect upon others, but it is the best I can do. The different men who were so anxious to marry her never got over their affectionate friendship from her power. Her sister Mary (Aunt Mary^{28}) used to sing. "Sister Betsy younger than I am, has so many Suitors, She is forced to deny em." With a hand wave to Betsy^{14} (Called Mother^{14} in text) and with a great effect. It was a known fact.

Now I will give you the gleanings of my exhausted memory they should be childish, for I was a child. (Sophia Orne M. Charlie Chapin in 1830, aged 20 and went to Brattleboro, Vt. so saw Betsy[14] before that date.) Of all this you need not be told. It was the playful love of a doting Mother and child, both too bright and witty not to keep up a running fire of mutual fun. Each was perfection in the eyes and heart of the other, and many others very near them.

Your Uncle J. W. D. (called Uncle John W.[29]) was another of the same sort. Their coming was a gladness. I long to gratify your pious craving for knowledge of your Mother[14] as she was before you can remember her, am absolutely incapable of conveying in written words, any idea of what she said and was, the most charming, brilliant, modest, and truly delightful woman I can remember. I believe duty was her watch word, and she adhered to it through various and manifold trials.

Remember I was a child and saw with the truthful ignorance of the world's ways. I almost lived in their family after the marriage of your parents, (1824) and never for a moment felt myself "de trop," whether in their bedroom before the proper hour to rest and at any time through the day, besides always sleeping with Grandmother Dwight[27] when she visited them. It was the delight of my life to be with them and never wished for other company, better could not be found, so far as my knowledge of family has gone.

I never felt that all was not as it seemed to me, and I am sure now, that I was not mistaken. If ever two married

beings relished each others society, it was your Father[13] and Mother,[14] and I know your Grandmother Dwight[27] felt the same. Your Father[13] called me the "Dowager" in the delirium of Typhoid Fever and often (in fun) afterwards.

The last time I saw her before her death, (1855) She had the same sweetness, with kind and gentle inquiries for me and mine. Your Father[13] was sitting with her, the same devoted and perfect nurse he had always been to friends in illness, but with something of anxiety in his ways, I had never seen before. Whatever of good or ill, life had brought, I am sure it never divided their hearts, and I love the thought, for in my mind, they are always one.

I have told you what a charming hostess she was, to all sorts of company. My Mother[24] always told me to watch her in company, and see how she treated people and try to imitate her, for she made everyone feel better for seeing her and was most attractive to those that others forgot to notice. But no one could get that court manner, it must be born: I remember Uncle Edmund Dwight, who did not relish a low seat, came into our house and said, "I have just passed a delightful hour with Betsy Howard.[14] She let me come into the kitchen, where she was ironing, and I do not know when I've enjoyed an hour so much; it was a flood of wit and sense all the time.

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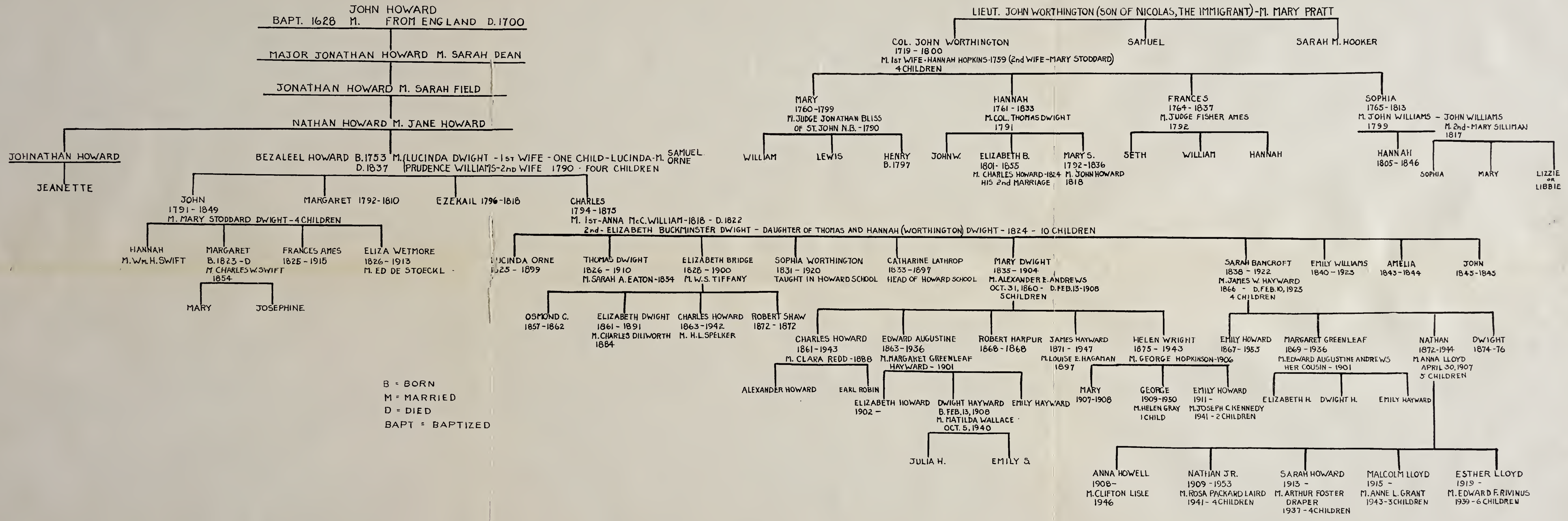
JOHN HOWARD
BAPT. 1628 M. FROM ENGLAND D.1700
MAJOR JONATHAN HOWARD M. SARAH DEAN
JONATHAN HOWARD M. SARAH FIELD
NATHAN HOWARD M. JANE HOWARD
JOHNATHAN HOWARD
JEANETTE
BEZALEEL HOWARD B.1753 D.1837 M. LUCINDA DWIGHT - 1st WIFE - ONE CHILD - LUCINDA - M. SAMUEL ORNE
PRUDENCE WILLIAMS - 2nd WIFE 1790 - FOUR CHILDREN
JOHN 1791 - 1849 M. MARY STODDARD DWIGHT - 4 CHILDREN
MARGARET 1792 - 1810
EZEKAIL 1796 - 1818
CHARLES 1794 - 1875 M. 1st - ANNA McC. WILLIAM - 1818 - D. 1822
2nd - ELIZABETH BUCKMINSTER DWIGHT - DAUGHTER OF THOMAS AND HANNAH (WORTHINGTON) DWIGHT - 1824 - 10 CHILDREN
HANNAH M. Wm. H. SWIFT
MARGARET B.1823 - D M. CHARLES W. SWIFT 1854
FRANCES AMES 1825 - 1915
ELIZA WETMORE 1826 - 1913 M. ED DE STOECKL
MARY
JOSEPHINE
LUCINDA ORNE 1825 - 1899
THOMAS DWIGHT 1826 - 1910 M. SARAH A. EATON - 1854
ELIZABETH BRIDGE 1828 - 1900 M. W.S. TIFFANY
SOPHIA WORTHINGTON 1831 - 1920 TAUGHT IN HOWARD SCHOOL
CATHARINE LATHROP 1833 - 1897 HEAD OF HOWARD SCHOOL
MARY DWIGHT 1835 - 1904 M. ALEXANDER E. ANDREWS OCT. 31, 1860 - D. FEB. 13 - 1908 5 CHILDREN
SARAH BANCROFT 1838 - 1922 M. JAMES W. HAYWARD 1866 - D. FEB. 10, 1923 4 CHILDREN
EMILY WILLIAMS 1840 - 1923
AMELIA 1843 - 1844
JOHN 1845 - 1845
OSMOND C. 1857 - 1862
ELIZABETH DWIGHT 1861 - 1891 M. CHARLES DILIWORTH 1884
CHARLES HOWARD 1863 - 1942 M. H.L. SPELKER
ROBERT SHAW 1872 - 1872
CHARLES HOWARD 1861 - 1943 M. CLARA REDD - 1888
EDWARD AUGUSTINE 1863 - 1936 M. MARGARET GREENLEAF HAYWARD - 1901
ROBERT HARPUR 1868 - 1868
JAMES HAYWARD 1871 - 1947 M. LOUISE E. HAGAMAN 1897
HELEN WRIGHT 1875 - 1943 M. GEORGE HOPKINSON - 1906
ALEXANDER HOWARD
EARL ROBIN
ELIZABETH HOWARD 1902 -
DWIGHT HAYWARD B. FEB. 13, 1908 M. MATILDA WALLACE OCT. 5, 1940
EMILY HAYWARD
JULIA H.
EMILY S.
MARY 1907 - 1908
GEORGE 1909 - 1950 M. HELEN GRAY 1 CHILD
EMILY HOWARD 1911 - M. JOSEPH C. KENNEDY 1941 - 2 CHILDREN
EMILY HOWARD 1867 - 1953
MARGARET GREENLEAF 1869 - 1936 M. EDWARD AUGUSTINE ANDREWS HER COUSIN - 1901
NATHAN 1872 - 1944 M. ANNA LLOYD APRIL 30, 1907 5 CHILDREN
DWIGHT 1874 - 76
ELIZABETH H.
DWIGHT H.
EMILY HAYWARD
ANNA HOWELL 1908 - M. CLIFTON LISLE 1946
NATHAN JR. 1909 - 1953 M. ROSA PACKARD LAIRD 1941 - 4 CHILDREN
SARAH HOWARD 1913 - M. ARTHUR FOSTER DRAPER 1937 - 4 CHILDREN
MALCOLM LLOYD 1915 - M. ANNE L. GRANT 1943 - 3 CHILDREN
ESTHER LLOYD 1919 - M. EDWARD F. RIVINUS 1939 - 6 CHILDREN
LIEUT. JOHN WORTHINGTON (SON OF NICOLAS, THE IMMIGRANT) - M. MARY PRATT
COL. JOHN WORTHINGTON 1719 - 1800 M. 1st WIFE - HANNAH HOPKINS - 1759 (2nd WIFE - MARY STODDARD) 4 CHILDREN
SAMUEL
SARAH M. HOOKER
MARY 1760 - 1799 M. JUDGE JONATHAN BLISS OF ST. JOHN N.B. - 1790
HANNAH 1761 - 1833 M. COL. THOMAS DWIGHT 1791
FRANCES 1764 - 1837 M. JUDGE FISHER AMES 1792
SOPHIA 1765 - 1813 M. JOHN WILLIAMS 1799 - JOHN WILLIAMS M. 2nd - MARY SILLIMAN 1817
WILLIAM
LEWIS
HENRY B.1797
JOHN W.
ELIZABETH B. 1801 - 1855 M. CHARLES HOWARD - 1824 HIS 2nd MARRIAGE
MARY S. 1792 - 1836 M. JOHN HOWARD 1818
SETH
WILLIAM
HANNAH
HANNAH 1805 - 1846
SOPHIA
MARY
LIZZIE OR LIBBIE
B = BORN
M = MARRIED
D = DIED
BAPT = BAPTIZED

CHARLES HOWARD FAMILY DOMESTIC HISTORY
Sources of Material in Notes and Footnotes

Edited by Elizabeth H. Andrews

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Mrs. L. E. Holmgren (Virginia C.) Portland, Oregon. Map of Hilton Head.
She saw Will to prove the Pope Plantation is Squire Wm. E. Pope (not Joseph.)
Mabel Runnette and Mrs. Fred Hack helped me to find Mrs. Holmgren.
"Letters from Port Royal." 1862-1868." edited by Elizabeth Ware Pearson.
"Wm. G. Gannett and Edward S. Philbrick, Engineer.)
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Map of Coast from Charleston to Savannah, Photostat copy from the Boston Public Library.

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John W. Ames of Boston and Miss Edith Johnson helped me on the Ames, Simmons and Ripley Families. (I find Maggie Plumley M. John Ames son of Seth Ames.)
Miss Mary Lieber of Newport, R.I. helped me on the Wood, Mansfield, and Lieber names.
Miss Lois Lilley Howe helped me about the Howe family.
Miss Emery of Cambridge helped me about Samuel Lyman member of the Continental Congress whose daughter Mary M. Capt. Robert Emery as his Third wife.

Columbia Encyclopedia.

Webster's New International Dictionary.